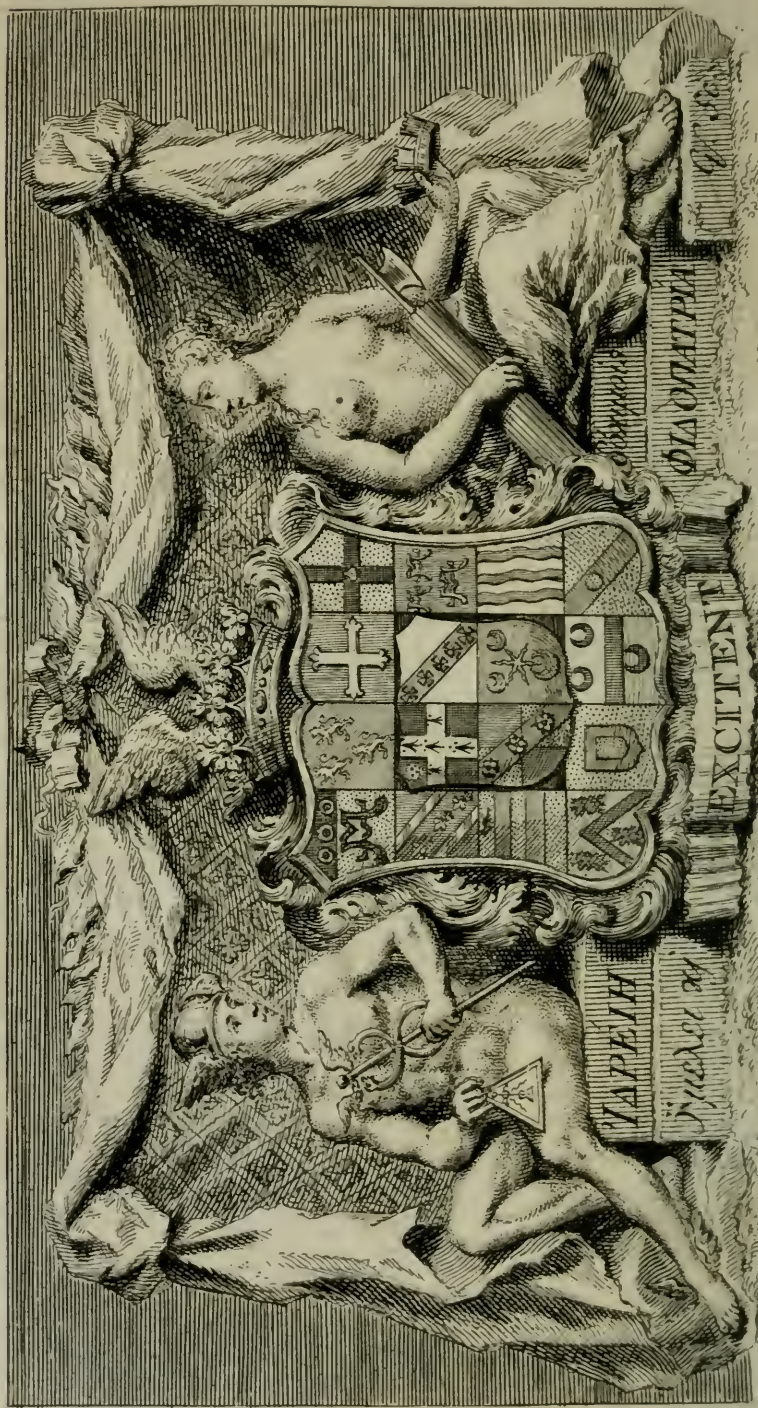




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Tracts contained in this Volume

1. On the Invention of Writing at our MS.

2. An Essay upon Literature, on an Enquiry into the Antiquity and Original of Letters.

By the Reverend & Learned

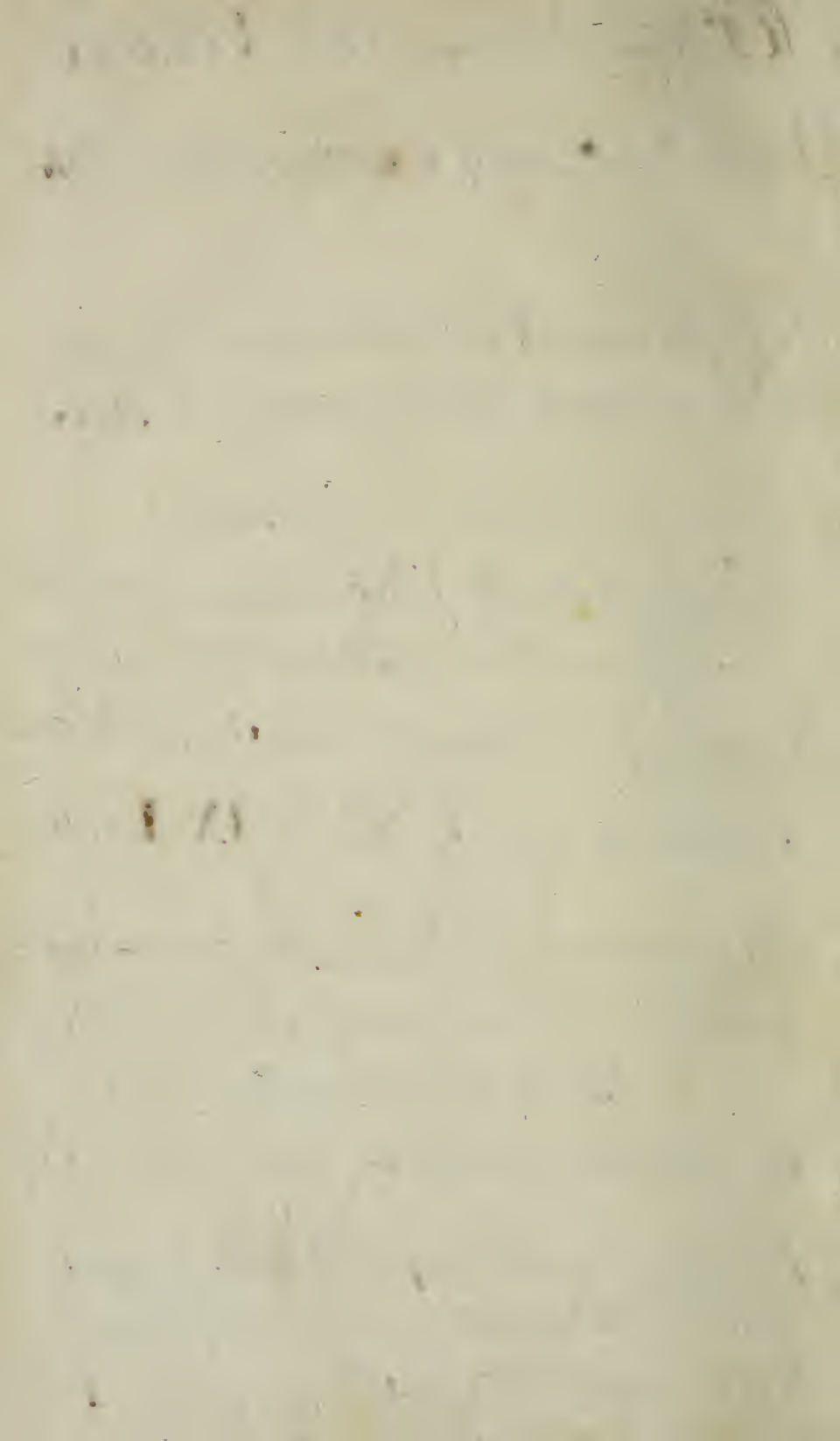
D^r Charles Varnotte F.R.S. Chaplain to his Maj^{ty}
His Grace the Duke of Mountague and a
Member of the Antiquarian Soc. in Londⁿ
Printed there in 1726. in IX. Parts. 127. [page]

3. Hermathena, or Modern Emblems ^{to} prints
and learned. Yet as proposed to published

By the Reverend Fra. Tolson 1739.

Vicar of Easton, Hants & Chaplⁿ to the B. of Sussex

4. Poems in English By M^r Geo Woodward, with
Rusticæ Nundinae, or Country Fair in
Latin by M^r Clarke printed 1730.







On the Invention of Writing:

Tell me what Genius did the Art invent
The lively Image of the Voice to paint,
Who first the Secret how to colour Sound
& to give Shape to Reason wisely found
With bodies how to cloath Ideas taught
& how to draw the Picture of a thought:
Which taught the Dumb to Speak the Eye to hear
a silent Language rolling far & near
Whos Softest Notes outstrip loud ^{Sound} Thunders
& spread the Accents thro' the World vast round
Yet wth kind Secrecy Secretly rowl
Whisperings of absents. & from Pole to Pole
A Voice heard by y^e Deaf, spok^d by y^e Dumb
Whos Echo reaches long long time to come
Which Dead Men speak as well as those alive
Tell me what Genius did this Art contrive

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ESSAY

UPON

LITERATURE:

O R,

An Enquiry into the Antiquity and
Original of LETTERS;

P R O V I N G

That the two Tables, written by the Finger of
God in Mount *Sinai*, was the first Writing
in the World; and that all other Alphabets
derive from the *Hebrew*.

With a short View of the Methods made use of by
the Antients, to supply the want of Letters be-
fore, and improve the use of them, after they
were known.

*supposed to be written by the Reverend and
Learned Charles La Motte DD. Chaplain to the King & the Duke of Montague.
a Member of the Royal antiquarian Society of London*

L O N D O N;

Printed for THO. BOWLES, Printseller, next to the
Chapter-House, St. Paul's Church-Yard; JOHN CLARK,
Bookseller, under the Piazzas, Royal-Exchange; and
JOHN BOWLES, Printseller, over-against Stocks Market,
M.DCC.XXVI.



A N
E S S A Y

On the Original of

L I T E R A T U R E, &c.



It is something strange, that among the abundance of Writers in the World, and the multitude of Authors who have publish'd their Labours for the instruction of Mankind in this Age, not one has thought it worth while to give any significant Account of the Art by which all their Works are perform'd; and by which indeed all manner of Science is convey'd from Age to Age, and handed down from our Ancestors to this Day; I mean that of Writing.

PRINTING and the Knowledge of Types impressing their Forms on Paper by Punction, or the work of an Engine (*for such is the Printing-Press*) is a Modern Invention born of Yesterday; and *however advantageous to the World*, is what the World it seems, made shift without, and was wholly ignorant of for above 5000 Years, and it is not yet full 300 Years old; that Art being the Invention of a Soldier, as that of Gunpowder and Guns was of a Scholar; the *Dutch* affirming that *Lawrentius Costerus*, of *Harlem*, was the first Author of Printing; tho' others say, that *John Faustus* of *Mentz* invented it, and from thence was taken for a Conjuror, and gave Birth to the Stories we have going under the Name of the Famous Doctor *Faustus*.

But WRITING, is of a very ancient Date, and has been the most useful of all Arts in the World, as it has been the preserver of Knowledge, and has handed down the first Principles of Science in the World, from one Generation to another; by which we, to this Day stand, (and all the Ages before us, for many hundreds, nay, some thousands of Years, have stood) upon the Shoulders of our Fore-fathers Learning, and have improv'd upon their Invention; carry'd on progressive Knowledge, upon the foot of their Discoveries, and brought experimental Knowledge both in Arts and in Nature, to that Prodigy of Perfection to which it is now arriv'd.

IF there was such a Time when Men had not the Knowledge of Letters, as no doubt there was, tho' some question it to this Day: I say, if there was such a Time, Knowledge and Discoveries in Philosophy, or in Mechanick Arts, with History and the Knowledge of Things

Things past, had great Difficulties attending them, and particularly this, that they were preserv'd only in the Repositories of those undecay'd Memories when Men were living Records of a Thousand Years standing; which by the way, is full as long as most Writings or standing Registers remain in the World; at least such as are of any significance to us; the sacred Records of the Scriptures, and some part of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Histories excepted; which yet (the latter especially) leave Things very uncertain and ill attested to us, and so as fills us rather with Disputes about what was, or was not Genuine, than with a true Account of things. But in the *Antediluvian* World, if they had not the use of Letters, and a written Chronology, which yet I will not assert; yet *Oral Tradition*, had so just an Authority, the Authors living so many Years to perfect their Posterity in the Particulars of what they related to them, that we have no Reason to doubt the Truth of what was handed down from Father to Son; when *Moses*, the first *Historian that we know of*, was not so remote from the last Days of *Noah*, as that the Particulars could be lost, but being convey'd from Father to Son, he might be well able even without the help of Divine Inspiration, to write the whole History of the state of things before the Flood, *Noah* having without doubt, made a perfect Relation of them to his Sons.

As to *Writing*, and the knowledge of Letters, the first we meet with in Scripture, and *Scripture is the oldest as well as the truest Account of these Things in the World*, was the two Tables of Stone, written by the Finger of God himself, containing the written Law of God, the same

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which

*Pulchra Conclusio et praeclara auctoritas ab ipso sacris
fontibus Literarum fluxisse & Religione Inst. Inter. Sig. 8 x 10. 10.*

which we call the *Decalogue*, or Ten Commandments.

I know it will be answer'd, that tho' it was written by the Finger of God, yet there must certainly have been some Writing among Men before that, how else could the Children of *Israel* read it? But to this it may be as reasonably objected, if there had been any such thing as *Writing*, or the use of Letters before, what need had there been for God himself to have written the Ten Commandments with his own Hand? And what need had *Moses* to carry two New Tables up into the Mount, to have the same Words written again? Why cou'd not *Moses* have written the same Words over again, which 'tis very likely were left legible enough, notwithstanding breaking of the Stone. It is true, neither of these Arguments are Conclusive; but I think, both of them weigh much in the Case, and import, that those Tables were the first *Writing*, or written Language that was seen in the World.

BUT further, Tho' the *Ægyptians*, were esteem'd, and justly too, the *Magi* of the Earth at that time; and had made Discoveries in many useful Parts of Science, in whose Wisdom *Moses* is said to be very Learned, we yet know of no knowledge of Letters among them, but that they wrote all by a Way particular to themselves, (*viz*) by *Hieroglyphicks* or paintings of Creatures and Figures, which at best, and however Ingenious the *Egyptians* were in suiting those *Hieroglyphicks* to their own Understanding, it must be allow'd that it was but a poor Shift, compared to the present improvement of Letters, and the Writing and Printing those Letters in Books as is since practis'd in the World.

AND

AND so ignorant has the World been of the use of Letters, even since those Times, that we find upon the Discovery of any of the Unknown Parts of the World, and particularly in *America*, they had not only no knowledge of Letters, but they had no Notion of forming Speech into any intelligible Description, but by meer Sound and speaking with the Mouth, which by Custom they learn'd from one another; and hence it was, that they had such an infinite variety of different Languages (if it be proper to call them Languages) or rather differing Dialects of the same Language, that you were no sooner pass'd from one Tribe to another, but you found they understood little or nothing of the other's Speech.

NAY, so ignorant were the *Americans* of the use or meaning of Letters, and writing Words upon Paper, which should be intelligible at a Distance, that they tell us the following Story, which happen'd at our first planting of *Virginia*: *Viz.* Captain *Smith*, one of the first Adventurers, happening to be taken Prisoner among the *Indians*, had leave granted him to send a Message to the Governor of the *English* Fort in *James Town*, about his Ransome; the Messenger being an *Indian*, was surpriz'd, when he came to the Governor, and was for kneeling down and Worshipping him as a God, for that the Governor could tell him all his Errand before he spoke one Word of it to him, and that he only had given him a piece of Paper: After which, when they let him know that the Paper which he had given the Governor had told him all the Business, then he fell in a Rapture the other Way, and then Capt.

Smith was a Deity and to be Worshipp'd, for that he had Power to make *the Paper speak*.

NOR was the rest of the World one jot wiser than these People, as to this particular of having Letters form'd to express their Speech, except that which the *Egyptians* attain'd to, who were accounted the wisest People in the Earth, and those by their utmost Wisdom arriv'd to, little more than this, that they were sensible of the Defect, had a Notion of something wanting, that when they had spoken to one another Face to Face, they cou'd know nothing more: They cou'd not preserve the Memory of things but in their own Minds, or send any Intelligence from one to another in remote Places, but by express Messengers retaining the whole Message they went about in their Memories.

BUT the Knowledge of the Defect, or the Sense of the want of such a thing as a legible Character, did not at all put the *Modus*, or Manner of doing it into their Thoughts, they had no Notion of expressing Sounds by Words without Speech, or that any Character to be form'd, cou'd signify, and direct to the Repetition of the Words spoken; it wou'd have been as Easie for a Man deaf and Dumb, to entertain a Notion of what sound Meant, or of what it really was to speak, as of having any Set of Figures, to direct the Tongue to the sound of Words from them.

BUT those *Egyptians* being cunning and studious Artists, and Receiving their Knowledge from the *Arabians*, who they say were the first Astronomers; they invented a way of Writing by *Hiroglyphicks*, that is to say, by figures of Beasts, and painting of the Creatures, which they were speaking of, so as thereby to understand the
Thing

Thing they intended : For Example, if they had order'd a Person to carry a Sheep to such a Town, they would paint a Man with a Sheep on his back going into the Gates of the City, or Town, and the like, if a Man would say in *English*, I saw an Ox upon a Bridge, the writing was an EYE, a SAW an Ox upon a BRIDGE and the like.

IT cannot be deny'd, but that they carried this Art of speaking a great length, and abundance of Ingenious things were done that way ; but all was Circumlocution, going round the Bush, and round the Bush, and indeed to very little Effect, for the World was not able to form any Method fully to Express themselves to one another at a Distance.

IT might be very well worth while to enquire here whether they had any Commerce in those Days, and how that Commerce was carry'd on ? How they kept their Accounts, and what Equivalent they had for writing to maintain Correspondence, which to us in these Days would seem impossible ? Nay, I do not see, I Confess that they were able to send a Messenger of an Errand, tho' it were but into the Market, or from one part of the Town to another, for more Business, or with more particular Orders, than the Bearer could carry in his Head ; as to keeping Accounts, tho' Figures indeed are a kind of universal Character in the World, and understood a-like, over (at least) all the Christian World, yet we do not read that Figures were in use before Letters, or that Arithmetick, (tho' now an eminent Part of Mathematick Knowledge) was known or understood any sooner than Letters ; or that the forming them, and Numbering things by them, was known before writing was known : All the ways that I meet with, by which Men cast up Numbers of

things, were prescribed by pointing to their Fingers, and consequently reach'd only to the Decimal Point, to Number Ten, which they could tell upon their Fingers; if they went any farther, they did it by telling the same Fingers over again, and so making two Tens, and three Tens, and four Tens as they had Occasion; and by this Means they cou'd cast up tho' with Difficulty as far as Ten Tens, which we call a Hundred, but which they knew no Name for, till many Ages of the World were run off.

SOME are of Opinion that this Numbering upon the Fingers was the true original of all Arithmetick, and that from thence it was that the first Invention of Numbers and Figures stop't at Number Ten, and carry'd on all Ennumeration by Repetition of Decimal Periods, from Ten to *Twenty, Thirty, Forty, Fifty*, which is no more or less than as above *Two-tens, Three-tens, Four-tens, Five-tens*, and so on to a Hundred, and then as the Things to be Numbered, or added encrease, Counting those Hundreds, up by Tens, as One Ten Hundred which they call a Thousand, and then by Two ten Hundreds, and Three ten Hundreds, and the like to a Hundred, ten Hundreds, that is a Hundred Thousand, and still keeping to the first way of Numbering every Ten: OF these Hundred Thousands, Ten was call'd a Million, and so over and over again, *ad infinitum*, and still every Tenth of one or another Denomination or kind, had a new Denomination, so that by Doubling, and Redoubling, all kinds of Numbers may be reckon'd, at least all that are practicable, to Men; there being a kind of Infinity in Arithmetick beyond human Capacity of accounting, or least of expressing; no Number of any thing being so great, but that it may be doubled, or reckon'd over again

gain to a Tenth of those Doublings, and so on again till every Ten adds Ten-fold to what went before, 'till we come to Innumerable, and even then to ten Hundred Thousand Millions of Innumerable, if such a Term was agreeable to Sense.

W H A T Method the wise *Egyptians* had to supply this Defect of Numbers by their Hieroglyphicks, I can by no Means meet with in any Author ; but what Notions they have of it themselves, and which they must entertain from the Traditional Relicks of their Fore-fathers, is this, (*viz.*) They us'd certain Bundles of Reeds, which lay open in some publick Place in every City, each Bundle consisted of ten Reeds, which Reeds, excepting those of the first Bundle, had each of them ten Knots like a Bamboo Cane, and perhaps was made of some Cane that grew in Joints, like that we call a *Bamboo* ; the Reeds of the first Bundle, only stood for Units, and when reckon'd over, number'd but Ten, whereas, the other Reeds which had Knots in them, stood every one for Ten ; and the Number of one of those Bundles was equivalent to our Hundred. There was a Mark placed to separate between the Reeds that were in Tale, from the others, for in reckoning any Number, they removed the Reeds one by one from the Right to the Left Side of the Mark, (counting their Knots) till they had compleated the Number their Business requir'd.

B U T with all their reckoning, it seems they had no Numeral Sounds ; they had no Numerical Letters, or Words, such as One, Two, Three, Four, and so on to Ten ; no Words for a Hundred

dred or for a Thousand, much less had they any Figures to express them by.

As to their *Hieroglyphicks*, which were their Types of Expression, we have nothing considerable, extant that ever I have met with; what is pretended to of that Kind I shall speak to by it self: There have been Obelisks and Monuments discover'd indeed in the antient *Thebes*, that is to say, in the Ruins of it, or in some such Remains of Antiquity, which have been found among the *Ægyptians*, on which various *Hieroglyphick* Figures have been found; but we have no Rule left, by which to interpret them, or to understand in the least what they signify'd; so that the Art of Writing by *Hieroglyphicks*, if there was ever such an Art, I mean to write intelligibly one to another at a distance, is so entirely Lost, that it remains a Question, whether ever it was really Intelligible in the same manner as our Writing is, or no; that is so Intelligible as to furnish Missives from one to another; and if not, we need not set so much by the Wisdom of those Ages, and of the People in those Countries as we have done, or think it so much a Loss to the World, that the Memory of them, and use of them is not preserv'd; seeing they were not able to find out by all their Penetration a Method to convey the Mind, without speaking, much less able to hand Words from one to another, by such an Equivalent to Speech as we do now by Pen, Ink, and Paper.

NEXT to the *Ægyptians*, the *Phenicians* are esteem'd the antientest People in the World, who were of any Fame for Wisdom, and Knowledge; and they are fam'd for two Things, in which they certainly did out do all the rest of Mankind; at that time; these are (*first*) the Knowledge of
Na.

Navigation (2.) Of Commerce : The *Syrians* and *Sydonians*, and the Inhabitants of all that Coast, which was then call'd *Phenician*, and extended from that we now call *Scandaroon*, almost to *Alexandria* in *Ægypt*, were all Merchants, and very great Merchants too, as we find in the Prophecies of the Ruin of those Cities by *Isaiah*, *Ezekiel*, *Zephania* — — and other Prophets, where it is said that their Merchants were Princes, that is very considerable Merchants, Trading to *India*, *Æthiopia*, and as we may suppose, to all the Coasts of the *Red Sea*, and by Land over the Deserts, to the Gulph of *Persia* ; I say we may suppose this from the said Prophets, who in reckoning up the prodigious Wealth of their Merchants describe the Countries they Traded to, by the several Sorts of Merchandizes, they Traded in, and which they had it seems vast Stores of always by them ; such as Gold, and precious Stones, which they are suppos'd to have from *Ethiopia*, on the Western Bank of the *Red Sea*, and which came by Shipping to *Ezion Gebar*, or *Baalzephon*, and from thence by Land Carriage, or as they now call it by Caravan, to the said Ports of *Tyre*, *Sidon*, &c. Then the Silks, the Purple, the Scarlet, and fine twin'd Linnen ; these denote their Trading into *Persia*, which as it was, and is to this Day, the Country of the World, where the best Silk is naturally produc'd ; so were the *Persians* fam'd for their rich Manufactures of all kinds, the Workmanship of which was, and is to this Day, admirably fine ; and this we read of far back as the *Babylonish Garment*, which *Achan* found among the plunder of the City of *Jericho* and which he thought of so much value, that next to the Wedge of Gold, he was
tempted

tempted by it to run the hazard of his own Life, and of God's Curse, pronounced by *Joshua* his General.

THESE Things, I say, prove the *Phenicians* to be a kind of universal Merchants, and that they corresponded with the whole World in Trade; for besides their Trade to *Africa* and the *East-Indies*, and to the Islands which the Scripture speaks of, we find in our own Histories that they traded to this very Island of *Britain*, which was at that time steem'd the utmost Bounds of the Earth.

AND yet even these expert Merchants, these skilful Navigators, knew nothing of Letters; their Money, which was found here many Ages after, had no Inscription upon it, but consisted chiefly of Rings of Copper, and Brass, and Iron, with only a Stamp of an old Tower or Castle, which, 'twas suppos'd, represented the strong Castle of *Sidon*, said by the Prophet *Isaiah* to be built in the midst of the Sea, and on which her Pride of the strength of her Situation was founded.

NEXT, the *Arabians* claim to be not only a more Ancient Nation than the *Egyptians*, or than the *Phenicians*, but to have taught them all their Knowledge, as particularly their Skill in the Art of Navigation to the *Phenicians*; and the motions of the Heavenly Bodies; with the knowledge of Astrology, and Judgment in hidden Causes in Nature to the *Egyptians*; whence the Wise Men were call'd *South-sayers*, the People of the (South, which were the *Arabians* by their Situation, being esteemed the Author's of all that kind of Knowledge; and these *Arabians* pretend to have Peopled *Egypt*, and even *Ethiopia* itself, by Colonies transported
over

over the *Red Sea* from *Arabia*, which lies extended on the East-side, as the other do on the West-side of that Sea; for which Reason it is to this day call'd the *Arabian Gulph*.

YET these *Arabians* themselves, so far as we can learn, had not the use of Writing, or the least knowledge of Letters; nor do we find any remains of such a thing among them, or any Pretences to it, tho' their Pretences to their being Originals of all Learning in the World, run very High in the Writings of their antient Authors, and higher by far than we have Reason to believe they have any Authority for.

YET these I say, had no knowledge of Letters, and cou'd never form to themselves an Idea of Writing, or marking a Sound of Speech down in legible Characters, or 'as that poor *Virginian* express'd it, to make a piece of Paper speak.

WE have indeed an Account of the Inventors of Musick and Musical Instruments in the Scripture, even much antienter than *Noah's Flood*, but we do not know any thing of the invention of Musical Notes by that same Antediluvian Artist; for as the Notes by which we prick down, *as it is call'd*, our Tunes, are a kind of Universal Character, being understood alike by all Nations, who understand Musick, so the doing it was a kind of Writing, and will undeniably be so esteem'd, of which hereafter.

BUT we have reason to believe, that this particular piece of Knowledge also is much more Modern, and even more Modern than *Orpheus* himself, to whom some will give the Honour of that Invention, and had it not been Modern, the same Hand who had found out the Way to
make

make Marks upon Lines speak in the Language of Musick, and sing or say, *FA, LA, SOL, &c.* would certainly have seen it possible to have form'd other Words upon the same Foot, and have brought the World to a Method of understanding one another much sooner than they did.

THE pricking down of Tunes therefore by Marks which we call Notes, and to which we give Tones, or Sounds of Art, is certainly a Modern Invention; as indeed the Names of the Figures or Notes do evidently imply, which are Latin Originally, and mostly now *Italian*, a Speech which, we know is but the Bastard-child of the Latin. *Some say the Emperor Nero, who as much a Tyrant as he was, is allowed to be the greatest Master of Musick of the Age he liv'd in;* was also the Inventor, or at least the Finisher, of that Part of Musical Knowledge which relates to the pricking down the Notes of Musick upon Paper; and particularly, that tho' the whole Notes might be mark'd before, and that many Ages, even back to *Apollo* himself, or to *Orpheus*, yet that the Divisions of Notes in which our Modern Masters so much excell, were the Work of that Emperor; and that he brought them to the great Perfection which they remain in to this Day. I do not affirm this, nor am I enclined to Compliment such a Monster of Nature as that Emperor was, at so high a rate, as to advance the Probability beyond what it ought to be: That *Nero* was a good Fidler may be true, and he was certainly so; but that he had any thing else good about him, I never heard, except this, of improving the musical Notes.

I see no part of the World, which we can apply to, *farther than we have*, for the original of this Art of writing, except to *China* and *Japan*, whose claim to Knowledge of Letters, and to the Art not of writing only, but even to that of Printing too, is as extravagant, as that of the World's being created 11000 Years ago, and their Claim to a Chronology of their own Monarchy for 7000 Years past.

THESE People pretend to have known Letters, and have had a written Character for many thousands of Years; and perhaps before that account of Time, when according to our Register, the World was created; what Authorities they have, they best know, nor is it at all worth our inquiry; we are well assur'd that we have Divine Authority for our Account of Time, from its Beginning to this Day, and that by Consequence their pretences to such Antiquity are Fictitious, and to the last degree Ridiculous, and on the same Account, their pretended Knowledge of Letters must be so too.

I know it is fabl'd of *Cadmus* that he invented Letters, and others say the *Phenecians* were the Authors, but these are uncertainties, and have little more than what I justly say is fabl'd of them, for even who this *Cadmus* was, is a doubtful thing, and whether really there ever was such a Man, in the World, or no; but of that hereafter.

UPON the whole, as we are sure the two Tables of Stone, were written by the Finger of God, that is to say, Divine Power impress'd, by what Method we know not, those Words on the two Tables of Stone, and at the same time no doubt instructed *Moses* in the reading of them, and in the Knowledge of their Sounds; so we have an unquestion'd Authority to assign the
Know-

Knowledge of Letters, and the Art of writing them to a Divine original; that is to say, that the Knowledge was immediately dictated from Heaven, and that *Moses* was enabled to Instruct the Children of *Israel* in the Knowledge of them, by an immediate Divine inspiration.

Now if we look upon the Face of the World for so many Ages, and how notwithstanding so many Arts were known to them, and discover'd by their own search, that yet they had no Notion, nor ever could have of Letters, and Writing; I say, if we look thus on the real difficulty of making any Discovery of that kind, we may depend upon it, that if God himself in Favour to his Creatures, and to his own People of *Israel* in the first Place, had not inspir'd them with this Knowledge, all the Power of Invention that was ever bestow'd on Man before, could not, nor would to this Day have been able to do it.

MAN KIND had no Idea of such a thing among them, it was not in them to make a peice of Paper speak, and to stamp a Voice and Words, which were neither more or less than meer Sounds to stamp them on a Paper, and empower other People to speak over again, by the help of those dumb Figures, the same Words that the first Person had uttered at a hundred or a thousand Miles distance; no Man could imagin such a Thing feasible, nor did it ever as I have Reason to believe; enter into any Man's Thoughts to contrive any thing of such a kind.

BUT God from Heaven giving Laws to Men, gave not an oral, but a written Law, and it was from him, that Letters were cloathed with Sounds, to be convey'd to any distance, and by the sight, and upon any occasion that requir'd it repeated Articulately as often as was requir'd, by which the
Sense

Sense of things was convey'd from Man to Man, and from Age to Age, it was his own doing, and from him alone it deriv'd.

HERE I place the true Original of Writing, and indeed of all Literature if there was any thing known before this, 'tis more than we have any Account of in History or Monument among the Antiquities of the most antient Buildings: The Ruins of the most antient Cities show no Inscriptions, the old *Babel*, part of which remains to this Day has no appearance of any thing Written; the *Ægyptian* Pyramids the next peice of Antiquity to *Babel*, at least that we know of, which are Fair, and preserv'd entire, have yet no Figures or Semblance of Letters left upon them.

THE great Men of those Ages frequently erected Columns and Pillars to preserve the Memory of their Actions, and to preserve their Names; but without any Letters to signify whose they were. Oral Tradition preserv'd their Names from Generation to Generation. The great *Nimrod*, the mighty *Semiramis*, *Jupiter* himself, however, deify'd for great Actions; I have great Reason to believe of them, what would be very scandalous to say of a great Monarch in our Days, that none of them could write their own Names.

NAY, to carry it farther, had Writing been in use, had the World known Letters, and could thereby have written down a true History of the Lives of the Great Men of the first Ages of the World, as well the Post Deluvian Heroes, as those before the Flood, their Tyrannies, the horrid Desolations, the inhuman and unnatural Lusts, the Murthers, and other Crimes

C

they

they committed, would have recommended them to Posterity in other Figures, and shown them in different Colours from what the next Ages saw them in; Instead of placing them among the Stars, and worshipping them as Gods, they would have been rank'd among the blackest Devils; their Memory would have been the Abhorrence and Terror of future Ages, and not the Subject of their Admiration first, and at last of their Adoration.

What should we have understood of *Jupiter*, who is said to have made War upon, deposed, and murdered his Father *Saturn*, but as an accurs'd Paricide, justly doom'd to a Station in eternal Darkness, for one of the first Usurpers and King-killers in the World? How would *Noah's* Drunkenness, of which it pleases Heaven, by the help of Writing, to give us a Part, (at least) of the truer History, been abhorr'd and detested by the Ages following, and recorded to his Shame, if a true Account of it cou'd have been written down and preserved to Posterity? Instead whereof, he is by the Mils-understandings of the People carrying the Story but from Tongue to Tongue, made the God of Wine, extoll'd as a Patriot to the World, by furnishing them with so excellent, so delicious a Liquor as the juice of the Grape; and hence he is made the Idol of all the Revels of Mankind, Father of Drunkards, and has Temples rais'd to him where the *Bacchinalia* or Feasts to this drunken good Man, are celebrated with all manner of Excesses, Lewdness, and infinite Debaucheries; and all this for want of the knowledge of Letters, and the skill of writing a true Account of the first Crime of *Noah*, which he good Man afterwards repented

pented of; had he known the abuse that wou'd have been put upon the World in his Name, he wou'd no question have left some Monument of his abhorrence of it, tho' he cou'd not write it down. *N. B.* He is supposed to be the *Bacchus* of the Antients.

IT is the Opinion of some, and the *Jews* had such a traditional Notion, whether True or not, that *Noah* did not stop at once drinking Wine to excess, as is signify'd in the Text; but that he grew a grievous Drunkard, a kind of habitual Sot; and that he expos'd himself by it in the vilest manner, to the Contempt of his Posterity; that especially his Son *Ham*, and his Grandson *Canaan*, made a Sport of him, and ridicul'd and expos'd him for it, which is signify'd, say they, by his being Uncover'd in his Tent, and by their seeing his Nakedness; and that he continu'd in this habitual Drunkenness a Hundred Years: But that *Shem* and *Japhet* being religious, sober good Men, left not their Father in this Excess and Extravagance, but by their Prayers and Entreaties to him, and to God for him, convinc'd him at length of his Sin, and brought him to be a most sincere Penitent: Thus they cover'd his Nakedness, concealing his Infirmary as much as possible, and restoring him by Degrees to his Senses; for which he afterwards gave them his Blessing, and on the contrary, heartily Curs'd his Son *Ham* and all his Posterity; but especially young *Canaan*, who, 'tis suppos'd, had a great Hand in exposing and making Sport with his Grandfather's Infirmary and Wickedness: But this is a Digression; I shall not affirm that this Story is true in Fact, but rather adhere to the Letter

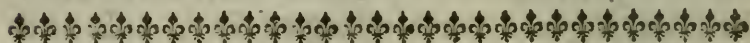
of the Text, which seems to point it out as a single Offence.

EITHER Way it serves to the Purpose in hand: 'Tis most certain that the want of Letters, and the World not being able to collect and write down the true Lives, (or History of the Lives) of these first Great Men, has been the main Reason of their Names and Memories being so grossly abus'd, and the World so much more abus'd about them, as to exalt for their Adoration the vilest of Men, call the Stars by their Names, build Temples to their Honour, and Worship them as Deities; who were here on Earth the worst of Men, meer incarnate Devils, Monsters not fit to live, and who had nothing but flagrant Wickedness to recommend them; as *JUPITER*, a Paricide, King-killer and Usurper of his Father's Throne. *MARS*, a Fury and outrageous Monster for Murther and Rapine, and therefore made the God of War. *MERCURY*, a Sorcerer and notorious Wizard, a Fortune-teller, and dealer with the Devil. *VENUS*, a beautiful Woman, but an everlasting Whore, an insatiate impudent Strumpet, an infamous notorious She-Devil, the vilest and worst of her Sex. *BACCHUS*, (if *Noah* really was the Man) the first of Drunkards, tho' otherwise, and afterwards, a good Man and a Penitent, which they that Worship'd him never heard of; or if they did, never plac'd that Part among the Vertues, for which they ador'd him. O! had they known the Use of Pen and Ink in those Days, and had they had a *Juvenal* to have Satyriz'd and Recorded the immortal Crimes of those Wretches, who they call'd the Immortal Gods, how would they ha' been

been set forth in their True Colours ! and how wou'd the World have made their very Names a Curse, and an Execration to Posterity, rather than Idoliz'd them for Vertues and for Hero's ? But all this mistaken Opinion of these Men, is owing, under the Disposition of Providence, to the want of the Use of Letters, and of Faithful Writers, to have recorded the Histories of those Times, free from Fable and Romance, and to have set the Actions of those Men in a true Light.

SINCE the use of Letters, since Writing came into the World, and since History has preserv'd the true Account of the Actions of Men, we have had no new Gods set up ; no Statues have been nick-nam'd, nor infamous Men exalted after their Death to the Rank of Deities : Some of the *Roman* Emperors indeed aspir'd to the Title, and impiously accepted of what, in those Times, they call'd Divine Honours ; even *Alexander* the Great had the Vanity to approve of it, being fond of being stil'd the Son of *Jupiter* : But History has done Heaven Justice, and the Ages when these Men liv'd having had the blessing of Pen, Ink and Paper, or the Equivalent to them, (of which I shall speak presently) have branded the Names of these Men with a just Mark of Infamy for the Attempt ; and by leaving the Memory of their Deeds upon Record, have register'd their Names amongst the worst of Men ; the Great Sir *Walter Raleigh* hints this, when speaking how the most Wicked among mortal Men, were made Immortal among the Heathen, He says, it is not to be wonder'd at that '*Alexander Magnus, Tiberius, Nero, Caligula*, and others, ought to be number'd among

‘mong them, being as Deform’d Monsters as any of them; and he adds, how cou’d the same Honour be deny’d to *Laurentia* and *Flora*, which was given to *Venus*, seeing they were as famous Harlots as she. *Vid. Sir Walter Raleigh’s Hist. of the World*, fol. 52. This is one of the Benefits of History; we have now no more dependance upon Tradition or the oral History of Men and Things, the Writings of the Antients are our Foundation to fly to for the Characters of Things, and of Men; and tho’ it is true, that even since the use of Letters and of Writing, there has too much Fiction and Fable enter’d into the Writings of the Learned, especially their Poetical Works, as *Homer* in particular, who has sung the Wars of the *Greeks*, and the Siege of *Troy* from a Reality, into a meer Fiction; yet even among these we find Room to pick out Fragments of Truth, enough to make a Judgment both of the Times, and of the Actions of Men performed in them.



P A R T II.

HAVING thus advanc’d a Proposition in Honour of the Subject I am upon, namely, that Writing and the use of Letters is of divine Original, and that there was no knowledge of Letters, much more of Writing, before that of the two Tables of Stone written by the Finger of God in *Mount Sinai*: It seems needful that I should examine Antiquity a little

little and see what Pretences are made in the World to the original of Letters, the knowledge of Sounds in form of those Letters, and the writing or impressing them upon the Materials prepar'd for that purpose, of all which in their Order.

THE Time when *Moses* brought the Children of *Israel* out of *Egypt*, and Encamp'd them at the Foot of *Mount Sinai*, was the Year of the World 2515, *Moses* being then 80 Years old, for he was born in the Year 2434.

IF we look back, we shall find this was so short a Time, even after the Flood itself, or especially after the Death of *Noah*, who died in the Year of the World 2005, that as first, it is not likely that Letters came into the World so soon, being by the general Opinion of all Writers, not above 500 Years after the Confusion of Languages. So (2.) It is more Antient, and far beyond all the famous Men, to whom History, or even Fable itself, would give the Honour of being the Authors of Learning, and of bringing the knowledge of Letters into the World.

CADMUS is the most antient of these, and who, *Pliny* says, brought the knowledge of Letters into *Greece*, from whence others have ignorantly enough made him the Inventer of them: But all we have of *Cadmus* is, that he brought 16 Letters of the *Greek* Alphabet into *Peloponesus*, that is, into *Greece*, where he built the City of *Thebes*, and from whence all the Learning and learned Writings of the *Greeks* had their beginning. Some would have us believe this *Cadmus* to be a Great Grandson of *Noah*, and to have come directly from *Assyria* soon after the Confusion of Languages: But

this is all Fiction, and we find by more authentick Accounts, that *Cadmus* was not born till after the Year 2600, or thereabouts, which was Eighty-six Years after the Tables of Stone were written in *Mount Sinai*, and that he was a *Phenician* born, being the Son of *Agenor*, a King of the *Phenicians*.

Now, as the *Phenicians*, who were *Canaanites*, might easily learn the use of Letters from the *Hebrews*, and make some improvement in that Knowledge in 86 Years, Forty of which was after the *Israelites* were planted in *Canaan*, before *Cadmus* was born, and Sixty Years more before he went into *Greece*: This is not improbable at all.

THIS *Cadmus*, Fame tells us, carry'd with him 16 Letters of the *Greek Alphabet* into *Greece*, to-wit, α β γ δ ε ι κ λ ν ο π ρ σ τ υ. Four more, 'tis said, were added by *Palamedes*, but not till the time of the Siege of *Troy*, which was not till 220 Years after. This *Cadmus* also lived some time in *Egypt*, at a Town call'd *Thebes*, from whence it seems his Ancestors came to *Tyre*, a City of the *Phenicians*.

Now, after the Children of *Israel* had by the Finger of God, been instructed in the knowledge of Letters, for *Moses* inspir'd from Heaven, no doubt taught them first to Read, and then to Imitate that Heavenly Scripture the Law, otherwise it had been of no Use to them: I say, after this, and after it came to be look'd into by other Nations, who Convers'd with the *Israelites*, it is no Wonder that those Nations form'd Letters also of their own making, and gave them Sounds proper to their own speaking, after the manner of the *Hebrews*, with whom they Convers'd.

IT is also to be observ'd, that this seems confirm'd (at least to me) in that the first Nations which we read of, who had the use of Letters after the *Hebrews*, were those who were the nearest to them in their Habitations ; such as the *Egyptians*, FROM WHOM they came, and who at the first Time of appearance of this Heavenly Art, liv'd not above two Days Journey from them, and the *Phenicians* TO WHOM they came, that is, when they (the *Israelites*) Conquer'd *Canaan*, and who then liv'd not near them only, but even among them, for the *Phenicians* were the very *Canaanites*, which the *Israelites* shou'd have destroy'd, but did not.

THE *Phenicians* then having made a beginning, (for 'tis apparent they had then form'd but Sixteen Letters of Four-and-twenty) *Cadmus* with what Knowledge was then in the World, went into *Greece*, and there taught his Citizens of *Thebes* the use of those Sixteen Letters, which for that Reason they pretend he Invented : But 'tis evident, that he only brought them with him into *Greece*, but did not invent them in *Greece* ; the *Phenicians* having the Use of them before the *Thebans* ; and thus also other Writers not allowing themselves to think, or perhaps not knowing the History of the Transactions at Mount *Sinai*, and of *Moses* his instructing the *Israelites*, give the Honour of the first knowledge of Letters to the *Phenicians* ; and others again to the *Egyptians*, both which bring it so near to the *Israelites*, as still confirms the Probability of what I have here advanc'd, and which, I think, stands now almost beyond the reach of Contradiction.

WE ought then a little to enquire what kind of People those were, to whom all the Great and Wise Actions of those early Ages of the World are ascribed, that we may see when they liv'd, and whether they assumed to themselves any thing that may contradict our present Thesis, or entitle those Men to the Honour of introducing this Knowledge into the World.

Apollo, a Name understood in various Manners by the Antients, in the Heaven he is call'd the *SUN*; in Hell *PLUTO*; on Earth *APOLLO*; and who was indeed but a Minstrel, or Fidler, in English a Ballad-singer, a Tumbler, or a Merry-Andrew, or Mountebank, or what you please; yet is said to be a teacher of Science, and judge of Wit, and rectifier of the Understanding among the People.

ATLAS, the Brother of *Prometheus*, was rather Prior to *Moses*, tho' he liv'd in some part of the time of *Moses*, but *Prometheus* himself was King of *Armenia*, and reign'd in the time of *Moses*. This is that *Prometheus* of whom so many Fictions are made by the Poets, as of his making a Man of Clay; stealing Fire from *Jupiter*; as also of his being Chain'd on the Top of Mount *Caucasus* by the Hands and Feet, and a Vulture all the while devouring his Bowels.

ALL these Fables are Construed to signify no more than the Greatness of his Wisdom and Knowledge, as that of his Brother *Atlas* carrying the World upon his Shoulders, was, to signify that he supported the Government of the whole World, by the Wisdom and Justice of his Laws.

(a) St. *Augustine* says, That *Prometheus* was feign'd to have form'd Men out of Clay; that is to say, he formed the Minds of Men, by instilling Principles of Knowledge, and of Wisdom into them, and was an excellent Instructor of Mankind. So *Theophrastus* and others interpret him stealing Fire; or as it was called by some, the invention of Fire, whereby he gave Life to his Men of Clay, or of Wood, which he had made; that is, says he, that he inspir'd the Minds of Men, or fir'd their Minds with earnest Desires after Knowledge: And that whereas, before him, Men were but silly ignorant, and blind, he enlighten'd their Minds with Knowledge: And by that Vulture gnawing his Bowels on Mount *Caucasus*, is signify'd the gnawing, earnest, anxious Desire, he had to compass the System of Astronomical Knowledge, and the Motions of Heavenly Bodies, not then attained to by any of humane Race.

ALL this I mention, (tho' something remote) for this Reason, and so I bring it down to my Purpose, (*viz.*) That some have made this *Prometheus* the first inventor of Letters in the World. But this is evidently contradicted; for that before him, *Moses* had the written Law in the Mount, as above; so that whatever *Prometheus* had, he must, or at least might have from *Moses* many Years after.

(b) Dr. *Goodwin*, in his Collection of the *Jewish* Antiquities, agrees with my proposed Article, (*viz.*) That *Moses* first taught the Use of Letters to the *Jews*; that the *Phenicians* learn'd

(a) *August.* de Civit. Dei. lib. 18.

(b) *Goodwin*, Civil. & Eccles. Rites, p. 275.

learned them from the *Jews*, and the *Grecians* from the *Phenicians*; that *Moses* learned them by Inspiration, having the first writing of them from the Hand of God himself, this the Scripture positively asserts; and thus my deriving the knowledge of Letters from a divine Original is, I think, sufficiently supported.

THE next Persons who Authors would entitle to the Invention of Letters, are, 1. (a) *Palamedes*, who the *Greeks* talk very much of; but this *Palamedes* lived no sooner than the Siege of *Troy*, 163 Years before *Homer*; whereas the written Law of God was given to *Moses* Sixty Years before the City of *Troy* was built, (*viz.*) *Anno Mund.* 2514, and *Troy* was built, *Ann. Mund.* 2574, and was destroy'd again by the *Grecians*, *Anno Mund.* 2870. 2. *Memnon*; the same Author tells us, this *Memnon* brought the use of Letters into *Egypt*. But again, as above, even *Memnon* is by Others said not to be the Inventor of Letters to the *Egyptians*, only of forming a kind of Intelligence, by Figures, or *Hieroglyphicks*; and knew nothing of an Alphabet of Letters to form Words from by Prolation. As for the other *Memnon* he was too Modern, being kill'd by *Achilles* at the Siege of *Troy*: And as to the *Egyptian* Figures or *Hieroglyphicks*, I shall speak of 'em afterwards.

THE *Arabians* are the next who claim the Invention of Letters; but they who pretend to it in their behalf, can bring no Authorities

(a) *Servius*, Lib. 2. *Goodwin*, Pag. 275.

for it ; nor do we meet with it in any History, but some Writings of the *Sarazens* and *Turks*, whose Credit is too low with me, to give any thing for Authentick, upon their Authority.

ANTIQUITY then gives us no Light into any thing, at least, that I ever met with, to weaken, much less to contradict the Proposition I have advanc'd, namely, That the written Law of God, gave the first appearance of Letters in the World; the progression of Knowledge, and the use of Letters I shall account for afterwards; thus, (*viz.*) That from *Moses* the use of Letters were taught the *Israelites*, and by them communicated to the rest of the World, namely, to the *Phenicians* on one Hand, and by them to the *Greeks*, and on the other Hand to the *Egyptians*; and by them to the *Ethiopians*.

THAT the *Egyptians* should learn it from the *Ethiopians* (for *Memnon* was an *Ethiopian*) is still more unlikely, the *Ethiopians* being never fam'd for communicating Knowledge to the World, or indeed retaining any valuable Degree of it among themselves: Besides, had *Memnon*, who liv'd in the Year of the World, 2233, been the Inventor of Letters, and had brought those Letters in Use among the *Egyptians*, How came it to pass that the *Egyptians* used the lame unintelligible ænigmatick Method of Figures and Hieroglyphicks, &c. and that for several Hundred Years after the supposed Time of *Memnon's* Life.

THESE Hieroglyphicks had various Significations, according to the receiv'd Usage of the Country; as by a Circle was meant the *Sun*; by a Semi-circle, the *Moon*; the Image of a
Hawk,

Hawk, being the King of Birds, signified the King of *Heaven*; by the Figure of a Man, *Wisdom*; a Horse harness'd, *Strength*; a Lyon, *Courage* and *Fortitude*; a Horse Un-bridl'd, signified *Liberty*; by a Crocodile, *Impudence*; by a Fish, *Hatred*, and the like. And these Figures with many other, were used till after the Children of *Israel* went out of *Goshen*.

ALL these Things concur to confirm, as far as a Thing of this Nature, and so very *Antient*, can be expected to be confirmed, that the World had not the use of Letters, till the exhibiting of the written Law of God at Mount *Sinai*.

I shall add but one thing more, and that is the Improbability that Letters could be in use in the World much sooner than that time, as the World was then stated; The Nations were not so settled as to be very well Improved, or indeed very Populous at that time: Sir *Walter Raleigh* observes, That even some Ages after this, Men were advanced to the Government of Nations upon the meanest Terms of Excellence that could be imagin'd. *Atlas* was chosen King of *Mauritania*, because he had knowledge of Heavenly Bodies. *Hercules*, because of his great Strength was Deify'd: *Mercury* for Magick and Cunning: *Pelasgus* was chosen King of *Arcadia*, because he taught the People, but how to build simple low Cottages, to defend them from Storms and Rain, and learned them to grind Acorns, and make Bread of them for their Nourishment, who liv'd before upon Roots and Herbs. Is it likely that these rude Ages, when Wit and Knowledge was at so low an Ebb, should invent so Noble, so sublime a Thing, as the use of Letters?

Form-

Forming Sounds by the help of Characters which should speak, and be repeated from Mouth to Mouth.

How falsely then have the *Grecians* boasted of their antient Learning, and of the antiquity of their Knowledge, their Philosophy, and the like, when this was the poor Ignorant People who inhabited the *Arcadian* Plains, where afterwards all the Learning of this Part of the World sprung up.

THEN as to the time of *Moses*, let us consider that *Moses* gave this Knowledge to the *Israelites* before the planting of any of the *Grecian* Common-wealths; consequently, it must be long before the antient Learning of the *Greeks* began; for as I have observ'd, it was long before the building of the City of *Troy*, above 146 Years before the Building of *Thèbes*, and still more before the first using of Letters among the *Greeks*. I say,

AGAIN, Let us go back to the time of the Flood itself, and of *Noah*, who Re-peopled the World by the Posterity of his three Antediluvian Sons. The Flood was in the Year of the World, 1656. being the next Year after the Death of *Methuselah*: After the Flood, According to Sir *Walter Raleigh's* Account, it was 170 Years to the beginning of the building of *Babel*; This Building having been begun upon the most ignorant Notions of things, that could be supposed to come into the Heads of rational Creatures, and shews an immense Dulness in the People of that Time, to think that a human Building could resist an universal Deluge; but that by the way.

THIS Building, with the digging the Foundation, which must be a prodigious Gulph for

Shall I say It was not so much designed to secure the Builders agt a second Deluge, as a Land mark to shew them where they might return to in those vast Plains to prevent a Dispersion of the few people then remaining

As Providence intended they should be
people different parts of the Earth, this attempt of theirs
was foolish & vain, if they were conform'd to
dispos'd innocently 32

They Providence
so vast a Fabrick, which was some Miles in
Circumference, the preparing and bringing
the Materials, and making the Bricks, &c. is
supposed to take up 130 Years more, which is
in all, 300 Years. Now, from the Confusion
of Languages to the Birth of *Jacob*, was but
213 Years, according to his Account; and it
can hardly pass for probable, that the Confu-
sion which that division of Languages made
among them was so recover'd, that they should
have advanced to any Inventions in that Time;
much less to so Glorious an Improvement as
this of writing down their Speech by the help
of Letters, and as the poor *Indian* said, mak-
ing the Paper or the Tables they wrote upon, to
Speak. From *Jacob* then to the exhibiting of
the Law on Mount *Sinai*, which was about 345
Years; was indeed no extraordinary length of
Time, the Confusions and Dulness of those
days considered, for introducing so noble a
Part of Knowledge into the World.

BUT let us go back to this Story of
the *Egyptians*, having the use of Letters
before the *Israelites*; where is the proba-
bility, that GOD himself, who gave the
Israelites the written Law, and wrote it with
his Own Hand, should imitate the *Egyptian*
Magicians? for this *Memnon* was a famous
Sooth-sayer, or Magician, a *Negro* by Nation,
born in *Ethiopia*: Or whether was more
probable, namely, that it should be true
that the GOD of Heaven should write after
Memnon's Copy; or that *Memnon* rather
hearing that the discovery of such a wonderful
Knowledge was brought into the World by
Inspiration from Heaven, went immediately
into the Wilderness among the *Israelites*, to
learn

learn the Method from them, and carry'd it back with him into *Egypt*, from whence he was to them the first Inventor, and might pass for such in the Esteem of the future Ages of the World ; as *Cadmus* did, by going on the same happy Message into *Greece*.

THE only Difficulty to be started here, is the Time of this *Memnon*, when he liv'd ? which they pretend, *but without any certainty*, was the 23d Century of the World's Age ; so that he must probably be in his Grave, before *Moses*, or must have liv'd above 250 Years. Now, as to this, we have not, I say, the least Authority of Authors to be depended upon, for the time of *Memnon's* Life, any more than the length of it ; and therefore I do not conceive that Part to be of Force enough, to contradict the Authority I have brought for the Original of Letters ; and especially, because we read of no Writings extant in all that time, either there, or in any other Part of the World. The great Library of *Ptolemy*, King of *Egypt*, which had in it so many thousand Books, that is to say, Manuscripts, *if that Story be not all Fable*, yet had it not any Books, *as we find reason to believe* that were written before *Moses* : In a word, we find no certain Notice, even in *Josephus*, or any other Author, of any Writing, of Gods or Men, before this one glorious discovery of Knowledge, made by the True God, among his Chosen People the *Jews* : So that really all Argument from Probability seems to be against them.

ON the other Hand, there is the highest Probability, that all the other Nations, especially the *Egyptians*, deriv'd their Knowledge of Letters from the *Israelites*, as above.

AGAIN, the similitude of the Writing it self in all those Ages and Countries, intimates the same Original; the *Hebrew* Character was then, and is still written from the Right-Hand to the Left, and the *Egyptians* in their first Language, wrote after the same manner, *as we shall see in our next Discourse*, till many Ages afterwards; Then the *Greek* Tongue was spoken in *Egypt* as the Universal Language, as it was also among the *Jews*, notwithstanding their being first taught the *Hebrew*.

THUS, I think, it is as clear as any thing can be made, whose Proofs are so remote, that the Knowledge of Letters was of Divine Original, brought down from Heaven; *for so, what was brought from GOD himself, might justly be said to be, and that it was brought to the Israelites by Moses, the Servant of GOD, who was divinely inspir'd, to instruct the People in the Use, in the Pronunciation, in the Reading, and in the Writing of them; and this made me say, that Writing is almost as antient as Letters.*

THIS also brings me to speak of the Nature of *Letters* themselves, (*viz.*) That they were not only meer Figures, call'd by particular Names; for as such they were still, but Hieroglyphicks, as the Images of living Creatures were before; those Images were meer Independent Marks, design'd to direct the Mind as any particular Mark might mean: *But this was quite another thing, here was a certain strange and, but by Divine Inspiration, an incomprehensible way of giving Diction to those Letters, which not only distinguished them from one another, but made them capable also of being,*

ing joined to one another, by Prolation, and Sound, by which means those Letters forming a distinct Syllable, or Syllables, had again, a distinct Compound Note, and those Syllables being farther join'd, compounded other distinct Sounds, form'd from or out of several of the compound Sounds which went before; out of that far fetch'd Variety, forming the concording Sound of whatever Word or Words the Tongue could express; These Sounds had such an infinite Variety, that as the sound of six Bells may be chang'd 720 times, so the Sounds of 24 Letters are capable of an innumerable reflux, sufficient to form Words enough, and those of differing Sounds, to express the meaning of Mankind in all Languages now in Use in the World; nor would there be need to invent any more Letters, if there were ten Thousand differing Languages more than there are.

'Tis hardly to be conceiv'd, how a Man making a certain Figure upon a Table, should frame his Mouth to make a Sound for that Letter or Figure; or how when he had fram'd his Mouth to form a Sound, he could suit a Figure to express that Sound by? *For Example;* Why must an *A* represent so many Things as we see it does, being the first beginning in Sounds, and the first Singular in Speech? Why must a Circle *O* express our Exclamations, when we cry out for Pain and the like?

THESE seem to me to be Difficulties not in the Power of Human Invention; besides the innumerable Arcana that I have not Time or Room to mention here. Three Things in Nature, seem to me to Claim an immediate In-

spiration from Heaven, as being above the reach of Human Invention, I mean merely Human; These are (1.) MUSICK. (2.) NUMBERS. (3.) LETTERS. And these I call the *Three Infinites below*.

If these did not come immediately from Heaven, Whence then did they come, and who were the Authors? To say they were Antediluvian, is to agree them to be Divine, because the consummate Knowledge of that State of the World, seems also to have been all from divine Original. But in all the Account of Things, all the Histories of Time and Persons, *taking in the sacred inspir'd World and all*, we find nothing recorded of the Original of any of these mighty THREE; till this of giving a written Language from Heaven, by which the Tables of Stone might be said to Speak, and the *Israelites* were taught to Read and Write.

OF Numbers I have spoken something; of Musick I shall say no more than this, that we have an Account of him that invented musical Instruments, and perhaps not that without divine Direction neither: But he invented only the Instrument, to improve the Knowledge, and Delight Mankind: But Harmony, and the Beauties of Sound, which are the Foundation of Musick, these are the Daughters of God; Unaccountables, beyond the reach of Human Invention; form'd in the Air, and directed by him that made that Air, in the proper divisions and proportions of Notes, for the further improvement of Sound.

NOR are these three Heads very remote from one another; they seem to be a Chain of Things of Affinity to one another, and are all
apply'd

apply'd in Conjunction on many Occasions, deriving from the same Principles, and blended one with another; there is Musick in Words, and there is Harmony in Numbers; particularly Numbers run thro', and are the Measure of Sound, which make Musick: In a Word, they are equally descended from above, and were equally above the Power of Nature to invent.

SOME have been of the Opinion, *among whom I confess I am inclin'd to be one*, that all Learning, as well as all literature, as promulgated in the World, began in *Moses*; to whom all Knowledge, and Science was communicated from Heaven, either by Inspiration, or Revelation; to whom all Precept also was given, either by Tradition from the Patriarchs, or by the immediate Voice of God. Hence the History of the World was written by him, as deriv'd from *Adam*, and the Antediluvian Patriarchs to *Noah*, and from *Noah* easily transmitted to *Moses*, who was not so far remov'd from Father *Noah*, as that the Accounts transmitted from Father to Son might not easily be handed on inunalterable Truth.

UPON this Foot it was that the Scripture spake of *Moses*, that he was learn'd in all the Wisdom of the *Egyptians*; which may be understood, either *as some*, that he was learn'd above all the Wisdom of the *Egyptians*; OR, *as others*, that he had easily made himself Master of all their Traditional Knowledge, which to him was but poor trifling Stuff, *as indeed it was*; consisting chiefly in their Magick and Conjurations, things which some think they were both instructed and assisted in Personally, by the Devil,

Devil; and in Astronomical Observations of the Motions of the Stars, which last they borrow'd from the *Arabians*, and they as it was said from *Ishmael* their great Ancestor, who also was instructed by *Abraham*, and he by Divine Revelation.

OTHERS suggest that *Job* was first Astronomer, that he form'd the Stars into Constellations, and gave those Constellations their Names; whence in the Book of *Job*, when God speaks to *Job* out of the Whirlwind, he is said to make use of the Names of the Constellations, and of the word *Mazzaroth*, which to this Day is not well understood, and leaves us doubting whether it be an unknown Constellation, and was then only call'd so, and may be known since by other Names; or the whole Zodaick including all the Signs put together.

AND this may be the Reason, why some think that *Job* was Contemporary with *Moses*, in the latter part of his Life especially; and that he wrote his own History, having receiv'd the Knowledge of Letters from the *Israelites*, by the hand of *Moses*.

WHEN I mention thus the Introduction of Letters by *Moses*, I might again Quote the Words of the learn'd *Lud, Vives*, in his Commentary upon St. Austin, *de Civit. dei*, lib. 18. cap. 39. St. *Augustus's* words are short, thus, *The Hebrew Letters began from the Law given by Moses*: To this *Lud, Vives*, adds thus, *The vulgar Opinion of us Christians*, says he, *and also of the Hebrews is, that the Hebrew Letters had Moses for their Author, which EUPOLEMUS, as also ATRAPANUS, and other prophane Writers also do assert*; who deliver that *Moses was the most wise Man*

Man in the World, and the Inventer of Letters, which he deliver'd over to the Jews, from whom the Phenicians, who were Neighbours to the Jews receiv'd them, and the Grecians by Cadmus from the Phenicians : The same Artapanus suggests that Moses likewise gave the Knowledge of Letters, and the Letters themselves to the Egyptians.

This so exactly agrees with what I have already advanc'd from Reason, and the Nature of things, that I think it amounts to as much Confirmation of it, as History can yeild us. The Reverend and very learn'd Dr. Gale, mentions the same thing also, in his Treatise of the original of the *Heb. Letters*, where he saith that *Moses* was stiled *Mercury* by the *Ægyptians*, because he taught them Wisdom, and the Knowledge of Letters : *vid. Dr. Gales Court of the Gentiles*, pag. 56. The same learn'd Author tells us, that *Plato* in his *Phadrus* contends, that the first Invention of Letters was in *Egypt*, by one *THEUTCH*, of whom it was a great doubt, whether he were a God, or a Man; and other Authors bring this *THEUTCH* to be the same, that the *Ægyptians* call'd *Mercury*, and that this *Mercury* was *Moses*, is affirm'd, “ says he, “ by *Atrapamus*, in *Eusebius Prepar. Evang. lib. 9. cap. 4* ”. His words are these, “ Whom the “ *Hebrews* call *Moses*, and the *Greeks* *Museus*, “ the *Ægyptians* call'd *Mercury*; and hence “ *Mercury* was said to be the God of Learning, because he was suppos'd to be the Inventer of Letters.

Now the same learn'd Author insists that all the Oriental Languages derive from the *Hebrew*, and that therefore all the Nations, who spoke those Languages must derive their

Letters from *Moses*, who taught the *Hebrew*; and that the Similitude, with the Manner of Printing, and the several readings of the Letters effectually acknowledge their Original. I know Monsieur *Du Pin* is of another Opinion; but as he touches it but in a Summary and suppositious Manner: I shall refer what he says to another Place.

WHAT is said already, fully confirms me in the Opinion, as before, that the Exhibition of the two Tables in the *Mount*, written, as the Text affirms, by the Finger of God, was the first Specimen of Letters ever known in the World; and why else could not the Coppy be done again in the Camp, as I have observ'd already, after the first Tables of Stone were broken by *Moses*, without carrying new Tables up to have the same Hand at that time inimitable perform the Operation?

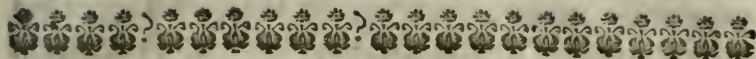
SOME have entertained a Notion, whether from the old *Jews*, fruitful in Fictions, or from some other Brain given to Invention, that upon the Tables of Stone before, or immediately after the writing of the Law, was an Alphabet of the *Hebrew* Letters, as a Key to instruct the *Israelites* in the writing part for the future; but this also I give the World, as indeed it is a peice of Invention; but it intimates that the *Israelites* had occasion of such a Direction, having probably never seen any writing before. Certain it is, that we do not meet with any writing, or any Alphabet in those Ages, before the *Hebrew*; what has been advanc'd of Antidiluvian Alphabets, of *Noahs* Alphabet, and the like, I shall consider by its self.

WE are indeed told of a great variety of antient Writings, particularly *Trismegistus* is said to have written 30000 Volumes, and that he lived before, or was at least as antient as *Moses*; but then there is an unsurmountable Difficulty in the word Volume, how it should be understood in after times, whether a Book, as it is here Suggested, or the Leaf of a Book, as in the 40 *Psalms* v. 7th *In the Volume of the Book, is it written, Lo, I come*, where *Volume* must be understood only a Leaf; here then is a Difficulty in the word Volume, and what Translators must call it in different Languages; for we are certain there were no Books in *Mose's* time, no, not Rolls, as we find was afterwards the usuage in the times of the Prophets, *Isaiah*, *Jeremiah*, *Ezekiel*, &c. Either then it must be suppos'd that *Trismegistus* wrote 30000 Tables of Stone, or Leaves of the *Papyri*, or that the Translators mean, that he wrote as much, as was *when Cappy'd*, or Translated, made up into 30000 Rolls, or Volumes. So we read of the five Writers in the *Apocryphal Book of Esdras*, Book 11. cap. xiv. v. 44. *In Forty Days they wrote Two Hundred and Four Books*, what these Books were, is perfectly described in the same Chapter. Verse the xiv, *Look thou prepare thee many Box-Trees, and take with thee Sarea, Dabria, Selemia, Ecanus, and Asiel. These five, which are ready to write swiftly*. In the Margin its said, *Box-Tables to write on*, instead of *Box-Trees*; so that those Books were only so many Tables of Box-wood, of which I shall say more in its Place; but as to the 30000 Volumes of *Trismegistus*, tho' if they were written, 'tis probable they were no more than so many
Tables

Tables of Wood, yet I must not forget that the whole Story of the 30000 Volumns or Tables is treated by good Authors as fabulous; and indeed I think, deserves to be so treated.

FOR this *Trismegistus*, which some call *Mercury*, and the *Egyptians Thaut*, was an *Egyptian*, and at the most is suppos'd to be but Contemporary with *Moses*, and so might have all his Knowledge of Letters from *Moses*, that is to say, from the *Hebrew* original. He is also said to be the Inventor of all the liberal *Arts* and *Sciences*; all which might be after he had attain'd the Knowledge of Letters, and even without it, for 'tis manifest that the *Egyptians*, and before them the *Arabians* were Astronomers, Magicians and WISE MEN, as those Ages call'd them, or to speak in our Modern way, Learn'd Men, and yet they wrote only by *Hieroglyphicks*, not by Letters; and if *Trismegistus* us'd Letters, 'tis more than probable that he had them from *Moses*, as above; and yet of all his 30000 Volumns, which 'tis said he wrote, we know of no more, than of two Dialogues, preserv'd to the World under his Name; One call'd *Parmander*, and the other *Asclepius*, that is, the Persons speaking to one another, by way of Dialogue; are so call'd. The first of these Dialogues, is concerning the Will of God, and the other the Power of God; and these are Quoted by (a) several of the ancient Fathers, to prove the Truth of Religion from the Authority of so antient a Writer, DU PINN *Bibliothec. Patrum, or Ecc. Hist. of the first Cent.* Vol. 1. Fol. 3.

(a) By St. Clement in lib. 1 *Aromat.* By St. Augustin in *Tract de 5 Hæres.* and in lib. 8. *de Civit. Dei.* By Cyril of Alexandria *Contra Julianum* lib. 1 By St. Justin. And by Lactantius, *instic.* lib. 4.



PART III.

IT seems needful that I should take a little farther Notice here, *at least enough to let the Reader know that I have considered such a thing*, that there have been some Notions started in the World of the Knowledge of Letters, and the Use of Writing before the Deluge; and some have had Assurance enough to offer at the Manner: The first I met with in our Nation, was one *Hepburn*, a *Scotsman*, a Person who indeed wanted no Learning, but a little too assuming; he was a Student at *Vienna*; He insisted upon *Enoch's* being the Father of Antediluvian Literature, and has gone so far, as to pretend to give an Alphabet, which he calls *Henochi literas*, and which is to be seen in some antient Writers, who spent perhaps more time in forming, than searching after such a thing; for there does not appear, at least I cannot find that there does appear any just Authority for what they have advanced.

THE utmost Evidence, *except what seems to lie in the Invention of these learned Criticks*. I say, the utmost Evidence that I met with among them, seems to amount to no more than a probability that it might be so, which I readily grant; but can by no means allow that this is a sufficient Proof of the Affirmative: They are pleas'd to introduce their Notions of this kind,

kind, by way of Interrogation and Inquiry, why may we not believe, *say they*, “ That God
 “ who inspir’d the Minds of the Patriarchs
 “ in the Antediluvian Age, with all useful
 “ Knowledge, should not be suppos’d to have
 “ given this Knowledge among the rest, since
 “ this was a thing so many ways useful to
 “ them? nay, so absolutely necessary was it, to
 “ their Conversing profitably and usefully one
 “ with another, that they could hardly be
 “ said to be able to live happily with-
 “ out it.

I THINK all this might be granted without prejudice to any ones Opinion, or Belief, that notwithstanding all this, it really might not be so; and that God, who knew for how short a Continuance that World was intended, and how it was not to the length of full two Ages, for the Flood was in the Year 1576 of the Worlds Creation, knew very well they were capable of preserving the History of every Thing which was needful for them to know, by the Assistance of their Memories; which no Question were qualified for retaining the Knowledge, and Remembrance of Things material to be remember’d, as effectually as was needful to any of the Purposes they cou’d require.

THE two principal Supports of this Opinion of, Antidulvian writings, and indeed the only Arguments that seem to carry Weight in them, or that requires any Answer, are these.

I. THE Words of St. Jude, receiv’d in the *New-Testament*, vers. 14, 15. *And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, Prophefied of these, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten Thousands of his Saints, To execute Judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them, of all their*

their ungodly Deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard Speeches, which ungodly Sinners have spoken against him.

FROM hence, they will have it be, that the Patriarch *Enoch* wrote these Words in a Book; to which they should add, that *Noah* must also preserve that Book, or Writing, whatever it was, in the *Ark*, and so leave the same to his Posterity; which had it been true, would doubtless have been preserv'd to future Generations, as a valuable and precious peice of Antiquity; and if the use of Letters had been convey'd to the Post Diluvians by *Noah*, as the same Persons insinuate was done, we cannot doubt, but such a sacred Oracle would certainly have been Coppied many times, yea Thousands of times, and that it could not but have been preserv'd to the use of us his Posterity.

SINCE therefore they bring us Scripture for a Testimony, which however, if granted to be to their Purpose, is no Proof the Fact, only of the Suggestion or Probability. *I say*, since they bring Scripture, let us see what is the Opinion of the learn'd Commentators upon this Text: The Continuators of the Learned Mr. *Pool*, say thus, *Enoch*—Prophefied. *Note*, “ He doth not say *Wrote*, and therefore from hence it cannot be prov'd that there was any such Book as *Enoch's* Prophefies receiv'd by the *Jews*, as Canonical Scripture; but that rather, this was some Prophefies of *Enochs* deliver'd to them by Tradition, and handed down by the Patriarchs from one to another, and which pass'd as a certain Truth, *that is to say*, that *Enoch* did so Prophefy. Vid. *Pool's Annotat.* upon the Epistle of St. *Jude*.

IF *Enoch* wrote this, Why was it not said, *as it is written*, in the Prophecies of *Enoch*, the Seventh from *Adam*, &c. which is the usage of Scripture: This Text militates nothing in favour of *Hepburn*, or any of those antient Writers, or of their Notion of the Knowledge of Letters in the Antediluvian World; for *Enoch* might, and certainly did Prophecy, as the Text here Quotes; but this was no other than the Words of *Enoch*, preach'd to that sinful World, warning them of their approaching Destruction; then handed down to *Noah*, and by him to his Posterity by *Oral Tradition*, and remember'd even to that Day, when *Jude* Quotes them, *as above*.

It is plain from the rest of the Writings of the Apostles, and from the Words of Christ himself, that when our Saviour referr'd the *Jews* in his Discourses to them, to any of the antient Writers, he usually introduced it with those Words, *for it is Written*; particularly in his return to the Devil, when he Tempted him to cast himself down from the Temple; and also when the Devil propos'd to him to Worship him, and also when he Tempted him to command the Stones to be made Bread, *Mat. iv. 4, 7, 10. But he answer'd and said, It is written, Man shall not live by Bread alone, but by every Word that proceedeth out of the Mouth of God.*

Jesus said unto him, *it is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.*

Then saith *Jesus* unto him, get thee hence, *Satan*: For it is written, Thou shalt Worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

BUT seeing then, 'tis only said here, that *Enoch* Prophecied, it argues no more that *Enoch* wrote what he Prophecied, than that *Mose's* Relation of what *Adam* and *Eve*, said one to another was written down for the Authority of *Moses*, or that the Serpent wrote down what he said to *Eve*, when he tempted her to break God's Command, forbidding her to eat. Thus without showing any dis-regard to the Testimony of Scripture, I think 'tis Evident, that what *St. Jude* says of *Enoch's* Prohecy, is as to this Case nothing at all to the Purpose.

THE Second Testimony is Quoted from *Josephus*, in his *Antiquities* of the *Jews*. lib. I. cap. 3. Where speaking of the Sons of *Adam*, and particularly of *SETH*, the only succeeding Son of *Adam*, after *Cain* and *Abel*, that the Scripture makes mention of. His Words are thus render'd in *English*, in our common Edition of *Josephus*, by Sir R. L'Strange.

“ *SETH* being brought up under the Tuiti-
 “ on of his Father, prov'd a wonderful Man,
 “ and wholly given up to the Study of Vertue,
 “ and his Children were the lively Image of
 “ so excellent a Father.

“ THESE were the first that made their Ob-
 “ servations upon the Motions of the Heavens,
 “ the Courses, and Influences of the Stars;
 “ and having been foretold by *Adam* of the
 “ universal Deluge, and Conflagration to come,
 “ they erected two Pillars, one of Brick, the
 “ other of Stone, which they were sure would be
 “ of Proof against, either Fire or Water. Up-
 “ on those Pillars they engrav'd the Memori-
 “ als of their Discoveries, and Inventions, there
 “ to remain for the Benefit of the Ages to
 “ come;

“ come; and least the Tradition should be lost
 “ for want of a Record.

“ This they did, and their Foresight and
 “ Providence was not in vain, for the Stone-
 “ is yet seen in Syria to this very Day.

Josephu's Antiq. of the Jews. cap. 2. fol. 6.

Now not to Enter here into the long Chain of Argument, brought against this Opinion by the Antients, and particularly by St. *Augustin*, who rejects it entirely. *I say*, not to Enter into their Arguments, 'tis enough to Enter my Protest against this Relation, as impossible to be True by the nature of the Thing; and that it is not Rational to Conceive, that any of the Fabricks, Buildings or Monuments of the old World could remain, and be visible after the Flood; and whether we consider the Deluge as a meer flux of Water collected by a supernatural Power into such a Position, as to cover the Face of the Earth for near Elven Months, or whether we consider the Deluge according to the Hypothesis of the Learn'd *Burnet* to be an *Absorption*, or a Breaking in of the Surface of the Earth into the great Deep, or Abyss of Water, which till then was Subterraneous and unseen. *I say*, whethersoever of these were the real Fact, I take it to be inconsistent with the nature of the Thing, that any Column, or Pillar could remain after the Flood. *I mean*, such as the Hand of Man, could make whose Dependance must be on the Surface of the Earth, on which it stood. Seeing we all agree, that even on the first Supposition, the Surface of the Earth would be too much soften'd, and the furious Motion of the Waters would be so forcible, espe;

especially, at their first flux, and towards their Ebbing off, that no human built Fabrick could stand in its way; and if it be true, on the next Hypothesis, as has been the Opinion of the Learn'd, that the Face of the whole Globe of the Earth, was chang'd, and renew'd; 'tis also not likely that any Building, however firm, of the old World could remain, no, not the same Face of the Surface; but Mountains were cast up, deep Valleys made, *and the like*, and every thing overturn'd. Not so much as *Eden*, the Garden of God, was preserv'd, or the Place perfectly known where it stood, tho' describ'd so mathematically in the *Pentateuch*, as to name the Rivers, their Entrance in, and thro', and Coming out of it.

It would seem strange then, that this Column of Antediluvian Structure should remain, and not any other thing belonging to the old World; no City or Town, no Work of the antient Inhabitants; no Monument, Altar, Temple, or Castle, however strong built, if such they had; nothing remaining in any Place of the World, to intimate that there had been Inhabitants there before them; no, not so much as the Ruins of any thing, and yet that this Column in *Syria* should remain, and be not only visible in *Josephus's* time, but should show the Engravement, with the History of the *Time when*, and the Reason, or, *Cause for which*, it was erected. These are Improbabilities, which argue strongly against the Authority of one single Writer, and I think may serve for a sufficient Answer.

FURTHER, if this Pillar was remaining, the Writing, and Engravement upon it was remaining also; otherwise, How did it testify the

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Meaning

Meaning of it? And how did the *Jews* receive from it the History mention'd above? and if these were remaining, How comes it to pass that so glorious a Monument of Antiquity was not preserv'd, that the Words, or at least the Characters were not copyed, and taken off, and by some artful, careful Hand, preserv'd for the Use and Information of Posterity? Strange! that the Pillar should remain, and the Reason of it be told, and not a Word of the Inscription preserv'd, as the just Authority for Proof of the Facts, said to be, or intended to be preserv'd by that Column. But so it is, *Josephus* himself does not so much, as intimate that any Copy of the Inscription, or Engravement on the Pillar had been preserv'd, or does he so much as give us any of the Words, or Letters made use of in it.

WHAT then is the Authority of *Josephus*, to prove there was such a Column, or what the Column it self? If it had been really preserv'd as I am fully satisfy'd it was not, and could not? *I say*, What is all this to the proving the Knowledge of Letters in the Antediluvian World; Unless the Inscription, or any part of it, which was said to be engrav'd on the Column, had been also shown us, that we might know what Letters they used, and in what manner the Sound of Words was drawn out from them?

IT is True, the learn'd *Rugi*, in his Treatise, entitl'd, *Exercitationum Literariorum*, Collects all that was advanc'd by those antient Writers, concerning these Letters, and gives us, or pretends rather to give, the several Alphabets of *Adam*, *Enoch*, and *Noah*, and his Authors, or Authority for this, which are principally,
Angelus

Angelus Boccha a Camerino, in *Bibliotheca Apostolica Vaticana* Commentario, quem *Romæ*, Ann. 1591, edidit.

Claudius Durretius, in *Historia de linguis Universalibus*, *Coloniæ*, 1613.

Theseus Ambrosius, in *Appendice Introductionis ad Chaldaicam linguam, Syriacam, Armenicam, atque decem alias linguas, quas Papiæ in Italia evulgavit*, 1539.

Jacobus Bonaventura Hepburnus Scotus, *Ordinis sancti Francisci de Paula*, qui *Pontificis Pauli v.* privilegio & *Superiorum* licentiâ confirmatus forum extruxit *Romæ*, 1616, & *Auream Virgam* inscripsit.

FROM these several Authors, are collected the several Alphabets call'd by them, as in the following Transcripts, from the said learn'd Author are to be seen, and to which I refer, thinking it sufficient to give the Transcript, with the Authority, from whence I bring it; without any Suggestion of the Truth of it, which indeed, I conceive is not to be found, otherwise than in the fruitful Invention of these Authors, which I leave the learn'd Reader to Judge of.

QUEST. I.

Quinam Auctores Literis Antediluvianis patrocinentur, de iis testentur, & quibus figuris illæ expressæ extent?

ORdiemur a primi hominis, Adami, Alphabeto, quò, si genuinum esset, antiquius prodi aut promi nequibat, humanâ quidem industriâ & solertiâ elaboratum. Hujus Adamæi Characteris origi-

nem quod spectat, non heri aut hodiè nata, ante seculum vixit, diuq; in animis credulis sedem fixit. Veluti verò hæc Literarum prima stirps, ut putatur, à publicis Monumentis & nitidis Sculptorum cælis gratiam, ita ab illustri Adamî nomine splendorem, a diuturnitate verò temporis, quo intacta & severioris examinis secura floruit, robur ac duramentum nacta est.

Ingrediamur modò atque contemplemur spaciosum Literarum Forum, quod Jacobus Bonaventura Hepburnus Scotus, Ordinis Francisci de Paula, Pontificis Pauli V. privilegiò & superiorum licentiâ confirmatus extruxit Romæ 1616, & Auream Virgam inscripsit : mox velut in acta publica relatum testimonium de Literis Protoplasti intuentium oculis obversabitur. Nam inter Sexaginta octo differentes Literarum formas magnò quidem studio conquistis, sed majori impendio in æs incisas, spectatur talis typus

ADAMÆI ALPHABETI.

S Z M I T \ C E W
 F V U A W E T U I A U E

Sic vidimus Hepburni testimonium Literarum Adamæarum monumentis consignatum. Sed tantum vidimus. Quare à nuda Characterum Adamî indice tabula obiter inspecta, quam Hepburnus Pontifici Paulo V. dicavit, rectè progrediemur ad lustranda monumenta Italiæ à Laurentio Schradero Halberstadiense Saxone edita, atque inibi lustrabimus eos Adamî Characteres, quos in peregrinatione Italica viderat Schraderus, quosq; ex Bibliothecæ Vaticanæ Columna
 octava

Æva in muro ad Effigiem Adami exscriptos Helmstadii ediderat, 1592: quibus mox alia Adamæorum Elementorum forma ab Hepburnæo Adami charactere planè diversa nostris oculis subjungetur. Hæc autem talis est,

▽ 3 35 L W 9 P 3 3 3
F X A T A 3 N 3 X U

Quoniam verò non modò in Hepburnæa Literaria Tabula, verum etiam in Schraderianis Italiæ Monumentis jam allegatis nudas tantum characterum figuras intueri licet: veniendum erit ad alios Autores, qui non minus nonnulla fundamenta antiquissimarum literarum ab Adamo formatarum tradere conati sunt, quam nudos Characteres typis aut Cælis exprimere. Hos inter tres in primis numerantur: Angelus Roccha à Camerino in Bibliothecæ Apostolicæ Vaticanæ commentariò, quem concinnavit & Romæ, 1591, edidit: Claudius Durretus in Historia de Linguis Universi, quam Gallico idiomate publicavit Colonia 1613; necnon Theseus Ambrosius ex Comitibus Albonesii I U D in Appendice Introductionis in Chaldaicam Linguam, Syriacam, Armenicam atque decem alias Linguas, quas Papiæ in Italia evulgavit, 1539.

Initio quidem in illud Adami Alphabetum oculos defigemus, quod Angelus Roccha in Commentariò Bibliothecæ Vaticana videndum proponit, pag. 79. & verba ejus audiemus, quæ ita habent: Suprà hujus [picti Adami] caput Characteres, sive Literæ antiquiores, nunc Hebraicæ dictæ, ejusmodi leguntur.

Hebraicum Alphabetum Antiquius.

INLEXHXETAR
JWQPAIV3HJL

Ad ejusdem verò *Adami* pedes Inscriptio Latina in hanc legitur verborum formam.

Adam divinitus edoctus, primus scientiarum & literarum inventor. Pergit Roccha, pag. 80. Ratio ipsa persuadet, Adamum divinitus edoctum disciplinas, certòsq; præsertim scribendi Characteres adeò necessarios aliis præmonstrasse, sicut inscriptio docet. Hanc autem formam scribendi hòc locò positam Hebraicas inter literas antiquiorem, primumque Alphabetum fuisse CREDENDUM EST, quod à dextro in sinistrum latus legitur. Hæc Roccha.

Porro nunc ad primum & principium hujus Adamæi Alphabeti promum ac patronum pedem promovebimus. Nobis quidem nemo hactenus visus est aut cognitus, qui publicando Literas Adamæas Theseum Ambrosium anteverteret. Etenim Annò Christi, 1539, Papiæ primus evulgavit Adami Characteres; eosq; velut è mediis, ad quas damnati memorantur, flammis eripuit. Qua de re ipsum Theseum loquentem audiamus. Sex, inquit Theseus in Append. variarum Literarum, p. 202, 203, relatis Hebraicarum Literarum generibus, operæ precium me facturum arbitratus sum, si alios haudquaquam spernendos Hebræorum Characteres, à variis non infimi nominis autoribus excerptos in hac nostra Appendice adderem. Inter libros Antonii de Fantis Tarvisini, olim Philosophi & Astrologi excellentissimi,

tissimi, memini me vidisse opera Razielis, Picatoricis, Bailii, Mercurii Petri, Apponis, Salomonis ac Interpretis ejus Apollonii, & aliorum multorum, ex quibus tanquam ex virenti & florido prato variarum Literarum flores & Characteres diversos collegi. Neque enim aliam ab causam tam diligenter libros illos, antequam in Vulcani potestatem à patribus nostris, in quorum manus ex testamento pervenerunt, legi; quàm ut Characteres illos, Literarum scilicet varias figuras, exscriberem. In secundo quippe Tractatu, in quo de lapidibus preciosis loquitur Raziel, reprobata illorum opinione qui dicunt viginti duas Literas, de quibus ibi loquitur, à Samuele fuisse inventas; Angelum Raphael in Libro, qui dicitur Liber ignis, illas Adæ protoplasto dedisse scriptas asseverat, & ob id filios Adami eas recusare non posse. Quarum quidem Literarum figura & nomina sunt infra scripta. *Haftenus Theseus. Quia vero figuris planè conveniunt hi Angelici Characteres Adamo traditi cum isto Literarum Adamæarum genere, quod suprâ primò locò videntum proposuimus, quodq; nitidò satis Cælo in æs incidendum, curavit Hepburnus, nolumus Alphabettum huc denuo transcribere, aut idem bis cum tædio Lectoris repetere, ne actum agamus.*

Velutì verò Thesei vestigiis pressè insistit Hepburnus in Aurea Virga, hoc est, splendida variarum Literarum Tabula, quando easdem quas ille Adamæarum Literarum Figuras attulit: ita Claudius Duretus ne latum quidem unguem ab ejusdem Thesei latere discessit, nisi quod novâ testimoniorum Symbolâ adjunctâ diligentiam ejus superare conatus sit. Etenim Primo allegat Ambrosium Theseum tanquam ducem, quem imitandum sibi proposuit in divulgandis hisce Adami Literis. Hu-

jus enim narrationem & auctoritatem velut scutum adversantibus objicit. Deinde hunc titulum eis prefigit : Characteres de l' Ange Raphael, Characteres Angeli Raphaelis. Tertio plane eosdem & numero & habitu Characteres Adamiticos, quos Theseus ante seculum excudendos curavit, ob oculos ponit, pag. 117. Quarto & ultimo præscriptis Characteribus substruit nova fundamenta, partim petita è Cabalistarum & Ebraeorum Commentariis in Librum Jezira, partim ex patribus Epiphanio & Augustino.

Primo quidem è scriptis & peruschiis Rabbini- ces in Librum Jezira pro^lare nititur, quod patrum præceptores fuerint Angeli noti, videlicet præceptor ipsius Adami Raziel, &c. Secundo asserit Epiphanium ad Panarium facere mentionem libri, cujus titulus, Adæ Revelatio. quando Deus immisit soporem in illum. Tertio tradit Augustinum contra Faustum Manichæum meminisse Libri Adamæi, cujus inscriptio & argumentum fuit de Genealogia filiorum & filiarum Adæ. Quarto ait Librum quendam Razielis Angeli extitisse, qui hunc prætulit titulum, Chavæ sive omnium viventium Matris admirabiles & super omnes doctrinas mundi secundum evangelicam Veteris & Novi Testamenti veritatem amplectendæ Prophetiæ, conscriptæ a Raziele Adæ primi parentis Angelo ex Libro Behn, id est, Lucis purissimæ excerptæ. Quinto denique memorat Sanctum Thomam librò de Ente & Essentia affirmare ab Abele filio Adami librum fuisse compositum, &c. Universa Dureti Dissertatio eò collimat, ut è Libris, qui Adamo tanquam auctori assignantur, Literarum Libros scribere non potuit Adamus. Quamobrem neutiquam se aberrasse putat, quando Thesei exemplum sequutus, tale Literarum genus, quale suprà à nobis expressum

pressum est, Protaplasto Adæ tribuit. Sed ab Alphabeto Adamæo, ad Literas filiis Seth ascriptas lustrandas progrediemur.

Alphabetum filiis Seth sigillatim tribui non observavimus nisi ab Angelo Roccha in *Comment. Bibliothecæ Vaticanæ* p. 8, Schradero in *Monumentis Italiæ*, & autore inscriptionum, quæ videntur Romæ in parastaticis columnis *Bibl. Vaticanæ*, quem ducem sequuti sunt Roccha & Schraderus, sed dispari successu. Hic enim *Literarum ordinem confundit, ipsosque Characteres rudiùs ac impolitiùs formandos curavit*: Ille vero in celebri suo *Commentario*, Cujus jam aliquoties neminimus, eundem plane situm & habitum *Literarum filiis Seth, ut ipse loquitur, assignatarum exhibet, quem ipse in Adamæo Alphabeto videndum proposuit, & quem nos celandum suprà curavimus. Hoc Alphabetum posteris Seth tributum nullò aliò fundamentò fulcit Roccha, nisi geminìs illis columnis, quarum meminit Josephus. lib. 1. Antiq. Jud. Harum una, ait Roccha, lateritia erat, altera ænea sive marmorea: illa contra ignis Conflagrationes, hæc contra aquæ alluviones erecta, ut monumenta ipsa diutius conservarentur & permanerent. His in columnis liberales artes, & eas presertim, quæ ad observationem siderum pertinerent, conscripserunt. Josephus autem ad suam usque ætatem Columnam illam marmoream in Syria durasse testatur. Hæc Roccha, qui porro addit opinandum esse, quod hoc Alphabetum filiis Seth præmonstratum sit ab Adamo. Tzetzes *Chiliad*, 5. Hist. 26. Κἀν Σηθ ἑβραῖοι λέγουσιν ἐφεδρετῶ γραμμάτων, quamvis Seth Hebræi dicant inventorem literarum: Quò loco ipsi parenti Setho literarum inventum tributum observat. Cæterum ab Alphabeto filiorum Seth ad Literas Henochæas descendemus.*

Henochi

Henochi Literas, quoad *investigare licuit*, primus publicavit Joannes Augustinus Pantheos Venetus Sacerdos. Is *Librô*, quem mirô titulô & hybridâ voce inscripsit Voarchdumiam contra Alchimiam, & Venetiis edidit 1530. Initio quidem usitatas & hodiernas Ebræorum Literas spectandas proponit pag. 12. Deinde easdem ornatius excusas ob oculos ponit, atq; illos Characteres fuisse asserit, quos in Monte Sinai Deus Mosi concesserat, pag. 13. Tertio Figuras literarum Abrahamæ traditarum exhibet, pag. 14. Quarto denique Henochæi Alphabeti typum exprimit Pag. 15.

Has Literarum Henochæarum umbras, quibus formidolosæ suæ Voarchdumiæ arcana (mysteriô enim Ebraicarum Literarum, in primis quatuor, קֹפֶל artis suæ secreta tegit) obscuravit Pantheus, festinus captat Duretus pag. 127 citati supra Libri, easq; pro veris Henochi Literarum antiquitate venerabilium figuris orbi literato obtrudit. Ne verò planè tacuisse videatur, postquam hos Characteres ob oculos posuit, hæc subjungit: Nobis, qui hîc sæculô vivimus probè innotuit extare in Æthiopiâ Librum magnæ authoritatis & pro Canonico habitum, qui res divinas complectitur & Enocho tanquam auctori tribuitur. Cetera, quæ addit, planè sunt ἀλλότρια, quare ea adscribere operæ precium haut putamus.

Verùm enim verò à Pantheo & Duretho ab ita fac. Bonaventura Hepburnus Expressurus Henochi characteres, & in sua Aurea Virga hodiernos Characteres Ebraicos, sed elegantiusculè sculptos & punctulis in medio instar rhomborum pulcherrimè celatos pro Henochæis Literis agnoscit. Quia verò nudas saltem Literarum Fi-
guras

*guras exhibet Hepburnus frustra ab ipso rationes
& diductiorem confirmationem Alphabeti Henochæi expectaveris. Sed missis Literis Henochi,
ad Noachi characteres veniemus.*

Qui in colligendis ac calandis variis Literarum generibus omnium industriam superare conatus est Bonaventura Hepburnus in magna & splendida octo & sexaginta characterum Tabula, Virga Aurea dicta, hisce sequentibus figuris sculptum exhibet

NOACHICUM ALPHABETUM.

A 7 D 8 E R 7 6 1 A
 7 Δ H O U M V I
 Z V Z X V 7

Heic planè silent Theseus & Duretus, audaces aliàs Antediluvianarum Literarum promi & patroni, solus Hepburnus loquitur; sed quò successu, mox Questione secundâ ostendemus. Neq; alibi in antiquis Monumentis Literarum quicquam observare hætenus potuimus, quo talis Noachi scriptura confirmetur, nisi cuiuspiam placuerit ad partes vocare Noachi Librum, quem Cabaliste tradunt à Chamo in arca patri surreptum fuisse: De quo Delrius Disq. Magic. Lib. 1. c. 5. Quest. 1. Aut si quis velit Noachi Testamentum, ejusq; epistolam huc trahere quâ suprema tanti viri voluntas contineri perhibetur, quam paucis abhinc annis è ruderibus Volaterranis erutam cum aliis Etruscis Antiquitatibus Prosper Italus divulgavit. Atq; sic etiam lustravimus Literas Noachom ascriptas.

HAVING thus given the most material Arguments, and the best Authorities which I can find are brought to make good these imaginary Things, for I can look upon them as no other; I have given my Reasons why they pass for no other with me, and I leave it to the judicious Reader to consider whether they have Weight in them or no.

THE same Author puts some Str. ss upon the fabulous Story of the Egyptians and their early Knowledge of Letters, from the introducing of Hieroglyphical Writings by *Memnon*, of whom I have spoken already.

AFTER all these are thus considered, and their Suggestions, as far as is reasonable, duly weigh'd, I see no Reason at all to alter, or so much as doubt the *Proposition* which I have already on mature Consideration offered to discourse upon; Namely, that the first Knowledge of Letters was from the immediate Inspiration of Heaven at the publishing the Law of God from Mount *Sinai*; and that all the Neighbouring Nations, such as the *Ægyptians*, *Phœnicians*, &c. receiv'd the first Hints of that Knowledge which they afterwards grew so famous for, from the *Hebrews*, and had all their Knowledge and Use of Letters from them.

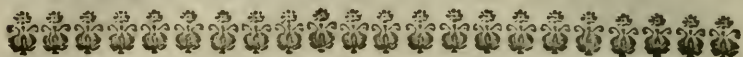
IT is observ'd by some Men, who are particularly critical in the literal, or constructive Translations of the Scripture, that the Words, by which *Moses* expresses the Union and Accord of the Inhabitants of the new peopled World, in the Days of *Nimrod*, in pursuing that poor senseless Project of building a Tower to reach up to Heaven, &c. are wrong translated, and that it should not be said, as in *Gen. 11. 1.* *The whole Earth was of one Language, and of one*
Speech,

Speech; But thus, *that the whole Earth, that is, all the People on the Earth, were of one Mind,* and were agreed, or of one Accord in the Design, which follows, meaning the Project of the Tower that was to be built.

If this Suggestion is Just, as I believe it is; it imports thus much in favour of this Proposition of mine: Namely, that having no settled Rule of Speech, or Knowledge of Letters, and no Alphabet; Custom and ordinary Usage, without any other Authority, as it does to this Day, brought them to differing Dialects, and differing Pronunciation of Speech; such as they being separated, and remote perhaps from one another, tho' not at a great Distance, yet at a Distance enough to prevent frequent Conversing together, could not easily communicate to one another: Hence they grew particular, and proper only to those Tribes, or Families that had accusom'd themselves to them, so that they might not easily and fully understand one another: But notwithstanding this, they might so far understand the general Meaning of their Speech, or by some particularly be acquainted with the other, might so interpret to each other, as to make an Agreement in the main Design: This, *I say*, however, strongly implys they had then no Knowledge of Letters, and so far tells us that the *Notions de Literatura Patriarchali*, and *Noachicum Alphabetum*, mention'd above, can have no authentick Original, nor any just Authority to support them: This, however, as it is argued from the Opinion above named, which is only conjectural, so it may be allow'd to be a just Reply to that Conjecture.

H A V I N G

HAVING said thus much, I leave these Learned Phantafms, *for ſuch I think they are*, juſt where I found them, and ſo proceed to ſpeak of the Progreſs in the Knowledge of Letters, after they were introduc'd, and from the juſt Original of Literature, which we have an Account of in the Scripture, as above.



PART IV.

HAVING thus discours'd on the Original of Letters, and fix'd, *as I think, effectually* their *Epocha*, in the Year of the World 2415, there remains to enquire, In what Manner they were made Uſe of in the reſpective Ages, after their being firſt given out: And by what Degrees the Writing and Printing of theſe Letters, advanc'd to the Perfection which we ſee them now arriv'd to; alſo How, and in what Manner, and upon what Occaſions the Materials, for Writing and Printing, and the Inſtruments and Engines for the Performance of the ſeveral Parts of it were diſcover'd.

IN this Enquiry, we muſt go back to the very Beginning; for, like the Tabernacle of God, the Pattern was in the Mount. There the whole Art was exhibited, the Pattern ſet, a Specimen work'd off, and Man had nothing to do, after he was inspir'd with the Skill of Reading it, but to get Tools and imitate it. In ſhort, to ſpeak in the common Uſage of Men, God himſelf was the firſt *Writing Maſter* in the World, and the firſt Work of Man was to imitate the Materials, as well as the Manner; and this was done by Degrees too, *viz.*

on

on Stone, and by Punction, or Cutting, and Stamping, which doubtless was the first Step.

How it must be perform'd, is left to be determin'd according to the Nature of the Stone on which the Work is done. For Example, We have a Stone or blue Slate, on which, with a Piece of the same Stone, Words now, are written by Excoriation, which is but a Kind of Razing the Surface in a slight Manner, and yet the Mark will remain there for many Years, if no Wet comes upon it; and if a greater Strength or Weight of the Hand were laid to the Pen, so that it might cut farther in, the Impression being stronger, would, no Question, remain also a longer Time.

If we go farther than this, we come to *Mallet* and *Chisel*, when we cut Letters of any Depth and Length; and I have seen Letters so cut in Stone for Inscriptions, and which were to stand a very great Height from the Place of Sight, which have been very near two Foot and half long, and an Inch and half deep. But we may reasonably suppose, that the written Law was given in two moderate Tables, or Slates, on which the Finger of God could write in what Manner he best pleas'd; and which he, no Question, wrote so, as that *Moses* might easily repeat them, teach the People to read them, and, by reading of those, seek for farther Knowledge in the Skill of imitating either, or both; particularly we know they were not great Stones, such as it would necessarily require to cut the Words of the Ten Commandments in, with *Hammer and Chisel*; because 'tis plain they were no bigger than *Moses* could carry, and that in one Hand, as is evident from the same Scripture.

THE Writing on those Tables, we may suppose to be such as was afterwards follow'd (I will not call it imitated,) with Excoriations or Markings by a Tool, *as above*, whether a Graving Tool, *as is not improbable*, or what other Instrument, is not very easy to know, nor very material to the Purpose. In examining the Manner of Writing, we must descend to more Particulars; it is not sufficient to say they wrote first upon Leaves and Barks of Trees, which was directed according to the several Nations in which those Writings were in Use. But I shall enter as particularly as I can into the Degrees of Improvement, as they went on.

THE *Egyptians* being so near to the *Israelites* on the one Side, as has been said, are suppos'd to be some of the first Nations that improv'd the Use of Letters, after their being communicated to them from the *Hebrews*: How long they wrote on Tables of Stone, I can find no Authority to determin; 'tis probable it continu'd some Time; as it did also among other Nations, including the Writing on Tables of Wood, as among the Gravers of Wood; cover'd with Wax, as among the *Romans*, and the like. But after that, they found a Way to supply themselves with other Things. For Example:

1. THEY wrote on the Inside of the Bark of a Tree which grew on the Side of the *Red Sea*, and in this they were soon imitated by the *Latins*, who, in their Tongue, call'd that Bark *Liber*; whence Books are call'd *Libri*.

2. ON

2. ON thin Boards cut out of a solid Kind of Wood, like our Walnut-Tree, hard and firm, which bore the Impression of the *Stylus*, of which hereafter: And this Wood was call'd *Caudex*; whence, say some, the *Latins* took Occasion to call a Book *Codex*.

3. WHERE they found not that hard Wood to write on, as in some Countries it could not be had, they used Tables, which they spread over with fine Wax, and therein wrote very easily what they had occasion to write; whence the Messenger that carry'd these Tables as Missives, were call'd *Tabellarii*; and a Letter-Carrier, or *Courier*, is still call'd *Tabellarius*: But of those I may speak again, as used among the *Romans*: I am now speaking of what was in Use among the *Egyptians*.

ON the Bank of the *Nile*, when running in its ordinary Course, *not as overflowing*, there grew certain sedgey Weeds, call'd *Papyri*, suppos'd to be the same with which the Cradle was made, which *Moses* was laid in when he was turn'd adrift in the River *Nile*; of those they made a kind of Stuff in the Stead of what we call Paper, to write on, in the following Manner, and from whence our Writing-Paper has since taken its Name. The Leaves of these Weeds were very thick and substantial, but soft, and easily parted into abundance of thinner Slices or Flakes; accordingly they pull'd them asunder with their Hands, spreading them in the Sun; but as fast as the Sun dry'd them, they wetted them again, by sprinkling on them some of the Water of the River, which, at the Season of gathering the

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Leaves,

Leaves, was always thick and slimy, something like melted Glew; this thicken'd the Leaves, and made them solid and firm, as they dry'd by the Heat of the Sun: These are the same mentioned *Isaiah 19. 7.* *The Paper Reeds by the Mouth of the Brooks, shall wither, be driven away, and be no more.* My Author, for this, says, That by Means of this Invention, *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, made up the Books which compos'd his extraordinary Library at *Alexandria*. Also the same *Ptolemy* understanding that *Attalus* King of *Pergamus*, endeavour'd to out-do him in the Magnificence of a Library, and that he began to make Collections of Books, and the Works of *Homer*, *Palamedes* and other *Greek* Authors, and to amass an infinite Number of Volumes, which he compil'd of this *Egyptian* Weed, call'd *Papyrus*; and withal, that he manag'd that in a better Manner than the *Egyptians* did. *Ptolemy*, to prevent and disappoint him, prohibited the Exportation of the said *Papyrus* out of his Dominions: And the same Author adds, that upon this Prohibition King *Attalus* invented the making of *Parchment* or *Vellum* made of the Skins of Goats and Calves, on which he taught his Officers and Clerks to write and copy the *Grecian* Poets, and other Authors, as above: These Skins, at first, were call'd *Membranæ*; from the Country which *Attalus* reign'd over, they were in other Places, call'd *Pergamenæ*, and these were the last Advances that I find among the *Grecians* before the Invention of Paper.

Ptolemy however compleated his Collection for the *Alexandrian* Library, with Books written on the Leaves of the *Papyri*, as above; which however durable enough otherwise, to have

have continued to this Day, were not Proof against the Flames, being all destroy'd in the burning of the said Library : So that there are none to be found, at least, that I have hear'd of, in any of the most antient Collections now extant in the World.

IN describing the Instruments, or Materials of Writing, by which the Knowledge and Use of Letters was propagated, We indeed shew the Excellency of the Letters themselves; for if they had not been capable of being copied, and impress'd, as above, they had been of no use to Mankind, any farther than God, the first Author, should have communicated and exhibited new Tables, and new Writings, for the Use of his Creatures; which being once read, were to be recorded; as his meer Voice, and might be erected on Columns, or treasur'd up, as Records for the People to have recourse to, that the Commands of God might never be forgotten, or the Substance of them be lost to the People.

BUT the Letters being communicated, and not only made intelligible, but appearing to be imitable by Men, it was left to them to invent Methods of Imitation, and Instruments to work by, as their first Invention, or the art of Imitation improv'd.

OF these we meet with many Kinds; as First, a Tool, to impress the Mark, or Letter, and the Substance on which that Impression was to be made, as above; and this Tool, or Instrument, was to be stronger, or weaker, harder, or softer, as the said Substance requir'd : For Example; While they wrote on Tables of Stone, or Slate, a piece of the same Slate, or Stone, was usually made use of, to

mark the Letters, as I have already observ'd ; as we do to this Day in *England*, upon the ordinary blue or black Slate, which we have in great Quantities in *Cornwall* and *Devonshire*; and which they have likewise in *Germany*, and also in *Egypt*, in *Greece*, and in *Italy*.

WE read of some Writings by the bare Finger; and perhaps for present reading only, There might be much of that in use among the Eastern Nations; and even for Duration also, when Persons might write on such harsh Plaister, or other Mixtures, as being soft to receive the Impression, when they wrote, grew hard afterwards (in the Weather) as Stone; many Kinds of which are yet found; and some, in particular, in *England*; of which, in *Nottinghamshire*, *Leicestershire*, and other Places, where they make not Walls only, but Floors of Houses of it, as also Threshing-floors, and the like.

OF these Sorts of Writings two are mentioned in Scripture; One is the Hand-writing upon the Wall at *Belshazzar's* Feast, and the other, when our Saviour stoop'd down and wrote on the Ground, in the Case of the Woman taken in *Adultery*; but as these are both extraordinary, they only intimate, that it was not usual to write in that manner; for the Hand upon the Wall was miraculous, and 'tis probable our Saviour only stoop'd down as seeming to write, to put the *Pharisees* to a Trial, and give the guilty Part of them leave to obey their own Consciences, and make off.

WHEN they came to write on the Barks and Rinds of Trees, and especially when they wrote on solid Tables of Wood, such as principally Box, Walnut, Ebony, *Lignum Vitæ*, and

and the like hard durable Substances, or Sorts of Wood, the Instruments which they wrote with were then made either of Bone, of Ivory, or of Iron, and afterwards of Steel; and hence it was called *Stylus*: An Account of which is very accurately given, as well of its Antiquity as of its Usefulness, by the learned and ingenious Mr. *Clark* of *Pennycook* in *Scotland*; a Gentleman, by his Studies and Travels, furnish'd with many Kinds of useful Learning; and who is since, by his real Merit, advanc'd to be one of the Barons of the Exchequer in that Kingdom; to whose Book I refer.

It is to be observ'd withal, that during these first Ages of Literature, Invention was continually at work, to find out some more convenient Method of Writing, as well relating to what they wrote upon, as what they wrote with. Tho' they knew something of Letters, they were yet sensible, that farther Improvements might be made, and that they might still understand one another better, if they thought fit to search into the Nature of Writing, and the Method of performing it: The *Egyptians* had long before fill'd the World with their Manner of Writing, (*viz.*) by the Figures of Things, and Shapes of living Creatures; these the *Greeks* call'd *ἱερογλυφικά*; and these were to give the like Sound to Words as they bore in Speech by their usual Forms, and these before the Use of the *Papyri*, which I have given an Account of, were engraven, or cut in Stone; from whence *Lucan* expresses himself thus;

— *Saxis tantum Volucresq; feraeque
Sculptaque servabant magicas animalia linguas.*

IT was, it seems, by these Figures, that their Magicians and Sooth-sayers, or Wise Men, *as they were called*, gave out their Conjurations, something like the Oracles which followed, by which they amused the People, and reserv'd a *double Entendre* in all they said, to preserve the Reputation of their Skill if their Interpretations of Things failed, or their Predictions did not come to pass. This Way of Writing, I say, continued in the World a great while after the Use of Letters was first known; and those Figures were for some Time also mingled with the Letters and Words which they first learn'd, and so helped out one another.

IN like manner the *Greeks*, and the *Latins* also, used Characters, or Marks, which they call'd *Notæ*; and they were, as a farther Description of them called *Notæ Horopollinis Niliaci*; of which the Inventor, or chief Artist, at least, liv'd in the Time of *Theodosius*: Whether this was first brought out of *Egypt*, or not, as some write that the whole Body of Grammatic Learning was, is not to my purpose now; but that the *Greeks*, and *Romans* also, made use of these *Notæ* in their first Writings is manifest; and we have many of them yet remaining in their Writings, the Signification of which is known and remember'd; and they were of two Kinds;

1. Meer invented Marks, such as this or that eminent Writer of that Time legitimated

mated the Use of, as in *Tyro* and *Seneca* pag. 8. where a particular Mark is made use of to signify the Word *Rempublicam*. Also, according to that same Author, another for *Eo est*.

2. Initial Letters placed for whole Words were at first used in private Writing, but gradually appeared in Publick, being legitimated by Custom; such as *E. Q. R.* for *Eques Romanus*. *S. P. Q. R.* for *Senatus Populusque Romanus*.

ENNIVS tells us, they invented, or introduc'd Eleven hundred such Marks as these in his Time, into use in common Writing, besides many invented by Others; as by *Tyro*, *Cicero*, *Libertus*, and the several Writers of those Times, as *Eusebius* tells us; till the Number of Inventors were so many, that it would be troublesome to the Reader to repeat their Names, and till the Number of their Marks amounted to above 5000, and grew burthenfom to the World. A fuller Account of this, and a sufficient Authority for what I have said of it, is included in a Speech, or Prologue rather, of *Petrus Diaconus* to the Emperor *Conrad*.

“ Nunc quis primus Notas instituerit scribamus. Vulgares notas Ennius primus mille
 “ ducentum invenit; ad hunc scilicet usum, ut
 “ quicquid per contentionem præsentium diceretur, liberarii scriberent complures simul
 “ adstantes, divisis inter se partibus, quæ
 “ quisque verba, & quo ordine exciperet. Dehinc Tullius Tyro, Ciceronis libertus, notas
 “ præpositionum commentus est. Post hunc
 “ Philargyrus Samius, & aliqui (lego Aquila)

“ Mœcenatis alias addiderunt. Deinde Lucius Annæus Seneca, contractis omnibus, digesto & aucto numero, opus in quinque millia extendit. ” *Vossius de Arte Grammatica*, pag. 148, line 9.

HAVING thus mentioned the Marks and Stamps used in Writing among several Persons, and in particular Countries, I come to speak of the publick Marks or Stamps used also, which were not particular to this or that Country, or Language, but that were universal, or common to all Languages in the World, and these were of several Sorts; as,

1. The Figures used in Arithmetick, which are commonly call'd Cyphers, and are the same in most of the Languages in *Europe*.
2. The Marks of Astronomers, which are also universal in all Languages; such as $\hbar$ ψ σ $\odot$ $\ominus$ $\wp$ $\succ$; also the twelve Signs of the Zodiack Υ φ π $\boxminus$ $\boxplus$ and the rest.
3. The several Marks in Musick, directing the Measure of Notes, and the Tune, or, Consonance, and Dissonance of Sounds, which are likewise esteem'd universal.

ALL these Modes of Writing are suppos'd to respect the Infant Days of Letters, before the Invention of Men carry'd those Arts on to the Perfection to which they are since arriv'd.

AFTER the Use of those *Nota*, or Marks, which were usual in the first Ages of Letters, and which signify'd distinct Words, there were Marks impress'd in the same Age, importing whole Sentences; but those were not so frequent, because they laid too much Weight on the

the Memory, and young Scholars did not so easily understand them; tho' it is true, it was an easy Way in one respect; because, like Figures, they were capable of being understood alike in all, or in sundry Languages: Nor was there more difficulty in making or inventing so many Marks, or *Notæ*, as above, than there has been since of inventing Words in every Language, to know them by; the Number and Variety of which is incredible, and which is a much greater load on the Memory to those who learn other Languages, than in reading their own. I say also, it was much greater than that of charging the Head with such a Number of Marks, which, as before, were never above 5000: Nay, if we may Credit *Nocholaus Trigaultius*, Hist. *Sinensis*, lib. 1. cap. v. he says thus, *Non pauciores Sinensibus literas esse quam voces numerantur, eas tamen ita inter se componere, ut lxx aut lxxx millia non excedant.* This indeed refers to the *Japoneses*, as well as to the other; but 'tis so that they perfectly understand one another both in Writing and Reading.

IF it be true also, as *Paciano Barcellonenfi* says, That at the Confusion of Languages they were from one universal Speech or Dialect, divided into 120; or into lxxxii, as *Eusebius's* Opinion delivers it, and Abundance of other Authors; then the Variety of Writings, and the Number of Words, Stamps, Marks and Characters among them all, when the Knowledge of Letters and of Writing came to spread it self among them also, must be infinitely great.

I might proceed from this to that Part of the Art of Writing which the Learned call

call the *orthographia*, that is to say, of right placing the Letters, whether separate or in Syllables, and joining them as they ought to be joyned; this we call in a more vulgar way of expression, *Spelling*; but of this hereafter.

IT would be necessary now, to mention some of the various Characters, that is to say, forms of the Letters of the Alphabet, or of the various Alphabets which are in use in the several Languages, and the manner of their Writing them: There were at first, *generally speaking*, three ways of Writing, and no more, I mean, that were practis'd when the Knowledge of Letters came to spread it self in the World, for at first, 'tis certain, there was but one Method, and one Language.

THE first of these, and the most antient, is from the Right-hand to the Left; and this very Thing strongly confirms what I said before, namely, That the *Israelites* were the first who had the Knowledge of Letters, seeing we find none of those Languages which would be supposed to be of Antiquity, writing any other way but in a plain Imitation of the Hebrews, reading all from the Right to the Left, except the Hieroglyphicks of the *Egyptians*, which are said originally to stand promiscuous, and to be read in the Position which they were to be found in, without Order, or without any Sequence, except as the Nature of the Creature (describ'd,) intimated to them. For Example, if a Bird was painted flying upwards, then they read from the Head of the said Bird, to the Tail of the Creature which was next above him; and so if it were a Beast, or a Fish, whether

whether walking or Swimming and the like: This, however Custom might have made it familiar to them, was in it self very confus'd, and intimated in the plainest manner imaginable, that they were infinitely at a loss for a Rule to make the Marks or Figures they us'd more intelligible.

THUS in their manner of Accounting, of which I have made mention before, and which, as I said, was by Sticks or Reeds bundled up, it seem'd perfectly indifferent to the Person accounting, whether he reckon'd from the left to the right, or from the right Hand to the left, according to which Hand he laid out the Numbers of Reeds which he made his reckoning by.

BUT after the *Hebrews* had receiv'd the Knowledge of Letters from Heaven, as I have observ'd, the *Egyptians* who not only convers'd with them more intimately than any other Nation, but even among whom a great many profelyted *Egyptians* liv'd, and others that went with them as Servants, for it is not to be doubted but that the great Wonders wrought by *Moses* and *Aaron*, in the Name of God, in the *Egyptian* Court, and among the whole Nation, must make a greater Impression upon some of the People of the Country, than it did upon *Pharaoh* and his Courtiers; and that many of them were so convinc'd that the God of the *Hebrews* was the only true God, by those terrible Judgements, that they became Believers, and embrac'd the Religion and the God of the *Hebrews*, and followed them, or rather went with them, into and thro' the *Red Sea*; as we see afterwards, the *Kenites*, the Posterity

terity of *Jethro Moses* Father in Law, were found in the Camp of *Israel*, and had their Portion and Inheritance with them in the promis'd Land.

THUS the *Egyptians*, who, being profelyted as above, went with the *Israelites* into the *Wilderness*, soon with the rest learned the Knowledge of Letters at Mount *Sinai*; and by the same Rule corresponding afterwards with the *Egyptian* Country communicated that Knowledge to them in the first Place; and therefore we find the *Egyptians* were the first, who following the Example of *Israel*, tho' they might corrupt the Pattern, as without doubt they did, soon had an Alphabet and Letters of their own; from which afterwards the *Syriack* no doubt is derived.

THERE are, besides those, several barbarous Nations, who are said also to be very antient, and whose Writings, if themselves may be believ'd, are much more antient than in our Account the World it self is supposed to be, and these write in a perpendicular Line from the Top of the Leaf to the Bottom, or as some say, from the Bottom of the Leaf to the Top.

THESE I do not find were ever receiv'd, either in *Europe*, or in that Part of *Asia* which was within the Reach of the *Grecian* or *Roman* Empires, but is heard of chiefly among the *Chineses*, and *Japoneses*, who had no known Correspondence with any Part of the civiliz'd Nations, 'till within a few Ages past, when Commerce seem'd to have acquainted them a little with one another, and that not much neither.

AND

AND yet even among these *Chineses* and the *Barbarians* of the *East*, there is to be found some Affinity between the *Chaldee* Letters and theirs, so much as that we may easily perswade our selves to believe, that the one were originally but a Corruption of the other; what might occasion the Alteration of the Progression in Writing, that we cannot account for, neither is it material.

THE Subjects of the Great *Mogul*, that is to say, in that Part of the World we call more properly *India*, and several Nations of the sitting or moveable *Tartars*, make use of this manner of Writing, as also the Natives of *Siam*, *Pegu*, and *Sumatra*; if the latter have any Writing, or Use of Letters at all, which I do not find any good Authority for.

BUT to go back to the *Israelites*, while they continued in their wandering State, and possibly had very little, if any, Correspondence with the World, the *Egyptians* excepted, with whom I doubt not they not only corresponded, but even traffick'd for necessaries while they were in the Neighbourhood of them; I suppose they kept the Knowledge of Letters among themselves: But when they came into *Canaan*, and had an immediate, nay, a too intimate Correspondence with the *Phenicians*, that is to say, the *Canaanites*, they, in like manner learn'd from the *Israelites* the Knowledge of Letters.

HENCE, as I observ'd at first, the *Phenicians* so early obtain'd the Knowledge of Letters, and so mightily improv'd upon them, that *Cadmus*, a *Phenecian* Prince, travelling afterwards into *Greece*, and carrying with him a new form'd Alphabet of his own, but drawn from the general Theory of Letters, obtain'd
in

in his own Country from the *Hebrews*, obtain'd the Honour of being call'd the Inventor, of all Letters in general; tho' as I have prov'd before, the Tables of Stone at Mount *Sinai*, were written by the Finger of God, some Ages before *Cadmus* was Born.

HOWEVER, that we may give *Cadmus* and his *Phenicians* their Due, they certainly were the Inventors of a differing Method of writing, and forming the *Greek* Alphabet out of the Corruption of the *Hebrew*, inverting the Method; and thus the World came to Write from the left Hand to the right, which is the third Method of Writing.

CADMUS, indeed, carry'd but 19 Letters into *Greece*, the Rest were brought in a long Time after, as I have noted already, several Years after the Destruction of *Troy*. But the first and fundamental Letters of the *Greeks*, were thus brought from the *Phenicians*, and by them most certainly from the *Israelites*, who over-ran the Country of *Canaan*, in so furious a Manner.

AND thus I think I have accounted for the Original of Letters, in a manner consonant to Reason and to History; nor do I meet with any Thing material that is offered against my Opinion: All that the Writers of a different Opinion have yet said against it, amounts to no more than this; that they do not think it probable, that the World was for so many Ages without so useful, and indeed so necessary an Art; and that the *Antediluvian* World, who had such a Perfection of Knowledge, as that some think we are not yet arriv'd to an equal Degree of Improvement with them to this Day, could not be suppos'd to be Ignorant to such a Degree as this.

BUT

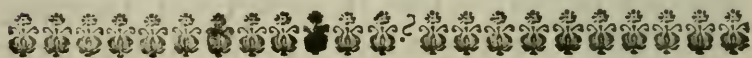
BUT this is all begging the Question. The Patriarchs of the *Antediluvian* State, were without Question Masters of Science, and had great Discoveries made to them, or were inspir'd, let us call it what we will, with great Knowledge and Understanding; but this only proves that perhaps they might be, and 'tis possible they were blest with the Knowledge of Letters; but it does by no means prove that they really were so, and therefore we are but still where we were, in all they can say for the Fathers of the old World.

IT is sufficient, after all, that we have an Original, *a Pattern in the Mount*, which we know was handed to *Moses*, from the Finger of God, and that no History gives any Account that can be depended upon, or is more rational than this, that all the pretended Knowledge of Letters before it, is without Ground, or so much as Probability; and so far were they from having left any Remains behind them, of that Knowledge, that their Posterity valued themselves infinitely upon, that dull unperforming, and as we may call it, Dumb Language of *Hieroglyphicks*, and Images of Creatures, making the Brutes Speak for them, when at the same Time they knew not how to form any proper Character for Words, or to which the Sound of Words might be appropriated.

AND if this was not the Case, how came it to pass, that whereas before this great Discovery from *Heaven*, they were driven to such Shifts for want of an Alphabet, and for want of the Knowledge of Letters, on the contrary as soon as the *Hebrew* was once dictated, and the Children of *Israel* were taught to write, immediately all the World follow'd the Example,

ample, and every Nation borrowing the general System, or the Idea of Writing from the *Hebrews*, began to Write, and tho' they proceeded to forming different Alphabets to themselves, as if they were for improving after that the Invention, and had every one their differing way of Writing, yet the Thing it self it was apparent came all from this happy Original.

A N D as the very first Thought came from hence, so did the Method of it, (*viz.*) the Prolation and joyning the Letters to form Syllables, and then rejoyning those Syllables to form Words of many Syllables, also the Manner of Writing or Impressing those Letters and Words to make them legible to others, (*viz.*) by Excoriation, or Incision, or Impression, which we come next to consider.



PART VI.

HAVING thus spoken of the Original of Letters and of the Method of Writing, it comes of Course to say something of the Materials of Writing and Printing, not as they were us'd in the Infancy of the Art only, for that has been mention'd, but as they have been used since Men came to an ordinary Skill and Improvement in the Art of Managing, Placing, Coupling, and Spelling the Letters, call'd as I have said above

FROM the *Papyri*, a Weed growing as I have said on the Banks of the *Nile*, came the Word *Paper* in our Language, not that this
was

was really made into Paper, such as we now use, as some think, for the Leaves were at least a Cubit or a Cubit and half in Length, and of unequal shape and Substance, and were as I have shewn, pull'd in Pieces, and several Operations about them perform'd before they were fitted for Use: But as from hence, *for ought we know*, the true Method of Paper-making was deriv'd, which is it self very antient; so from hence all Compositions of any kind made to form any Thing to write upon, were, when finish'd, call'd *Paper*.

BUT let me examine then, by what Methods, and by what slow Degrees, the Knowledge and Use of Paper to write upon came into the World: From Tables of Stone, and from the Leaves and Barks of Trees, *as I have noted above*, they came to the Use of Tables of Wood, that is to say, thin Boards cut out of the Body of a Tree; these were either *Tabellæ Nudæ*, plain naked Boards, or Boards cover'd or polish'd over with Wax or Rosin, or such other Substance as they usually cover'd them with, in those Days. There were many Sorts of these Tables also, some very thick and coarse, upon which the Boys at the Schools usually wrote or learned their Lessons.

OTHERS they made thin and fine, and polish'd them, to be the fitter for receiving the Impression of the Stylus or Pen.

Secta nisi in tennes effemus ligna tabellas.

Mart. lib. xiv.

This is fully explain'd, in that memorable Text of apocryphal Scripture,

2 Esdras, chap. xiv. ver. 24, 25, 26. *But look thou prepare thee many box-trees, and take with thee Sarea, Dabria, Selemia, Ecanus, and Asiel, these five which are ready to write swiftly; and come hither, and I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out, till the things be performed which thou shalt begin to write. And when thou hast done, some things shalt thou publish, and some things shalt thou shew secretly to the wise: to morrow this hour shalt thou begin to write. Ver. 42, 44. The Highest gave understanding unto the five men, and they wrote the wonderful visions of the night that were told, which they knew not: and they sat forty days, and they wrote in the day, and at night they eat bread. In forty days they wrote two hundred and four Books. By this it appears, there were Writers in those Days who wrote swifter, by which I understand also shorter, than others: What Books they wrote is evident from the 24th Verse, where he is bid to bring many Box-Trees with him, as well as Writers; this in the Margin of some of our Bibles, is explain'd in direct Words to be Box-Tables to write on, or Tables made of Box-Wood, which confirms also what has been said of those Tables in the former Part of this Work: What the Books were, of which two Hundred and Four, our Margin says nine Hundred and Four, could be written in forty Days by five Men, is not so easy to determine.*

THERE were also small Pieces of Boards smooth'd and polish'd for Bills, or other such smaller Occasions, which did not require whole Tables, these were call'd *Codices*, and smaller yet *Codicils*, as we at this Day call a small Piece of Parchment annex't to a Will; and these

these were call'd so because made out of the Body or Stump of a Tree; and hence from *Caudex* a Book was call'd *Codex*, and the Collection of Laws by *Theodosius*, *Justinian*, and others are call'd *Codes*.

The *Danes*, in Confirmation of this, call Books in their Language *Boger*, which indeed is the Original of the Word *Boke* or *Book*, and which signifies in *High-Dutch*, a *Beech-Tree*, because the publick Acts were impress'd, or stamp'd, or mark'd, or written, call it which we will, upon Boards made of *Beech* and polish'd very smooth: See *Olaus Wormius*, in *Fa-fis Danicis*, lib. 1. cap. 6. These were call'd *Wax'd-Tables*, because the *Beechen* Boards were crufted over or polish'd with *Wax*, and to this Day our *Faniering* Artists or *Cabinet-Makers*, polish over the *Olive-Wood*, *Ebony*, and *Walnut-Tree*, which covers and adorns their Work; I say, they polish it over with *Wax*, and the same may be written on very legibly and well.

NEXT to Books and Tables thus made of the Wood or Bark of Trees, the Antients came to write upon Linnen, and rather before that upon the Skins of Beasts, which we now call *Vellum* and *Parchment*; but this last was a kind of Accident, and never came into general use for the making of Books. This Linnen was call'd *Linteum* from *Linum*, the *Flax*, of which it was made; this Linnen *Pliny* tells us, was put into, or dipt in Oil, as the Cloths are which the Limner or Painter now prepares to draw a fine Picture on, *Pliny* lib. xiii. cap. xi. Of these, when they were very fine, several large Volumes of Books were made, on which the *Oracula Sibyllina* were written, *Symmachus*, lib. iv. Epist. xxxiv.

ALSO the publick Leagues between Princes and States, were written in this Manner; that is to say, upon that Linnen Cloth dipt in Oil, see *Tit. Livius* lib. xxxi. Also, *Constantine* caused the Laws of the Empire to be thus written; as also Epistles of private Princes one to another, *Flav. Vopiscus* in *Aureliano*; his Words are, *Inveni Nuper in Ulpia bibliotheca, inter linteos libros epistolam D. Valeriani.*

OTHERS wrote upon a Paper made of a Substance like a Caul taken from the Bowels, or Gut of any Beast; they were call'd *Elephantinos Libros*, which also some took to be Leaves of Ivory; but it was taken both ways; for it was a Book or Paper made of the Skin of a Beast, whether Sheep, Goat, or Calf; or of a Gut, or other thick glutinous Substance, such as the Caul was, and which being dried by the Heat of the Sun became hard and solid, and on these they frequently wrote; and such were those Manuscripts in the *Hebrew* Tongue, which *Eleazer*, the High Priest of the *Jews*, sent to *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, and which were curiously written on Parchment or Vellum, as *Josephus* says expressly, lib. xii. *Antiq. Judaic.* And yet *Pliny* says, as I have observ'd before, which is a little strange, that the King of *Pergamos* invented Parchment to write upon, because *Ptolemy Philadelphus* prohibited the Carrying the *Papyri* out of his Dominions.

BUT to leave that, let *Josephus* answer for the Inconsistency if there is any; for 'tis equally strange which we read in *Varro*, that the Battles of *Alexander* were written on Paper and carried to the Egyptian *Alexandria*; and this Paper was in Use long before those Times; but then it was the Paper only which was made

made of the Egyptian Weed *Papyrus*, that is to say, it had the name *Paper*, but was nothing of the Kind now in Use, or so much as like it.

FROM these Times, therefore, when Parchment came to be in full Use, Writing encreased and improved exceedingly; and then they soon came from the linnen Cloth, to make Paper of the Substance of the linnen Cloth, (*viz.*) the Lint or Flax itself, pressed, and bruised, and beaten fine in an Engine or Mill, and then mixed up again with Gums, and such glutinous Substance, as brought it to be a *firm Leaf* as we see at this Day. For tho' much of our Paper, in this Country, is made of the Rags of old Linnen beaten to Pumice; so the Paper also now, *that is to say the greatest Quantity of it*, is made of Flax, which is one of the first Principles in the making Linnen, and this Flax is esteemed to make better Paper than that of Rags.

FROM the Paper, we come next to speak of the liquid Substance which we call Ink; and with which those, who make Use of Paper, Parchment, or linnen Cloth, write upon them; of this there has not been much Variety. The first Ink we find in Story, was made of the Blood or Juice which was found in the Fish called *Loligo*, which some call a *Calamary*, others more vulgarly the *Cuttle-Fish*, and whose Blood casts a fix'd Black Colour, tinging the Paper or Parchment with a durable Black; this is by some call'd *Niger Succus*, a Black Juice; by others the Blood of a Fish; and this was used instead of Ink, whence the *Germans* call this Creature in the old *Gothick* Language d'INTENFISCH, or in English, the *Ink-Fish*. *Pliny* tells us also of a Fish call'd

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the *Sepia*, whose Blood is as Black as Ink; but he does not say it will tinge or dye any Thing Black as the *Loligo* does. *Perseus* mentions this in his 3 Sat.

————— *Sepia lympba*
Dilutas querimur geminet quod fistula guttas.

THIS *Sepia*, or *Ink-Fish*, is found on the Coast of *Lancashire* in *England*, and formerly was more frequent there than it is now; of which the learned Dr. *Leigh*, in his natural History of *Lancashire* and *Cheshire*, gives the following Account.

‘ The next remarkable Fish, says he, is the
 ‘ *Sepia*, or *Ink-Fish*, of which I have seen se-
 ‘ veral upon these Shores. It has ten Horns,
 ‘ not much unlike those of a Snail, and with
 ‘ these, as with Oars, it rowes it self for-
 ‘ ward in the Water: It has two full Eyes.
 ‘ Its Substance seems to be a Kind of Pulp,
 ‘ and one Half of it is invested with a Mem-
 ‘ brane like a Leg within a Stocking; and
 ‘ therefore by some it is call’d the *Hose* or
 ‘ *Stocking-Fish*. It has only one Bone, and
 ‘ that upon its Back, thin, flat, and pellu-
 ‘ cid. From its Mouth descends two pellucid
 ‘ Ducts, which terminate in a *Vesica* which
 ‘ contains its Ink; by pressing this, the Ink
 ‘ quickly ascends, and as some Naturalists af-
 ‘ firm, when they are in Danger of being Ta-
 ‘ ken, by contracting this, they discharge
 ‘ such a Quantity of Ink as blackens the Wa-
 ‘ ter and secures them from Discovery. I have
 ‘ a Letter by me, written with this Ink about
 ‘ ten Years ago, which still continues. This
 ‘ Liquor was the Ink of the Ancients; hence
 ‘ came

‘ came that Expression of the Poet, *Nigro distillans Sepia nodo*. It has no remarkable Taste, and by Reason that the Whole seems to be a Kind of Pulp, it is hard to determine whether this Liquor is its *Chyle*, or perhaps the Juice of some Sea Plant which it lives upon, or else a Liquor separated from its nutritive Juices; for what else to term it I know not, since I could not observe in it either Veins or Arteries; yet doubtless there are other Vessels adequate to those. This Fish, sometimes, the People eat; and it is observable that it will mildly Purge them like *Cassia*, or some such *Lenitive*.’

To go back from those, farther to the common People, these, as also the ordinary School-Masters and Students made their usual common Ink of the Soot out of the Chimneys; but States Men, and Men of better Sort, used the Blood of the *Sepia* as above.

AGAIN, the Ink with which they often wrote Books, but especially the Titles and capital Letters in Books, was of another Sort, and was of a Red colour instead of Black, but this was less used than the Black. These Things they made shift with, for ought I can find in any ancient Writings, ’till they found out the proper Ingredients for Ink as we now use it. As for Printing Ink, which is a Thing by it self, and quite differing from the writing Ink, as it was a modern Invention, and arriv’d to with, or since the Knowledge of Printing it self, which is much more modern than the Times we are now speaking of, I leave that to be mentioned again in its Place.

BEFORE the Use of Ink, they wrote by Way of Racing, or Cutting, or Scratching

the Substance which they wrote upon, which I mentioned before, where I term'd it an Excoriation; and this as it was done in various Forms or Methods, so by several and very differing Instruments.

WHILE they wrote upon the Barks of Trees, and upon Tables, and especially on the wax'd or polish'd Tables; as also while they wrote on the *Tilia* they used the *Stylus*, a Pen or Instrument made first of Iron, sometimes of Bone, sometimes of Ivory; this was used I say in Writing on such hard Substances as requir'd an Incision or Cutting, and was called *Graphium*, and as afterwards the Writings on Stone or Tables of Wood required it, this *Stylus* or *Graphium* was the only Instrument. But there follow'd great Inconveniencies upon this, for the *Stylus* being made of Iron, and some of them being fork'd and having divers sharp Points, the Boys who learned to Write would often quarrel and wound one another with them, and even Men also, for they were really very dangerous Weapons.

THE Accidents which happened on this Occasion, were so many, and some of them so fatal, that the *Romans* were oblig'd to forbid the Use of them, that is to say of Iron; after which others were invented made of the Teeth of Fishes and of the Bones of Beasts, and lastly, as above, of Ivory.

As to the Authority given for the Report of Mischiefs done with the *Stylus*, the Persons writing with them having frequently Wounded others with them, *Plutarch* expresses it fully in *Gracchus*, and among the *Romans*, *Martial*, and several other Writers of those Times.

Hæc tibi erant armata suo Graphiaria ferro.

Si puero dones, non leve munus erit.

Mart. Epig. xxi.

BUT beyond all this, *Suetonius* and *Plutarch* also in several of their Writings say, that *Cæsa* wounded *Cæsar* in the Senate House, not with a Dagger but with a *Stylus* or Roman Pen of Iron, or perhaps of Steel.

Plut. in Appianum.

Cassii Brachium arreptum graphio Cæsar trajecit.
Suetonius in vit. Jul. Cæs. 82.

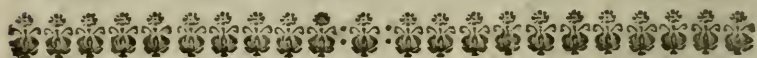
IT was a Felicity to the People of *Rome*, that these Instruments for Writing grew useless in a few Years, by the Improvement of the Age, and the better Materials they had to write upon; for in a few Years they wrote no more by Incision or Impressing, by Raceings and Excoriations, but by moist Juices tinging the Materials, and on proper smooth Substances fit to receive the Tincture, such as those I have mentioned, (*viz.*) the Blood of Fishes, and Decoctions of Soot and other Ingredients.

As the Use of Parchments, and of the *Papyri*, and of the *Tilia*, which some have mistaken for *Tilea*, but was only a thin Substance, or a Kind of Skin lying between the outer Bark and the Body of a certain Tree; I say, as the Use of these came into the World, the *Stylus*, and all other Instruments which work'd by Incision or Impression were laid by, and in a little more Time became useless; and how many Kings and Emperors soever have been

been stab'd by the Pen, a dangerous Instrument in its kind ; yet none more will ever be stabb'd by it, as an offensive Weapon, as it seems had been the Case before.

SOME think it was of this Manner of Writing, by Incision, and of the Stylus of Iron which *Job* Speaks, Chap. xix. *Oh that my words were now written ! Oh that they were printed in a Book ! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead, in the rock for ever !* But I think that these were only translated according to the Author that wrote the Book ; for as to the best Account we have of *Job* himself, he lived and died before the Knowledge of Letters was in the World, and the Pen-Man of his History might be allow'd to Express the Sense of the Good Man in the Manner of the Age in which he then wrote.

From this Time, the ingenious Part of the World, having found several Ways for the Writing of Books upon Materials soft and smooth, which required no Incision, the Use of these Instruments grew obsolete and fit to be forgotten ; and they now serve for no more than to be remembred among the Monuments of Antiquity, as we now speak of them.



P A R T VII.

HAVING thus given an Account, or rather some Account of the Writings of the Ancients, and brought them out of the Infant Days of this Art, it will not be amiss to speak

a little of the general Usage of the World, from the Time that they came to the plain Use of Pen, Ink and Paper, to the Time when the Invention of the Printing Press, and the Use of Types for impressing the Letters as *Written*, was found out in the World, taking up an Interval of above 1500 Years at least; for the Writing with Pen and Ink was said to be known the latter End of the Reign of *Augustus*, tho' not in Perfection 'till some Years after; (for in *St. Luke*, we find *Zacharias* calling for a *writing Table*) whereas the Art of Printing was invented in the Year 1420, by one *Lawrence Coster* a Soldier of *Harlem*, who after he had found the first Font or Foundiary of Types or Letters, and had not fully put them in Use, had them stolen from him by his Servant, who carried them into *Germany*, and there claimed to be the Inventor of them, and having set up a Press, *Tully's Offices* was the first Book that ever was Printed in the World. But this by the way.

ALL Intelligence, Commerce, and Correspondence in the World, was now managed by the *Pen, Ink, and Paper*; the Works of the Ancients were all written by their own Hands, or by the help of Clerks and Amanuenses; infinite Numbers of these People we now call copying Clerks, were employ'd to make Copies of valuable Books; and if it be True, that there were 12000 Copies of *Virgil's Æneid*, made in *Augustus's* Days, and twice as many of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, what innumerable numbers of Hands had been employ'd in those daily Works, and of what Labours, and what multitudes must that *Alexandrian Library* be Composed, if there really was such a Thing;

Thing; for the doubt is far from being resolv'd to this Day.

THE Registers and Records of Nations must be all written in the same Manner; all the Works of the Ancients, and all the Copiers of those valuable Works which were in themselves innumerable, must have been made in the same manner. It would be endless to reckon them up, but let us Name a few. The Works of *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Herodotus*, of *Livy*, of *Josephus*, of the several *Plutarchs*, of *Cicero*, *Julius Cæsar's* Commentaries, of the Poets, *Ovid*, *Tibullus*, *Persius*, *Juvenal*, *Lucan* and *Virgil*, with innumerable more: Among the *Hebrews*, the *Bible*, the *Talmuds*, as well the *Babylonian* as the *Jerusalem Talmud*. To what purpose should we enumerate the Particulars, ancient History is full of their Names and Works, how voluminous they are, and yet how often were they written over.

IN the Exercise of so much Writing, it is no Wonder if some were very dextrous, and were as much Masters of the Pen as their Authors were of the Tongue. And as we have seen some Things most accurately done in the Art of Writing, within Five or Six hundred Years back from the present Time, there can be no Room to doubt, but that there was the like in the World many Years before that. And it must be acknowledg'd, that 'tho the Manner is much different, and there are very fine Things done with the Pen in this Age, yet that in the former Ages they greatly excell'd us. But I shall have occasion to speak of this Part again more fully in its Course.

NEXT to the Manner of Writing, and the Materials, it becomes necessary to enquire a little

little into the Measure of Words, which we call Prolation, the giving proper Sounds and Quantities to the Letters, either joyned together or apart.

THIS certainly came from Heaven with the Letters themselves, and the Power which inspir'd Mankind with the Knowledge of the Letters necessarily adapted them to their Sounds, and empowered those Sounds to carry with them the Signification of the Letters. Hence came the Distinction of Letters into Vowels and Consonants, which are so married together in the Art of Reading, that no Man can separate them: The Vowel like the Husband to the Wife, giving Cadence of Sound, Diction and Expression to the Consonant; and the Consonant being Capable of no Sound without the Conjunction of the Vowel to govern the Voice and make a Harmony, and is therefore call'd *Consonant* or agreeing, joyning and assisting to the Sound of the Word.

IT is something surprizing, to think how this Cadence of Sounds, and how the Joyning of Syllables, in compounded Words, came to be formed in the Understandings of Men; nothing but the being satisfy'd that it was form'd above and came down from Heaven, could reconcile us to the Wonder of it.

THE writing Words, in all Languages, agreeable to the Idiom of every respective Tongue, joining them in Monosyllables, joining the Monosyllables again into compounded Words, and giving every Letter its right Place, with its Accent or Emphasis, is a surprising Thing in the Nature of it, and if fully and seriously considered, carries us beyond

yond Nature it self, ending only in Astonishment and an unresolv'd Wonder. This is what the *Greeks* understand by the Word *Ὀρθογραφία*, and which from them we call to this Day *Orthography*.

To enter far into this Part, would be to enquire into the Grammar of every Tongue, and with *Vossius*, to write *de Arte Grammatica*, which is not my Business here; but to speak of correct Writing seems absolutely necessary, seeing if there was cxx several Languages into which the first universal Way of Speaking was divided; there are for ought we see now, cxx thousand Ways of Speaking, (*viz.*) so many differing Idioms and Dialects of Speech which Men now make Use of in the World; some Languages, nay most Languages being again subdivided into many differing Ways of Expression; in all which, 'tis Evident, that long living in any one Country, generally naturalizes the Speech of that Country so to our Ear, that we soon make it our own, and even forget that which was formerly our Mother Tongue.

BUT we have in *Great-Britain*, Besides the real and solid Variety of Tongues, such as the *Welch* or ancient *Britains*, the *Cornish*, the *Highland Scots* and the like; I say we have such a Variety in the Expression of our own Mother Tongue, as that in some Counties of *England*, they can very ill understand one another; how the Orthographists can manage this in all Languages is not very easy to describe.

ON the other Hand, many Tongues, as the *English* we now speak for Example, having no Grammatical Syntax, no Rule for the Measures

figures or Quantities of Words or Letters, by Consequence have no Authorities for the Usages of their Speech; but all is Assumption, legitimated only by Custom, which is Judge of the Orthography, as it is of the Propriety of Speech; and were it not that this Custom does as it were legitimate the Orthography, we should be confounded in writing many Words in the *English* Tongue, where Words bearing the same Sound, signify various Things; as particularly in the Words, *Two, Tow, Too, To, Then, Than, Bow, Bough,* and many others.

Two, Signifying 2 in Number.

Tow, *Flax* or *Tow*, made of *Flax*.

Too, Too much or too long.

To, To go to any Place, or give any Thing to a Person.

Bow, To Bow in Compliment, or make a Bow, or to bend any straight Thing into a Curve or Arch, differing its Posture from what it was before.

Bow, A Bow to shoot an Arrow.

Bough, The Bough of a Tree.

Bough, The Barking of a Dog.

Right, The right Hand.

Right, Just or to do Right.

Right, Opposite to, or over against.

Wright, A Wheel Wright, or a Ship

(viz.) a Carpenter.

Wright,

Write, To write a Letter.

Then, Time, as *then* it was so.

Than, A comparison (viz.) better than another.

As these are the Usages of Speech, and that no Rule is to be found for the Direction of the Speaker, other than that so it is accusom'd to be, a Stranger has nothing to trust to for the Learning these Things, or how to write them, but by the Strength of his Memory.

THE more Grammatical Languages, such as the *Latin*, the *Greek*, and other *Eastern* Languages, having establish'd Rules by which these are all regulated, the Difficulty is not so great, and they have no more to do than to place those Rules before them.

BUT, as I said, it is possible for People to forget even their own native Speech, and likewise to forget the Manner of Writing it. They tell us that the *Hebrews* who were captivated by the *Chaldeans*, and continued so Seventy Years, lost so much of the Original *Hebrew*, that except the Priests and learned Men whom they call'd *Rabbies*, the common People never recover'd the Use of it; and therefore the *Hebrew* which the *Rabbies* retain'd in its Purity, is call'd, by Way of Distinction, the *Rabbinical Hebrew*; and this is taught to the Children of the *Levites* and others at their Schools, whereas the *Jews* in common used the *Chaldaic* or *Syriac* Tongues, and at last the *Greek*; and to this Day the *Rabbinical Hebrew* is no where found but in the Writings of their *Rabbies*, and in some ancient Manuscripts of their Law; and whether any of those are now extant, which if they are, must be above 2200 Year old is very hard to determine. The Orthography then of every Language, as the Tongues in Use now are governed by received Custom, is so uncertain, that nothing can instruct the
Writing

Writing of those Languages, but a thorough learning and acquainting themselves with the Languages themselves, and the Customs and Usages which are allow'd in them.

IN this Difficulty we find the Writings or MSS. of divers Languages in *Europe*, not only written after a different Manner, but that the several Inhabitants spell those Languages, or several Words in them, after a different Manner from one another; and this I mean not of the unlearned Common People, for they seldom are able to spell their own Country Language, and oftentimes not to pronounce the Words of it, which is the Reason of so many different Brogues upon their Tongues, and of so many different Dialects in one and the same Speech, and even in one and the same Country: For Example,

THE Normans and Walloons in *France*, and the Gascoigns, between *France* and *Spain*, the People of *Bearn*, and the People of *Bretaign*; all of them have a different Way of Speaking, and some so different from the other, or from all the Rest, as not easily to understand one another, tho' the Language is still call'd *French*.

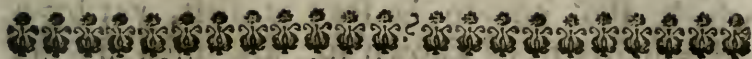
THE like it is in *Spain*, the *Biscayners* speak one Dialect, the *Castilians* another, the *Catalans* a third, and the *Navarrois* a fourth, the *Andalusians* a fifth, and yet all is call'd *Spanish*.

EVEN in *Italy* itself, as the *Italian* is a gross Mixture of Tongues, as well as a Corruption of the *Latin*, so what a Mixture of Dialects is there among them? The *Calabrians* speak one Kind of *Italian*, the *Genoeses* another, the *Savoyards* a third, and the *Venetians* a fourth.

NOR is this all, but the Writing of these Languages differs in itself from what it was in former Years: The Authors in *French* in the Time of *Charlemagne*, or in *English* in *Edward* the Confessor's Time, nay, and even to the Time of *Henry* the VII are scarce to be understood now, and their Words are called *old French* and *old English*. I might give Instances of the like Changes in all the Languages in *Europe*, they being all refin'd, and render'd more polite since those Times than they were then.

WITH all these Improvements the Orthography of the Languages has also taken its share, to the bettering of the Speech, and perhaps may be like to do the same in the Ages that are to come, Speech being still capable of farther Embellishments.

IT remains then, in order to close this Discourse, that we only enter a little upon the Manner of Pen and Ink Writing, and its several Usages, Improvements, and Excellencies in the World; the Beauties of it, and the Perfection it was brought to, till it received a fatal Baulk in the still more exquisite, tho' less difficult, Art of Printing: And tho' this will not require so laborious a Search into Antiquity; nor shall I have an occasion to quote so many, or indeed any, Authors for the Enquiry; yet there will be found a certain secret Excellence in the Art of Penmanship, which will never fail to recommend it to the Ingenious part of the World, and cause the Artists in it to be valued in all Countries, and in all Ages; of which in its Place.



PART VIII.

BEING now come to the Manner of Writing, and the Use and Improvement of it as an Art, I must, according to the Method of the Learned *Vossius*, observe, that there were antiently two Sorts of Writing, *Apertus* and *Opertus*; *Apertus*, or common and apparent, or *Opertus*, that is hidden and occult, or secret: I mention this to *Note*, that the latter of these, which some pretend to, as a rare or a new Discovery, as if it was born with them, and had no other Parent but in their ingenious Brain, as they would have it be thought, was yet as antient as the first Ages of Paper Writing; which I shall shew presently.

THIS occult Writing was at first used upon the Occasion of Publick Dispatches, and Business of Moment in the State only, and was called *Steganography*, being kept as a Secret among some particular Persons; and this was of two Sorts. (1) *Visible*, but written in unknown Figures or Characters; or new made Words, contrived on purpose for the Occasion; this *Steganography* we now call *Cypher*, of which all the Persons to or from whom such Writings are sent, must have the Counterpart, which in some Cases is call'd the *Key*, to write by, or read it by; This is as antient as Writing itself, and more antient than the Use of Paper. (2) The other Sort of occult or secret Writing, is *Invisible*, or unseen at first, being written with certain

Liquids compounded for that Purpose; and which, tho' not to be seen at first, yet by a certain Art to be known to, and used by the Person to whom it is written, shall be made to shew itself afterwards, as plain and visible as other Writings.

Of these Kinds there were several differing Sorts, as (1) Some that could not be seen by Daylight, being written with Water distill'd from *Nitre*, and putrified or rotten *Willows*; the Words written with which, would cast a Kind of light like the *Phosphorus*, and were only to be read in the dark: Others could not be read unless they were held up against a Candle, or against the Stars, and then were easily seen: Others might indeed be seen by Day, the Ink they were written with not requiring the Air to illuminate it; but then first it was necessary to use some other Preparation to joyn with, and fetch out to Sight, the Tinge or Colour of the first Writing, that is to say Earth, or Water, or Fire, or perhaps some of all these artfully mixt together.

SOME have written in this Manner with the milky Juice of the Herb *Tithymalus*, or *Sea-Thistle*, which is also by our Simplers call'd the *Milk-Thistle*, of which *Pliny* speaks in his *Natural History*, lib. xxvi. cap. viii. Others have found the Milk of some living Creatures that would perform the same Operation; others with the Fat or Oil of Bodies of Animals; others with Urine, or with some Gums, which mixt with the Tallow or Fat of the Creatures would do the same thing: All which Kinds of Writings were not visible when plain and unmixt, the Substance of them lay on the Surface of the Paper, but were thus discover'd:

viz.

viz. The Person who was to read them was to sprinkle some fine Dust or Sand upon them, colour'd or ting'd with black or red, and that Dust lodging upon the Writing, which was soft and glutinous, but not on the Intervals of the Paper, which were clean and dry, would thereby discover the Writing to the Eye.

OTHERS of these secret Writings were done with *Allom*, or with *Vitriol*, and these had another particular Quality, namely, that being at first perfectly conceal'd and invisible, they were to be dipt in Water, or in Wine prepared by Art for that purpose, before they could be read; and some again of these could not be read unless dipt in Water prepar'd with *Quicksilver* or *Mercury*.

FOR some of these Compositions Fire was necessary to be used to make the Letters appear, and make them legible; as when the Ink or Liquid they wrote with was made of the Juices drawn from *Lemons* or *Citrons*, *Onions*, *Cherries*, the Herb *Cyclamen*, or other acid Fruits or Plants, which tinge or contact the Surface of the Paper, and which by the help of Fire are made apparent; of all these artificial Ways of Writing, and of many other, we have a full Account, *Apud Jo. Baptistam Portam Neapolitanum*, lib. xvi. *Mag. Nat.*

THE visible Writing requires no Art to describe the Subject of it; sufficient has been said already: It consists either of Letters or Marks call'd *Notæ*; of the last I have spoken already, what remains relates to the various Kinds of Letters. The Kinds which we best know are the *Hebrew*, the *Chaldee*, or *Syriack*, or *Arabick*, which differ little from one another; the *Greek*, which differs from all the rest.

and the *Latin* or *European*. This *Latin* or *European*, which is best known to us, is divided in its several Characters, tho' with very little Difference in the *Alphabet*, such as the *Roman*, the *Italick*, and the *Gothick*; these (since Printing was invented) are more particularly distinguish'd; but were, even when all Things were written by the Pen, distinguish'd into the *Roman*, and the *Italian*, and the *Text-hand*; of which we shall speak again in their Places.

THERE were other Characters in former Times, in Use in this very Country, and some are still remaining, which are scarce legible to us, and yet are establish'd upon the *Roman Alphabet*, such as the *Saxon* and the *Irish*; the last is still in use among the Highlanders of *Scotland*, and the *Bible* is printed in that Character, which none but themselves can read. But it would be endless to enter here into the several Characters which have been written in *England*, and which have been written in other Countries also, which are now obsolete and almost forgotten; 'tis enough to observe that there were excellent Writers in all these Times, who wrote those Characters in a manner so fine and so exact, that no Writers can be found in our Time that can equal them, much less outdo them; and some antient Manuscripts show still the Remains of the excellent Writers of those Ages.

ESPECIALLY in the Text-writing or *Gothick*, of which some ancient Manuscripts are still to be seen, done with such Exactness, and with such exquisite Art, as nothing can come up to them (that I can meet with) in this Age; and tho' there are some very good Artists still in the World, and who are great Masters
of

of Penmanship, especially in other Hands, *as we call them*, yet nothing excels them: There is also Writing by Engravement, performed by a Tool. This is an Incision upon brass or copper Plates, and is an Art of another Kind, and will come under our Consideration when we speak of Printing, Stamping, or Impressing, which is a Work by itself.

As we have several Kinds of Writing the same Characters in our ordinary Way, so we have a singular Way of expressing the Difference by the Word *Hand*; it is true that Writing is an Art or Operation more particularly perform'd by the Hand; but to call it by that as a Sirname, and to make the Word *Hand* be a Term of Art, as it is ungrammatical, so it must be confess'd 'tis without Example or Authority: The Absurdity is apparent from the following Accident in Story, which there are many living Witnesses at this Time to prove the Truth of.

‘ There was a famous Fellow went about
 ‘ this Island to shew himself for Money, who
 ‘ was a *German*, or rather a *Swiss* by Birth,
 ‘ named *Buchinger*, who not only had no
 ‘ Hands, but no Arms, and was born so, his
 ‘ Body being entirely smooth in the Places
 ‘ where ordinarily the Arms of Children may
 ‘ be said to grow; now this Man had by many
 ‘ Years Practice, and I suppose a very early
 ‘ Application, brought the Joynt of his Knees
 ‘ to be so supple, that, contrary to the Usage
 ‘ natural to our Bodies, he could turn them any
 ‘ way, and could as easily turn his Leg to a
 ‘ perpendicular Position upwards, as we all
 ‘ turn our Legs downwards to bear the Weight

of our Bodies when we walk, at the same time preserving the ordinary Situation also for the immediate Use of his Feet, to step, walk, leap, run, or other Exercises proper for the Leg to perform.

By this Usage of the Joynts of his Knees, he could without any Difficulty turn up his Foot, and by the help of his Toes, which were also become as tractable as Fingers, I had almost said as handy as Fingers, he would pull off his Hat, scratch or comb his Head, wash his Face, take any Thing out of his Pockets, use a Sword, (handle a Sword I was going to say) fire a Gun, nay fence and fight, and we were told he kill'd a Man with a Sword; and by what they call fair-Fencing or Fighting, tho' that I do not believe; among the rest of his Performances he wrote very well, and that in several Languages, and several Characters: Now as this was perform'd with the Foot, it would be a gross Impropriety to say he wrote a very good Foot, and yet 'twas as absur'd to say he wrote a good HAND.

BUT Custom has legitimated this Way of Speaking in *English*, tho' it is not so express'd in any other Language, as I meet with, in the World: However I must be allow'd to follow the Usage of our Country in Speech, and after this Account given of my Thoughts about it, I can bear no Part of the blame, or be quoted as an Authority to any one else.

PART IX.

IN speaking of the Manner of Writing in a stricter Sense, I confine my self to the *European* Writing; for of the Writing in the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, or *Arabick* Tongues, there is now no Room so much as to speak, except it be to note the miserable Degeneracy of the Writers in those Countrys; occasioned, principally, by their Discouragements in all Science, and Arts in the Parts of the World which are now over-run by the *Turks*: But of that, in its Place. I say, I am now confin'd to discourse of the several Usages of the Pen in the Christian World, and more especially in *England*, where the Art of Writing is carried to the highest Perfection of any Part of the Globe; not the *Dutch* excepted, tho' the *Dutch* really write very well too.

IN *England* we divide our Manner of Writing into several Hands; and these we give several Names to, all with the Addition of the Word *HAND*, as a general Term of Art; such as *Text-Hand*, *Court-Hand*, *Italian-Hand*, *Round-Hand*, *Running-Hand*, and the like: Mixt with these are a *Text Italian-Hand*, and the *Lawyers Hand*; add the *Ingrossing Hand*, which is, indeed, but a kind of *Text*, and that, in General is a Kind of *Gothick*, which had its Original from the *German*, or *High Dutch* Way of Writing, who, to this Day, print all their Books in that Character.

BEFORE

BEFORE I come to speak of the ordinary Writing, or the Writing the ordinary Hands used in *England*, I must mention Two Extraordinary: One is particular to the Lawyers, and has its Usage only in the Proceedings in our Courts of Justice, and from thence is called *Court-Hand*. As our Laws, since the Conquest, were usually written in the *French* Tongue; some would have it, that the Court-hand was also introduc'd by the *French*; but as we have no Authority for saying so, and do not find that the *French*, or, indeed, any other Nation use any such Writing, so I shall not do it the Honour of so much Antiquity; and if the Gentlemen of the Long Robe would bear with me for using so much Freedom with them, I should rather say it was a Kind of Cant in Writing, such as the Gypsies and Thieves are said to use in Speaking to amuse; and tho' I do by no means compare the Gentlemen of the Law with those People I last mentioned, yet the Reason of the Thing might be just the same.

THE Lawyers, perhaps, found it necessary that their Clients should not always be too knowing in their Proceedings, and in the Particulars of the Methods they took in Solliciting; also the Law Terms, used in their Indictments and Declarations, were Things, which for sundry and various Reasons, the Lawyers were unwilling their Clients should so well understand as themselves. There may be other Reasons given also why this Hand was made use of, but who invented it at first we have no Account of.

As for Tachygraphy, or Short Writing, it has been suppos'd to be a modern Invention, and first found out by our *Sermon Writers*, a few Years since, when Writing Sermons from the Mouths

Mouths of the Preachers was first in Use in England: But there are good Reasons to believe, that this Way of Writing was in use among the *Romans* also, and that the Speeches of their Orators, their funeral Orationis, and their Pleadings at their Tribunals were, often, if not always, taken in Writing from their Mouths by the Artists in this way of Writing, which was then call'd Writing by Notes or Marks, and probably this may be understood in the Scripture by what is call'd, *The Pen of a ready Writer*. We have, indeed, no Remains of the Characters which they made Use of in those Times, nor do we see any such Writing as that we call *Short Hand* among the Nations round us; and those who first invented the present *Short Hand* which we now practise, doubtless are to be esteemed as Men of Merit, because they first formed it into a perfect System of Art, and placing the Vowels in a Circular, or rather a Semicircular Position about the Consonants, made the Connexion so exact, that they could not only write Short, but read what one another Wrote, which in other Short Hands could not be done.

By this Art the Tongue has indeed been outstript by the Hand, and I have seen some who have been able to write faster than Men ordinarily speak; by which means Speeches in publick Auditories, Pleadings on Eminent Trials, Speeches at the Places of Execution, and many valuable Things which would otherwise have been lost to the World, have been preserved, even unknown to the Speakers themselves.

THIS Invention, as it is in most such Cases, has been followed with many others, pretending

ing to improve it; but it may be said, what is not often said of any Inventors, or Inventions, (*viz.*) that the first has been the best, and that no Improver has gone beyond them or perhaps ever will.

THERE seems, indeed, to be less Occasion now for this Art than ever was in *England*, and the Occasion lessens every Day, for as to *Sermon Writing*, that is quite laid aside, (*as Sermon Hearing indeed seems also likely to be in a little more Time*;) and as to Trials in extraordinary Cases, and Speeches, People have so often been reprov'd for Writing on such Occasions, and put out of the Courts and Places where they have attempted it, that this also seems to be left of; and as to Dying Speeches, Dying Men have been so often injured by the false and imperfect Accounts given from those that have pretended to write from their Mouths, that such People generally give (what they design to say) in Writing to the Sheriff or Officer, appointed to attend the Execution, and desire it may be made Publick; leaving Coppies with some of their Relations, in order to be sure that nothing should be added, or omitted, and so that no Wrong be done them.

THESE Things, I say, make this Art of Short Writing, or as tis commonly call'd writing *Short Hand*, grow out of Use in *England*, and as for *Scotland*, I scarce ever met with any that understood it there, neither in *France* nor in *Spain*.

THERE is another Art or Method of Writing which has been of very antient Usage, and tho' it is not now much in use, yet we have the Equivalent to it now, which we call a Cypher, and they are indeed the same thing that
the

the Antients call'd *Steganography*, as above. I shall give a brief Account of this Way of Writing here, and dismiss it at once, for it has no great matter in it to make it worth while to dwell on, for any long time.

W STEGANOGRAPHY is the Art of writing Secrets, so as that none but the Party, to whom they are address'd, shall be able to read or understand them, the Word it self signifying Writing that is to be cover'd or concealed; and though this Art were known amongst the Antients, yet it seems that *Trithemius* was the first that set down the Rules of it, which he hath perform'd, not only in his six Books of *Polygraphy*, but more especially, in his famous Treatise of *Steganography* which has made so much Noise in the World. Now though his Design was, in part, to reveal this useful Secret, yet was he not willing to make it indifferently intelligible to all Sorts of Persons; his End being only to instruct the Learned, and the Ministers of State; and, therefore, to deter the common People from reading his Books, he pretended to a Familiarity with evil Spirits, and made use of some strange Bastard *Hebrew* Names, such as *Pamersiel*, *Camuel*, &c. which though he only used to illustrate the Method of this Art, yet was the good Abbot, upon this Account, suspected to be a Magician; and notwithstanding all the Endeavours that *Trithemius* used to vindicate himself, his Slanderers have endeavoured, and that with some Success, to make his *Steganography* pass in the World for a Piece full of Superstition and unlawful Magick: However there have not been wanting many learned Men who have undertaken to defend *Trithemius*, and to improve the
Art

Art he had publish'd. The most Illustrious of these Apologists was the Duke of *Lunenburgh*, who caus'd a Book on this Subject to be printed, call'd *Cryptography*, i. e. A hidden Way of Writing, in 1624. The famous *Caramuel* also publish'd his *Steganography* at *Bruxels*, afterwards at *Collen*, in 1635, which is nothing else but an Explication of *Trithemius* his *Steganography*, and of the *Clavicula* of *Solomon* the German. Father *Gaspar Schottus*, a Jesuit, publish'd also, in 1685, his *Schola Steganographica*, wherein he defends the good Abbot; and last of all, about twenty five Years ago, one *Wolfgangus Ernestus Heidelius* hath written a Commentary upon *Trithemius* his *Steganography*, where he sets down many new Ways of disguising one's Meaning in a Letter, by the means of Variety of Characters, with many ingenious Principles for the improving of this Art, *Vid. G. Caramuel in Cursu liberali. Baillet Jugemens Des sçavans.*

COME next to speak of the Art of Writing as it is now practis'd in *England*; and here, I must confess, it is a terrible Satyr upon our Nation, to reflect how sorrily, not to say sordidly, most People, in our Country, write their own Mother-tongue, and especially how they spell it: And tis a little hard, that before I mention any Thing of the good Writing among us, in which our Artists, at this Time, excel most of the Nations in *Europe*, we must speak a little too of the scandalous Negligence of almost all our People, and especially the Gentry and People out of Trade, in teaching their Children to write; Inasmuch that, in some, the greater and higher the Quality of Persons be, the worse, generally speaking they

they may be found to write; as if Writing, which is one of the most essential Parts of Education, was grown useless or obsolete, and out of fashion, and that it was no Scandal to be Ignorant of it.

I HAVE not, indeed, critically examin'd how it is in other Countries; having, however, seen the missive Letters and publick Acts of many Nations; and this I speak upon the Foot of what I have so seen of the other Kind from abroad: Namely, that many Nations write worse than the *English*, but none spell worse or so ill. I have seen some publick Writings in the *French* and in the *Spanish* Tongues very curiously written; and the *Biscayners* in *Spain* are accounted excellent Penmen: And though both these Nations, especially the *French*, have more difficult Spelling, though not more difficult Pronouncing than the *English*; yet none of them that I have met with, spell their Words so Ill, or are, in general, so Ignorant in the Orthography of their Speech as the *English*.

It would be too much a Satyr upon our Education in *England* to enter into the Reason of this, or examine why our Gentry so generally, (and the Women universally) spell our Language so ill, or as it rather should be said, cannot spell it at all.

BUT to come back to the Work of Writing, (as now in use) it is perform'd (1.) by the Hand, Writing with the Instrument call'd a Pen, and upon Paper, or Parchment, and Vellum; or (2.) by a Graving or Carving Tool, or Instrument: This indeed follows the Pen, and performs very curious Things, by Engraving in Copper or Brass, which is afterwards made capable of Impressing the Letters on Paper by an Engine, which

which some call Printing, tho' perform'd after a different Manner from the ordinary Way of Printing; the Engine it is wrought with is called the *Rolling-Press*.

Now in these several Methods of Writing, the Ingenious Masters of this Art, have invented several shaped Characters, or rather Methods of making the Characters by which they write, these are, as I observ'd before, ordinarily, but very improperly, call'd *HANDS*; from whence Men are said to write such or such a Hand: And our Writing Masters generally write over their Doors, *Here are Taught all the Hands used in England*: These several Hands are ordinarily call'd, as follows,

Round Hand,
Italian Hand,
Text Hand Small,
Court Hand,
Text Italian,
Running Hand,
Large Text,
Short Hand.

THESE, in the Printing Art, are call'd by differing Names, and those Names again multiplied according to the Size of the Letters, or Types, in which each of them are expressed; and with some particular modern Names also occasion'd by the extraordinary Performance of some modern Founders of Letters, which have made finer and more curious Types or Letters than what had been made before. The general Names are thus,

Roman

	Capital Roman,
	Great Primer,
	English,
	Pica,
Roman and under	Small Pica,
this Denomination.	Small Primer,
	Long Primer,
	Brevier,
	Non Parreil,
	Elziver.

Italick answerable to all the several Sizes of the Roman Types abovementioned; and bearing the Addition of their Names, as *Italick Capitals*, *English Italick*, and the like.

Gothick, among which the Roman is used in proper Names, as the *Italicks* are among the Roman Letters.

IN writing the several Hands; mentioned above, there is certainly requir'd different Art; and several Masters are particularly skilful, and excel in one, more than another Way of Writing; as some excel in one Hand, some in another.

It is needless to give Specimens here of the several Hands now in Use, and mentioned as above: The ordinary Copy-books, publish'd for the Teaching the Art of Writing, are compleat Directions in this Case; and some of them are Testimonies of the most exquisite Performances of the Masters concern'd; to which I refer.

BUT as, since the Art of Printing has been invented, the laborious part of Writing is taken

ken off, and the Copying or Writing of Books is at an End; so neither is the Writing itself so embellish'd by Art as in former Times, nor are the Artists so innumerable many as before: But the *Printing Art* has out-run the Pen, and may pass for the greatest Improvement of its Kind in the World.

LEARNING, in particular, is infinitely beholding to it by the spreading of useful Knowledge in the World, and making the Accession to it cheap and easy: For not to speak of the Difficulty of Writing, and the Number of Hands that must be employ'd about it, 'tis most certain the Price of Books must infinitely have exceeded what it is now; and as in Trade it is a received Maxim, that Cheapness causes Consumption, so here Cheapness causing now the spreading and extending of Books, its contrary (Dearness) must have lessen'd and restrain'd it; consequently Knowledge, without it had been under greater Limitations and Restrictions, and the most useful Branches of Science had been much more hid and conceal'd; the Knowledge of History and Geography (to launch out into no more Particulars) to how few Ears wou'd it have reach'd, and how few People wou'd have known what had been done in the World?

How little a Way wou'd the Fame of the greatest Heroe have reach'd? The Noise of a Victory would have scarce been heard farther than the Noise of the Cannon; much less could Things have continued in Time, longer than the Memory of the Persons concern'd wou'd preserve them, or that most corrupting multiplying Usage of Tradition have convey'd them;

them; of which already we see so many fatal Effects, and by which Things of the greatest Moment done as it were but Yesterday, that is to say, within the Compass of two or three Ages, turn into Fable and Romance: Scoundrels are made Heroes, and Heroes are made Gods; for so no doubt the Deifying the first Tyrants of the World, such as *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, *Bacchus*, and *Mercury*, and *Belus* (or *Baal*) came about. Thus again the Memory of Wise Men has been handed down to Posterity, as of Monsters; and of Learned Men, as of Wizards, and afterwards as of Devils: Thus *Atlas*, said to carry the World on his Shoulders, is made a Giant carrying that load (the *Globe*) upon his Back; and *Prometheus*, a Giant, chain'd down upon Mount *Caucasus*, with a Vulture gnawing his Liver, and condemn'd to that Fate by *Jupiter* for stealing Fire from the Sun to put Life into his Man of Clay which he had made; all which was no more than this, That *Atlas* by his Wisdom and Knowledge instructed the whole World in the Knowledge of Things, and gave them just Rules for Government, whereby he might be said to bear the Weight of the World's management upon his Shoulders; and that *Prometheus* was so studious for the general Good of Mankind, that he brought Light and Life from Heaven into their Souls; and was so intent upon his Studies of the heavenly Bodies, that lying on the Ground whole Nights together upon Mount *Caucasus* (where he liv'd) the better to observe the Motions of the Stars, he contracted Diseases which eat into his Vitals, and brought him into a Consumption, prey-

ing upon his Liver, and destroy'd him. The like of *Dadalus* and *Icarus*, and his making Wings to fly in the Air, which was no more than his inventing Sails for Boats and Ships to sail upon the Sea; and the like.

THESE Things have been the Effect of the Want of Letters, and of the Art of Writing; and the like wou'd be the Effect, and that notwithstanding the Knowledge of both, if the Art of Printing had not follow'd, to make what was written diffusive, by the Multitude and Cheapness of Books.

THE Effect of the Want of this is plain, in the Difficulty it has been to the World to preserve authentick Copies of the Histories of Things done in former Ages, and of Ascertaining the Integrity of those Copies we have.

How few, and those how uncertain, are the Accounts left us of Antiquity, and how little do we know compar'd to what might have been known, of the History of the early Ages of the World? What an inestimable Loss was the burning of the Library of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, at *Alexandria*? wherein, if the whole Story be not fabulous, was 700,000 Volumes, that is to say. Rolls, or Tables, or Bundles of *Papirij* Manuscripts.

NAY such was the Fate of Things, that, if we are not misinform'd, in the Reign of good *Josiah*, there was but one Copy of God's Law left in the whole World, and it was next to a Miracle, that the same Calamity, namely, the idolatrous wicked Doings of *Manasseh* his Father had not destroy'd that one; so that, in short, if that one Copy had not been extant, the whole *Levitical* Institution had been lost,
and

and we had never known what the Laws of *Moses* were to this Day.

BUT to come nearer; How many noble Works have since that time been lost, as particularly several Books of *Livy's Roman History* are not found; and how ill are they supply'd? And how few Historians are there that record the great Actions of the Heroes of that Age? Not a Man that has given any particular Relation of the greatest Actions of *Julius Cæsar*, but his own Commentaries; which are short to a Fault; the Beginning of the greatest Battles are scarce told, but the End follows, they began to fight so and so, and then the Enemy were beaten, &c.

Of all the Wars of *Alexander*, *Quintus Curtius's* Abridgements conclude the whole; the Siege of *Troy*, were it unsung by *Homer*, what shou'd we have known of it? And even now we scarce know whether it is a History, or that Ballad-Singers Fable to get a Penny!

How are the Books of the *Sibyls* lost, and the Histories of all the rest of the World, after the Declining of the *Roman Empire*? How imperfect is Antiquity in all those Things?

HAD Printing been in Use in the flourishing Times of *Augustus Cæsar*, when the World was full of the politeſt Writers; and in the Times of the other Emperors, when Learning had all possible Encouragement; how many noble Authors shou'd we have had recording the particular Histories, and some the Annals and Chronicles of those Ages, besides a *Livy* and a *Salust*, and two or three more, upon whom we are left to depend for all that we can learn of those Times?

How many *Virgils*, and *Juvenals*, and *Lucans*, and *Ovids*, shou'd we have seen instead of these few, in a Time when Poetry was arriv'd to so correct, and so justly admir'd a Perfection? Instead of which, how few are all the Writers of those Ages? not a Moralist among the *Greeks* but *Plutarch*, or among the *Latines* but *Seneca* and *Cicero*, and two or three more.

A G A I N, Since the Times of Christianity, How many of the Writings of the most antient Fathers have been lost? Whence is it become a Doubt among us, Whether *St. Peter* was at *Rome* or no, and who, and who were the real Successors in the Papal Chair? Can it be conceiv'd, that if Printing had been in Use, the Writings of those Times, would not have been preserv'd? Manuscripts were easily suppress'd, and once lost never recover'd; Where are the Journals of all the famous Councils and the Speeches of orthodox Heroes of the Church in the primitive Times? Among the Collections we have, how often is it said with a Note of Lamentation, *Such and such Things are lost?*

N A Y to this Day, How valued, rather, how invaluable is an antient Manuscript esteem'd; and what Rarities do we count them for preserving History and Chronology? Much of the History and Chronology of the World, is only preserved in old Coins and Medals, Busts and Inscriptions, Altars and Monuments, dug out of the Earth, and pickt up in the ruinous Heaps of demolish'd Towns and Castles.

B U T, in one Word, when the Writings of the Moderns have not one thousandth
Part

Part of the Weight in them, no not even the best of them, we have a Method, by which a Work once printed is scarce ever lost.

IT is true, that Books printed sometimes become scarce, and as we call it, out of Print, and sometimes are quite lost; and we think many such were lost (with respect to our *British* Affairs) in the Destruction of Abbeyes and Monastries in *England* and *Scotland*, also in the first Heats of the Reformation, and perhaps in our Civil Wars; no doubt some very valuable Manuscripts were lost; and in particular those relating to Antiquity, and the first Times of Christianity in this Nation; for Example, the several Translations of the Bible, and Writings of the first Reformers were lost in the Persecutions which follow'd; we see nothing of *Wicklif's* Writings, or any of the Fathers of the Reformation, except a few of old *Latimer's* Sermons left among us, tho' we are assur'd they wrote and printed many Thousands; even *Tindal's* Translation of the Bible is not to be had, except in some extraordinary Libraries.

I COULD run this Remark out into many Particulars reaching even to the holy Scriptures and the sacred Writings of the Apostles themselves, many of which, 'tis believ'd, are entirely lost in the World.

BUT to bring it down to the Case, Such is the excellency of the Art of Printing, that every Thing worth recording in the World, is now so secur'd, that it may almost be said, it cannot be lost, and perhaps may never till the general Conflagration,

THE Easiness of the Performance makes the Books printed now so cheap, that the meanest and poorest People that have any Thing more than just to subsist them, may purchase Books for needful Use; so that whether Sacred or Prophane, the Knowledge of Things spreads, as far as the World is inhabited with Creatures that can read.

THIS Art of Printing was said to be found out at *Harlem* in *Holland*, but was either carry'd from thence to, or first invented at *Mentz* in *Germany*: They speak of it as something wonderful, that Printing was invented by a Man of Arms, [*Soldier*,] and Gunpowder by a Man of Letters, [*Monk*,] all that is to be said of that, is, that was a learned Soldier, and this a Chymist, or chymical Fryer, or Monk; neither of which hath any Thing wonderful in it.

IT is not to my Purpose here, to enter into a large History of the Art of Printing, or into the particular Improvements of it in the several Ages since its Invention; But the following Abridgement of both I think needful to the present Purpose, and agreeable to the Design.

IT was invented by *Lawrenzs Janzs Coffer* a Soldier at *Harlem*: This I find recorded in the Town Register there, in the Year 1430. The first Operation, it seems, was perform'd by Pieces of Wood, on which the Words to be impress'd were first cut with a carving Tool, and the Impression was easily made, by laying it hard on upon the Paper, just in the same manner as our Callico Printers practise at this Day; and by this Means he printed not one
Letter

Letter or one Word at a time, but a Line, or Paragraph; nay at last he came so far as to print a whole Page at a stroke.

BUT finding this not to answer, except in small Things, which contain'd no more than what one of his Pieces of Wood cou'd likewise contain, he set his Invention at work, and found out a Way to cut the Mould of a Letter in Steel, and by that cast the Type, or Letter itself, in the same manner as is now practis'd by the Letter Founders; nor has any better Method been ever found out since, or I believe can be.

J. O. H. N. Guttenburgh was Comrade to this *Coster*, and having seen all his Methods, and made himself Master of the Performance, stole away his Tools, and went with them to *Mentz* in *Germany*; where having nothing to do, but to set them up and go to work, whereas *Coster* had every Thing to make over again, he (*Guttenburgh*) got to work a great while before *Coster* could be ready, and so obtain'd the Fame of being the first Inventor.

TO prove this they tell us, That one *Rabbi Joseph*, a Jew, in a Chronicle (of his Writing) of *Germany*, mentions a printed Book which he saw in the Year of the World 5288; that is of our reckoning 1428; as may be seen in *Scriverius*: Upon the whole *Guttenburgh* carry'd the Honour of the first Inventor in *Germany*, and *Coster* in *Holland*, each Country contending for their Countryman. Both it seems agree, that *Tully's Offices* was the first Book ever printed by this Art, printed in the Year 1465; this is said to be printed

by

by one *John Faustus* assistant to *Guttenburgh*, as is mention'd by a *N. B.* in that Copy of *Tully* of the first Impression, which is now to be seen in the *Bodleian Library* in *Oxon*.

BE it which it will, *Coster*, or *Guttenburgh*, about that Time the Way of Printing began in the World, which is not full 300 Years ago, how wonderfully it is improv'd and encreas'd since that Time we are all Witnesses; it seems it came very early to be practis'd in *England*; for *Henry VI.* or *Boucher* Archbishop of *Canterbury* rather, in *Henry VI.*'s Time, sent over two Men to *Harlem* to learn this Art; The Men sent were *William Turner*, Master of the King's Robes, and *William Caxton*, Merchant; These managed so well that they privately prevail'd with *Fredrick Corfelies*, one of *Coster's* Workmen, to whom he had taught the Art, to come over with them to *England*, having, it seems, brib'd him with a good Sum of Money: Having succeeded thus happily, they brought him to *Oxford*, where he set up a Printing-house; and this they tell us was in the Year 1467; and there is a Treatise of *Rufinus* now to be seen, printed on a broad unshapen Octavo, in the Year 1468, about three Years after the *German Edition* of *Tully's Offices* mention'd above.

THE first Book ever printed, as *Tully* in particular, is on Vellum, but the Book of *Rufinus* is upon Paper; for about the same Time, namely, in the Year 1417, the Making of Paper was invented, and first found out at *Bazle* in *Switzerland*, by *Anthony* and *Michael Galicion*, two *Greeks*, and this soon spread every

every where, the Art itself not being so difficult as that of Printing had been.

FROM *Oxford* the Printing-Press came to *London*, Anno 1471, tho' *Moxon* in his Art of Printing says, the first Book printed in *London* was in 1480, when also it began to be practis'd in *France*, *Germany*, and other remote Countries.

IN the Library at *Bennet's College*, *Cambridge*, is a very antient printed Book, said to be done the most antient of any, and to be the Work of *Coster*, at *Harlem*: It is printed but on one Side of the Leaf; the Letters are plainly cut in Wood, not set and compos'd by Letters cast in Metal, as is now perform'd; and it is wrought not with Printing-Ink, but with the ordinary Writing-Ink, tho' very good; but there is no Imprimatur, so that we neither know the Time when, or the Place where it was performed.

BUT there are many Proofs for the Priority of *Coster* to *Guttenburgh*; and that in particular, that we have no Book printed by the latter before *Tully's Offices*, which were not printed till the Year 1465; whereas *Faustus*, who was first a Servant to *Coster*, printed a Psalter, and another Book entitul'd, *Alexandri Doctrinale cum Petri Hispani Tractatibus*, dated 1442.

THIS Art was so great a Surprize to the World, at its first being publish'd, that this *John Faustus* coming to *Paris*, and offering to sell some printed Testaments, or Psalters there, as if they had been Manuscripts; some of the learned Men, viewing the exact conformity of them one with another, even to a
Line,

Line, a Word, a Letter, nay to a Speck; and not able to imagine which Way it was possible, and that none of their Scribes could do the like; took up *Faustus*, declar'd he was a Wizard, and a Magician, and that he dealt with the Devil, and order'd him to be prosecuted as such; thus putting him in Fear of his Life, they got the Art out of him; and this it seems is the Original of that so famous Story of Dr. *John Faustus*, or *Foster*, a *High-German* Conjur'er.

A B O U T the same Time, very happily for the propagating the Invention of Printing, the Invention of Paper-making started into the World, as it were on purpose to go hand in hand with the Press; it was invented, as I have said, at *Basil*, in the Year 1417, by *Michael* and *Anthony Galicion*, and was presently improv'd to a great Perfection.

S O M E think that this Paper, made at *Basil*, was made of Flax, not of Linen Rags: The two Brothers, who contriv'd it, were *Greeks*, who fled out of their Country after *Constantinople* was besieg'd by the *Turks*: But this does not agree with the Year, it seems it was an Imitation of the Cotton Paper used in the *Levant*.

C E R T A I N it is, That Cotton Paper has been of very antient Use in the *East*, there being in the *Bodleian* Library an *Arabick* Manuscript among those the University bought of Dr. *Huntingdon*, written in the four hundred and twenty seventh Year of the *Hegira*, which is *Anno. Dom.* 1049, on this Paper, and some there are without Dates, which seem older.

A N D

AND as for the Linnen Rag Paper, it must be much older than 1425; for in the Archives of the Library of the Dean and Chapter of *Canterbury*, there is an Inventory on our Paper of the Goods of *Henry Prior*, of *Christ's-Church* there; that is dated in the twentieth Year of *Edward the Third*, which is *Anno Dom. 1346*; and in the *Cotton Library* are several Writings on our Paper, as high, at least, as the fifteenth Year of *Edward the Third*.

SOME think the Rolling Press was invented by *Lipsius*. But there is a printed Book in the *Bodleian Library*, placed *Land*, page 128, being a *Missale secundum usum Eccles. Herbipolensis*, that is, *Wurtzburgh in Germany*. At the Beginning of this Book is an Instrument of *Rodulfus* the Archbishop of this Church, containing the Reason of the Publication of this *Missale*; and instead of a Seal there is annexed a Print, Engraven, of the Arms of the See, &c. very finely done (for that Time, for it was before *Purer*) and on which are evident Marks of the Pressure by the Plate, with some Touches of Ink at the Edges, which they that have seen it judge to be the plain Marks of its being done, or wrought off in a Rolling Press, and there are sufficient Reasons to prove that this Book is as antient as 1481.

THE next Form of Printing at *Harlem*, was by cutting whole Forms of Wood from Manuscripts exactly written, and without Pictures; such perhaps was the *Donatus*, which might bear Date about 1450, some say

say 1440; *This appears plain* (saith Mr. Bagford) *from Copy Books which we have seen printed at Rome, Venice, Switzerland, and England, as high as 1500.*

THE third Way of Printing was with single Types made of Wood, but who invented this is not known: It was at first esteemed so great a Rarity, that the Printers carried about their Letters in Bags at their Backs, and got Money at great Mens Houses, by Printing the Names of the Family, Epitaphs, Songs, and other small Pamphlets:

THE fourth Improvement of this noble Art was the Invention of single Types made of Metal, which is owing to *Peter Scheffer*, above mentioned, first Servant, and then Son-in-Law to *Faufus*, who worked at *Mentz*; sometimes you have the Names of these two Men printed at the End of their Books, and sometimes not, sometimes with Dates as high as the Year 1457, and as low as 1490.

BUT to return to the Subject of Writing, with which I shall conclude.

HAD Writing only been the Way of Publishing in this Learned bookish Age, I believe I may venture to say, that Writing wou'd necessarily employ as many Hands as the Woollen Manufacture, and would as much have deserv'd the Name of a Manufacture; that is to say, upon a Supposition, that the Number of Books shou'd be as great, and the Itch of writing

ing Books as strong as it is now. Of the Manner, Excellencies, and Improvement, of this excellent Art, and what it may yet be farther capable of with mathematical Rules for exact Writing; having no room to enter upon it here, I may discourse of at large hereafter in a Work by itself.

F I N I S.



ing House as strong as it is now. Of the
 manner, I will not say, and improvement, of
 this excellent Act, and what it may yet
 be able to accomplish, and what it may be
 able to do, I will not say, leaving no room
 to doubt, that it will be very successful
 of it, and I will not say, that it will be



PROPOSALS

For PRINTING,

HERMATHENÆ:

O R,

ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY
MORAL EMBLEMS,

AND

Ethnick TALES.

With NOTES,

Explaining the more difficult Passages in *Divinity*,
Philosophy, *History*, *Muthology*, &c.

Necessary for the Imprinting RELIGION, VIRTUE, and a
Knowledge of ANTIQUITY, in the Minds of YOUTH,
and Others who have neither Time nor Opportunity for
deeper and more particular Enquiries.

By FRA. TOLSON,

*Vicar of Easton-Maudit, in the County of Northampton,
and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Suffex.*

Respicere Exemplar Vitæ, Morumq; jubebo.

HOR. de Arte Po.

The CONDITIONS.

I. **T**HAT this Work shall be printed in two Volumes, *Octavo* Royal, and contain 120 *Emblems*, making, with the *Notes*, above 400 Pages, each *Emblem* to be curiously engraved on a Copper-Plate, besides the *Frontispiece*, and printed in the same Manner as the Specimen hereto annex'd.

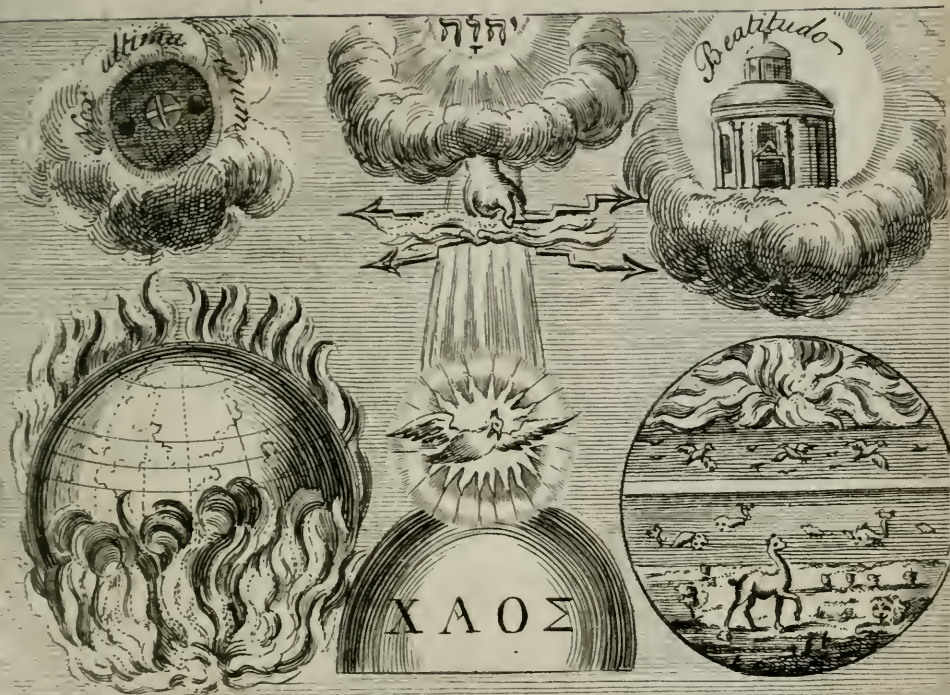
II. That the Price of each Volume, *neatly bound in Calf*, to Subscribers will be Six Shillings and Six-pence, Three Shillings and Six-pence whereof to be paid at the Time of Subscribing for each Volume, and Three Shillings more on the Delivery of each perfect, the first being proposed to be publish'd in six Months from the Date hereof, the Work being already in great Forwardness.

III. That those who subscribe for six, shall have a Seventh *gratis*.

IV. That a Number will be printed on an exceeding fine *Imperial* Paper, at Double the Price.

V. That a List of the Subscribers will be Alphabetically printed in the Beginning of this Work.

PROPOSALS are deliver'd, and SUBSCRIPTIONS taken in, by Mr. *Hitch* in *Pater-noster-Row*; Mr. *Rivington* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*; *R. Ware* in *Amen-Corner*; *Joseph Hazard* near *Stationers-Hall*; *William and Cluer Dicey* in *Bow Church-Yard, London*, and at the Printing-Offices of *Gloucester, Stamford, and Northampton*; Mr. *Thomas Hammond*, and Mr. *Mancklin*, Booksellers, in *York*; Mr. *Inman* of *Doncaster*; Mr. *Richard Cook* of *Carlisle*; *J. Smith* of *Daventry*; *C. Ratten* of *Harborough*; *J. Ratten* of *Coventry*; *T. Warren* of *Birmingham*; *S. Martin*, and *G. Brice*, Booksellers in *Leicester*; *J. Cook* of *Uppingham*; and by most Booksellers in *England*.



EMBLEM V.

Creation and Consummation of WORLDS.

WHEN first the (a) *Breath of Heav'n* was sent
 (Abroad,
 Th'enliv'n'd (b) *CHAOS* became full of *GOD*;
 His Power Omnipotent that Mass obey'd,
 And thence these Worlds with all their Hosts were
 (made;
 Earth, Seas, and Heav'n in nitid Forms arose,
 And ev'ry Starry Orb their Maker's Glory shews;
The

M O R A L E M B L E M S.

The living Forms Almighty Pow'r express'd,
 And Nature's grateful Voice *Thee* Nature's GOD
 'Tis done. ——— (confess'd.

But see, alas! when Time's last Age shall come,
 All Nature mourns, devouring Flames consume
 The burning Worlds; that, Sinner, was thy Doom:
 'Till thou the Handy-work of Heav'n profan'd,
 That Work the Care of Heav'n's high Hand remain'd:
 But Sin once known, *Guilt* veil'd its Beauties o'er,
 And that was *Horror* which was *Heav'n* before;
 The *Curse*, the *Deluge*, and the *Rage* of *Man*,
 Compleat the Ruin which the *Fall* began:
 Vindictive *Justice*, thence the Lightning's hurl'd,
 Which in last Times shall burn the solid World.

NOTES upon E M B L E M V.

(a) *Breath of Heav'n*—alluding to *Pf.* xxxiii. 6. not as impeaching the *personal* Existence of the *Holy Spirit*, but as the *Holy Spirit* is the *Breath* of *God*, in the same Sense as the *Eternal Son* is the *Word* or *Wisdom* of *God*, yet both distinct *Hypostases* in the *one Divine Nature*. Which Construction is justify'd by the twofold Signification of the Word *Ruah*, render'd *Gen.* i. 2. *Spirit*, and *Gen.* viii. 1. *Wind* or *Breath*. So that by *Breath of Heav'n* is intended no more than the *Spirit* of, or which proceeds from *God*: The Term *Heav'n* being us'd figuratively, as it is stil'd the Seat and Throne of *God*.

*Th' eternal Palace, where the sacred Mind
 Almighty rests* ———

as *Stattius* has it in *Theb.* shining continually with the *visible* immortal *Shechinah* or *Scephiroth*, as the *Rabbinic System* expresses it, of the *Infinite Essence*: From whence therefore all *Emanations* of *Divine Glory*, *Power* and *Perfection* are said to come, filling

our

our lower Worlds with the same *infinite*, tho' to us *invincible*, *Presence*; the Manifestation and immediate Effect whereof, here hinted at, was, to use *St. Basil's* Words, the *incubating* and *enliv'ning* the new-created Mass of Nature to the Production of all that vast Variety of vegetative and animal Forms which make up the glorious Compag of the Universe; attributed by the ancient *Jews* to the *Spirit* of the *Messiah*, and by the first Fathers of Philosophy to a *subtil intelligent Spirit having Divine Power, which existed in the Chaos* or *Principia* of Nature, the *Colpia*, or rather *Col-pi-jah*, Voice of the Mouth of God in *Euseb. pr. Ev. from Sanchoniatho*.

(b) *Chaos*—from the *Hebr. Cohoh*, or, as some read it, *Cabah*, to *darken* or *obscure*, and properly signifies a total Privation both of Form and Light. *Moses* calls it *Tohu va Bobu vacuum et inane*, and *Darkness on the Face of the Deep*; therein follow'd by *Hermes in Pæm.* where he says, *An impervious Darkness on the great Abyss, and Water, and a subtil intelligent Spirit having Divine Power, were in the Chaos*; as also in part by *Plato* in his *Ataxia*, render'd by *Ad. Junius*, *inconditam Congeriem*; regulated and dispos'd into Form and Order by the Almighty Being, according to those *Ideas* of future Worlds which eternally existed in the Divine Mind. So *Proclus* in *Parmen. Plat. Νεῖς ἀλγεῖς*, &c.

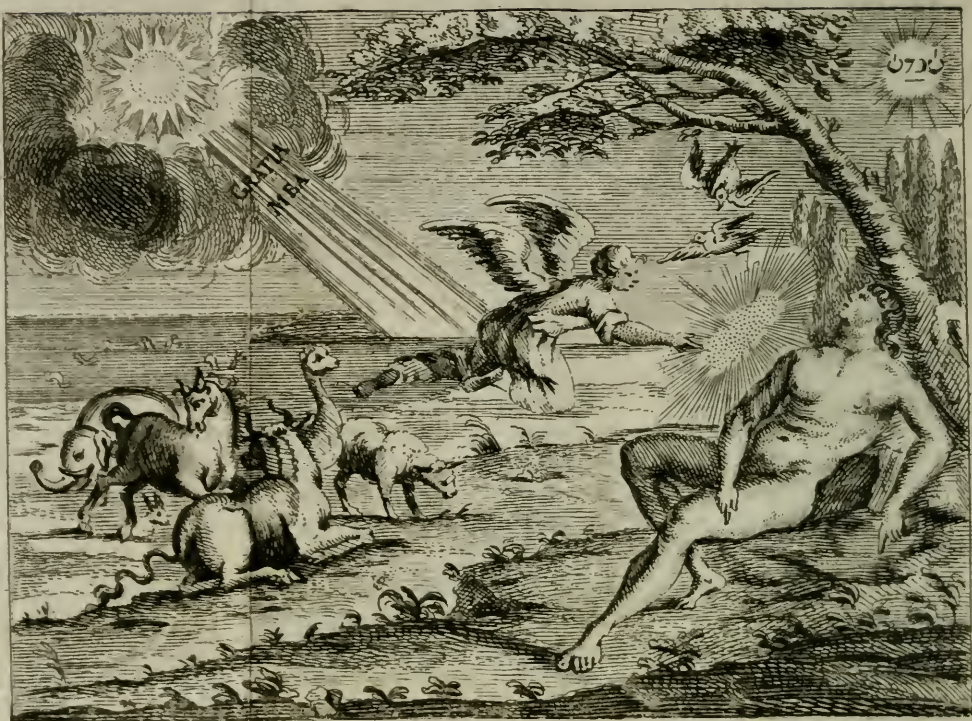
The Father's Mind intelligent, for so
The eternal Council, whence all Beings flow,
Had long determin'd, issu'd from the Breast
Of high Omnipotence; from whence express
In various Forms the first Ideas flow'd,
That both the Means and End might be of God.

And *Plato*, if *Aristobulus* in *Clem. Alex.* judges right, both saw and copy'd from the *Mosaic Scriptures*, and is on that Account called by *Numenius*, *Moses speaking Greek*, and by *Clement* himself, the *Hebrew Philosopher*. From hence therefore we may have a right Conception of what *Orpheus* and *Hesiod* meant by their *First existing Chaos*; not the *Panspermia* of *Democritus*, whence *Epicurus* drew his Notion of *infinite Atoms*; nor the *Æternal Matter* of *Aristotle*; nor *Confusion* of Nature with the *Divine Substance*, as the *Stoics* held: But, *First*, the dark and, to us, impervious Abyss of eternal Duration, wherein God alone existed, preceding all created and material Forms, as represented by *Orpheus* in *Clem. Alex.*

The World's creating Monarch reigns alone,
and then a little further;

But my weak Sight beholds him not: His Throne
A Cloud impervious hides. No Mortal Eye
Can the All-seeing God, who Nature form'd, descry.

Secondly, the new-created Mass of material Nature, or *Tohu va Bobu* of *Moses*; this *Herm.* calls *Water*; which *Thales* with the most early *Greeks*, thought under that *Idea* to be the first Principle of all Things. And *Thirdly*, the Power of the Divine Almighty Spirit moving upon the Face of that *Water*, and producing thereout all Species of living Forms, according to the Will of the *Eternal Mind*, the most ancient, self-perfect, sapient Love of *Orpheus*, mention'd by *Proclus* in *Tim.*



EMBLEM VI.

Creation of M A N.

VEIL, veil, thy op'ning Eyes, the *Numen* plays
 Around th'aastonish'd Soul, too dazzling Rays
 For thy weak Sense to bear! Behold thy Form
 Unknown, with moving, living Nature warm.
 Arise, inanimated Earth! Extend
 Thy untry'd Limbs, an Arm, a Foot, a Hand,
 Unconscious of thy Pow'r, and half afraid,
 To find thy *Will* by *active* Pow'r obey'd.

Look

MORAL EMBLEMS.

Look round and see thy Fellow-Creatures, lye
 Watching each Glance of thy Imperial Eye,
 Thou (a) *King of Nature*, for whose Sov'reign Ufe
 Omnipotence itself has been profuse,
 The Wealth of Infant Worlds on thee bestows,
 The Terms, *Obedience*, the Return, thy *Vows*.
 Spare but to sin, the fatal *Tree* forbear,
 Behold the Charm, but, O ! that Charm beware.
Immortal then, eternal Joys are thine,
 And all thy Transports, like thy Soul, Divine.
 Death's fable Gloom shall ne'er thy Life invade,
 Nor *Peace*, nor *Innocence*, nor *Glory* fade.

NOTE on EMBLEM VI.

(a) *King of Nature* — That the inferior Parts of Nature were created for the Service and Ufe of Man, and he for the Contemplation and Enjoyment of God, is what both *Reason* owns, and *Revelation* confirms; on which Account *Tully de Nat. D.* calls the World *the common Habitation of God and Man, who was created to contemplate and imitate the Divine Being*. So *Nemesius de Nat. Hum.* says, *All Things were created for Man, and Man for Immortality*. And *Lactentius* gives this Reason for such Order of Providence, that *Man might confess and adore his Creator*; which seems the peculiar *Munus* of a *Rational Being*. And indeed the whole Voice of Antiquity universally acknowledges that the *Sovereignty under God and Dominion of Nature* was one consequent Effect of *Man's being created after the Image of God*. See *Epiph. Chrysost. Theod. &c.*





EMBLEM XV.

PHAETON.

OVID, whose Song charms all our Youth,
 Had Fancy been adorn'd with Truth,
 The sweetest Bard that struck the Lyre,
 Tells, how once PHOEBUS lent his Fire
 To fair (*a*) Clymene's lovely Son,
 That he one Day's short Course might run,
 Enliv'ning Nature, in his Room,
 While he carous'd with Friends at Home.

The Youth in Rapture seiz'd the Reins,
 Drives over Mountains, Seas, and Plains,
 Loses the bright (*b*) *Ætherial Way*,
 And gilds untrodden Worlds with Day.
 No more the sooty *Æthiop* glows,
 Nor cold (*c*) *Cimmerian* Realms are froze;
Chilis' scorch'd Sons forget to mourn,
 And the tall Pines of *Scythia* burn.
 The slacken'd Rein (*d*) *Eous* finds,
 Fierce *Phlegon* scents th' (*e*) *Etesian* Winds;
 The Youth no more the Steeds obey,
 But wide from the (*f*) *Ecliptic* stray;
 With burning Hoofs the *Æther* tread,
 And start to see (*g*) *Medusa's* Head.
 Down (*h*) *Cancer's* Precipice they fly,
 Where Souls in Troops forsake the Sky:
 As *PLATO* first from *HERMES* taught,
 And puny Wits from them have wrote;
 'Till to our Atmosphere they came,
 And set our (*i*) *Planet* in a Flame.
JOVE, when he saw what Work he made,
 Of all the other *Orbs* afraid,
 Thunder'd the Whipster at a Blow
 Down to the flaming Worlds below.

So have I seen a smart young Blade,
 His saving Father newly dead,
 Blaze through the Town in Coach and Six,
 And play a Thousand Monkey Tricks.
 In wild untrodden Paths he goes,
 And lives at large, as Fancy flows:
 'Till Reason, far too weak for Sense,
 Loses herself, and Innocence;
 Passion rebels; Fate hurries on;
 His guilty Course is quickly run.
 An early Close his Crimes attend,
 At once his Life and Follies end.

NOTES on EMBLEM XV.

(a) *Clymene's Son* — *Phaeton*, fabled to be the Son of *Clymene* and *Sol*, but in Truth of *Osiris* and *Isis* (*Osiris*, in the *Egyptian* Tongue, signifying the *Sun*) otherwise term'd *Pheton* and *Horus*; whose untimely Death by *Zerah*, the *Æthiopian*, on the Banks of *Nile*, after a short Reign of ten Years only, happening soon after a great Conflagration, perhaps by the Irruption of *Vesuvio*, and some other *Vulcano's* in several Parts of *Italy*, seems to have given Birth to the poetic Story, uniting those Incidents together; for that *Phaeton's* Death happened not in *Italy*, but *Ethiopia* or *Egypt*, we learn from *Theophrastus*, who, according to *Sabellicus* in his *Enneads*, affirms that *Phaeton's Shrine and Oracle remain'd long after in that Country*: So the *Egyptian* Priests are charg'd by *Plato* in *Timeo* to have told *Solon*, that the Story of *Phaeton* was grounded on a real Fact, the Memory whereof was preserv'd by them in their *Sacred Monuments*. And the whole Voice of Chronology places this Event very near, if not coincident with, the Time of *Osiris*; whose true Place in the *Egyptian* Annals is judiciously demonstrated by Sir *Isaac Newton* in his *History of ancient Kingdoms amended*, where he proves him to be the same with *Sesostrius* and *Shishac*. And *Apollo-dorus* makes *Phaeton* to be the Son of *Tithon*, the Son of *Laomedon*,
 and

and Brother of *Priamus*, King of *Troy*; whom *Bacchus*, or *Osiris*, carry'd away Captive into *Egypt*, in his Return from his Grand Expedition, and marry'd him to his Neice *Aurora*, by whom he had *Phaeton*, or *Æmatheon*, and *Memnon*, or *Amenophis*, King of *Egypt*.

(b) *Ætherial Way* — A Line cutting the *Zodiac* lengthwise exactly in the Midst, and under which the Sun invariably moves; therefore term'd his *Course*, *Way*, *Orbit*, &c. It is also called the *Ecliptic*, because either the *Conjunction* or *Opposition* of the two great *Luminaries* under it produces an *Eclipse*; the former of the *Sun*, by the Interposition of the *Moon's* Body between that Planet and us; the latter of the *Moon*, by the *Earth's* interveening between it and the *Sun*.

(c) *Cimmerian Realms* — The *Cimmerii*, according to *Tacitus*, were one of the three *Scythian* Tribes, whom *Strabo* and *Mela* place about the Lake *Mæotis* and Northern Shores of the *Euxin* Sea, thought by the Ancients, from their Northernly Situation, to be Strangers to the *Sun*, involv'd in perpetual Frost and Darkness, thence call'd *Cimmerian*, or *Hibernian*; so *Horace* gives the Epithet *gelidi* to the *Scythian* Tribes, *Quis gelidum Scythen*, &c. on the same Account.

(d) *Eous* — One of *Sol's* Chariot Horses in *Ovid*, signifies *shining with Light*, and represents the Time between the *Sun's* first Rising and Meridian Heats, as *Pyrois flaming* does *Sun Rise*, *Æthion glowing*, *Noon*, and *Phlegon ruddy Fire* the Setting *Sun*.

(e) *Etesian Winds* — Our Mariners call them *Monsoons*, and *Trade Winds*, and *Agellius Prodrumi*, rising with the *Dog-Star*, and blowing between the *Tropics* continually during the intemperate Heats of that Season, from one Part of the Heavens. *Seneca* thinks their providential Use is to cool and refresh Nature at that Time. *Etesian* signifies Annual, as returning every Year at the same Time.

(f) *Ecliptic* — See above Note (b) *Ætherial Way*.

(g) *Medusa's Head* — Call'd also *Caput Algol*, a malevolent Star in the left Hand of *Perseus*; which superstitious Astrology fancies shall be one of the physical Agents in burning the World, as the watry Constellations were, *jubente Deo*, of drowning it. See *Olympiodorus*, *Numen. ap. Euf. Lips. phys. Sto. Firmic. Card. &c.*

(h) *Down Cancer's Precipice they fly*, &c. — This alludes to the old Platonic Notion of *Præ-existence* of Souls; and their Descent from the *Milky Way* by the *Tropic of Cancer*, thence call'd the *Gate of Men*, into Mortal Bodies, as to a State of *Teletation* or Purgation; and Return again by *Capricorn*, thence call'd the *Gate of Gods*, after that State was expir'd; which *Clem. Alex. in Strom.* speaking of what *Plato* says in 10^o *de Rep.* concerning *Zoroaster's* Return to Life from the Funeral Pile, thinks a dark Allusion to the *Generation* and *Resurrection* of Human Nature. See more in *Macrob. de Som. Scip. Porph. de regr. an. Aug. de Civ. Dei*, &c.

(i) *And set our Planet* — So *Stellio* in *Campanella* calls our World, under the Name *Cybele*, and places it, according to the *Copernican*, or rather *Aristarchian* and *Philolaian* System reviv'd by that Astronomer, between *Mars* and *Venus*.



EMBLEM XVII.

Omnia mea mecum porto.

(a) **S**TILPO, of (b) *Stoic* Cast, who first
 Stoutly refus'd to fear the Worst;
 Who knew no Ill could hurt the Soul,
 Where conscious Virtue's All in All;
 Who (c) *Zeno* taught those rigid Rules,
 The future Maxims of his *Schools* :
 When old (d) *Antigonus's* Son,
 So oft a King, so oft undone,

MORAL EMBLEMS.

Like a tempestuous Whirlwind came,
 And set (*e*) *Megara* in a Flame:
 Stript of his All, half-naked went
 To seek the haughty Victor's Tent;
 The Tyrant smil'd: But mov'd to see,
 Merit expos'd to Misery,
 Order'd the Captains of his Host
 To give him back the Goods he'd lost.
Stilpo the useless Boon deny'd;
Forbear, mistaken Prince, he cry'd,
I've nothing lost, since what was mine,
Wisdom and Virtue still I find
Triumphant in my Soul; the rest
Meer Toys of Life, are all a Jest.
 Th' astonish'd Monarch blush'd with Shame,
 Conscious of *Stilpo's* brighter Fame,
This Man, he cry'd, has conquer'd more
By Virtue, than my Arms by Pow'r.
 Cities may burn, and Empires fall,
 But Virtue triumphs over all.

NOTES on EMBLEM XVII.

(a) *Stilpo* — Was Head of the Philosophic School at *Megara*, at what Time the City was taken and sack'd by *Demetrius*. *Laertius* says, *Zeno* was one of his Hearers, and relates this Story; as does also *Seneca* to *Lucilius*, with this Reflection, that by Fortitude he overcame

came his Conqueror; so much easier it is to subdue a whole Country, than the Spirit of one wise and good Man.

(b) *Of Stoic Cast* — By Anticipation, as being of the same unshaken Spirit, which was afterwards the peculiar Character of that Sect; and which most probably *Zeno*, their Founder, imbib'd from him.

(c) *Zeno* — A *Phœnician* Merchant, who sailing to *Athens* with Purple, was cast away in the *Piræus*; on which he took to Learning, heard *Crates*, *Stilpo*, and *Xenocrates*, for 20 Years; then frequenting the variegated or painted Portico, call'd *Peisianaëtia*, and *Poikile*, at *Athens*, he began to hold publick Lectures, and had many Followers, call'd, from the Place of their Instruction, *Stoics*, from *Stoa* a Portico; their Tenets are recited at large by *Laertius*, *Litffius*, &c.

(d) *Antigonus's Son* — *Antigonus* was one of *Alexander's* Captains, and the first who took the Title of King, who in the Division of his Empire obtain'd the *Lesser Asia*; which he lost again, together with his Life, at the Battle of *Ipsus*, against *Ptolomy*, *Seleucus*, and *Lysimachus*; his Son *Demetrius* with great Difficulty obtaining the Succession, and that involv'd with continual Wars: Who afterwards possess'd himself of great Part of *Achaia*, and all *Macedon*; but being drove out again by *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epire*, he fled to *Seleucus* in *Syria*, and there died in a Kind of honourable Confinement. He was called *Poliorecetes*, says *Plutarch*, from the many Cities he took and plunder'd.

(e) *Megara* — The Capital of *Megaris*, a small Province of *Greece*, bordering West upon *Attica*, (of which, says *Strabo*, it was once a Part) the Birth-place of *Euclide*; taken first by *Ptolomy*, and afterwards again by *Demetrius*, who sackt and burnt it in the Confusion of those Times. Here it was that *Nyxis*, the Father of *Scylla*, reign'd, betray'd by her to *Minos*, who repaid her Treason with Drowning, says *Apollodorus*; but *Ovid* feigns her to be turn'd into a Lark.





EMBLEM XXI.

The JUST PERFECTION.

IN vain imperfect Man consumes his Years
 In deep Researches after Nature's Laws;
 Frail *Reason* is unequal to his Cares,
 While he unknowns the one Almighty Cause;
 The learned *Idiot* seems profoundly wise,
 And talks and argues from the Force of Sense,
 His Talent all in Speculation lyes,
 Bury'd in Trifles and Impertinence.

MORAL EMBLEMS.

More true the humble Soul her End acquires,
And calmly to her *Just Perfection* moves;
Whose pious Hope a sacred Zeal inspires,
Who seeks to know her God, believes and loves:
Who thirsts for *Knowledge* at the awful *Source*
Of *Truth's eternal Spring*, that Chrystal Stream
Unfully'd Heav'n's high Will; whence all the Force
Of Heav'n-born *Wisdom* to the World first came.
There drink, my thirsty Soul, and drink again;
The Draught is holy, 'tis a Taste of Heav'n,
A Flood of Divine Knowledge, which to Man
Eternal Goodness has in Mercy giv'n.
O! that weak Man wou'd cease his native Pride!
And humble *Reason*, Tyrant of the Soul!
No more the sacred *Truths* of *Heav'n* deride,
Nor tempt God's Vengeance by a second *Fall*.
Then shou'd we see *Religion's* fragrant Flow'r
Spring from *Faith's* fruitful Soil, true *Wisdom's* Choice:
Sathael's artful Wiles should mourn no more,
But smiling *Angels* triumph in our Joys.



P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By Mr. *GEORGE WOODWARD*.

— *Sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.*

Mart.

Their sev'ral Ways of Life let Others chuse ;

Their sev'ral Pleasures let 'em use ;

but I was born for Love, and for a Muse.

Cowley.



AB. del. Sculp.

O X F O R D.

Printed at the CLARENDON Printing-House.

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GENERAL OCCASIONS

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M. Cole Oxon. sculp.

T O

The Right Honourable

H E N R Y

Earl of Clarendon

and Rochester.

Forgive the Muse, if (yet unknown to Fame)
She seeks Protection from your *Lordship's*
Name;

DEDICATION.

Weak in herself, she dares not hope to stand,
Unless supported by an abler Hand:
So creep the Ringlets of the tender Vine
Round some tall Elm, and all their Curls entwine
Sweetly luxuriant by this Aid they rise,
And shoot their swelling Clusters to the Skies.
O! *sweet* as these could but my Numbers flow!
Could but my Verse to *such full-Ripeness* grow!
Then might I hope, nor hope in vain to see
The best of Patrons and of Friends in *Thee*:
But ah! *my Lord*! I know my self too well,
These Lines, these artless Lines my Weakness tell
What Beauty must those Numbers recommend,
That fondly hope a CLARENDON their Friend!
Bright in Each manly Grace must they appear,
Free as their Patron's Mien, and as his Virtues clear

Poets were born the Great-Man's Paths to view
And give the Patriot all a Patriot's Due;

DEDICATION.

To scan his Actions with impartial Eyes,
And yield him, what the Jealous World denies ;
To trace his Footsteps to the Verge of Life,
Thro' Fortune's Maze, and the rough World o
Strife ;

And, as the glimmering Lamp of Life decays,
To Shade his Twilight Walks with Verdant Bays ;
To the dark Vault attend his sacred Herse.
And sing his Triumphs in a Deathless Verse.

To *Pollio Virgil's* modest Lyre was strung,
And what *Mæcenæ's* favour'd, *Horace* sung :
Thou ! in whom all their Virtues brighter shine,
Exert that Candour, which alone is Thine ;
And spare the Blushes of my Virgin-Muse,
Who dares not hope for more than your Excuse.

Tho' all the Spirit of the *Roman* Lyre
Breaths not in mine, nor does my Breast inspire ;

DEDICATION.

Yet let me boast the Sanction of a Name,
So Truly-Great in all the Rolls of Fame;
Yet let me boast (tho' low my Numbers be)
"Nor fear to tell, that CLARENDON is HE.

George Woodward.



THE P R E F A C E.

P*Refaces are Things, at which the Generality of Mankind are so very much disgusted, that I was in a doubt whether I should write one or not: for when I came to consider with my self that it does not at all enhance the Value of the Book, or any ways prejudice the Reader in Favour of it, I was entirely at a Nonplus what to do; I was then (as Tom. Brown of facetious Memory has it) “no less embarass’d in the “Front of my ill Productions, than a good “General at the Head of his Troops; I “knew not in what figure to dress my “Countenance: only this I knew, if I put “on a fierce and haughty Look, my Readers*

P R E F A C E.

*“ers would think themselves oblig’d to
 “lower my Topsail, and bring me under
 “their Sterns: if I should affect an hum-
 “ble sneeking Posture, they’d slight and
 “despise me: if I was to boast of the Ex-
 “cellency of my Subject, they would not
 “believe a Syllable of what I say: if I
 “should tell ’em, there’s little or nothing
 “in it, perhaps they’d take me at my
 “Word; and to say nothing at all of one’s
 “Work, is an insufferable Imposition upon
 “an Author,” and especially upon those,
 who have just hoisted Sail: they generally
 love to launch out pretty far, and think
 the Reader is oblig’d to take as much
 Pleasure in hearing their Nonsense, as
 they do in writing it: as for my own part,
 I needs must say, I am fond of this A-
 musement, but that is no Reason why o-
 thers should be so too: tho’ I know there
 are some People in the World, who take
 a Delight in hearing a young Author, gi-
 ving a long account, how old he was
 when he wrote such and such Pieces, and
 if it had not been at the Importunate De-
 fire of his Friends, he had been wise e-
 nough to let ’em rest in his Scrutore: I
 say, I know a great many of this Com-
 plexion.*

P R E F A C E.

plexion. But God forbid! that I should ever venture upon such an Untruth, as to tell my Readers, that what I publish, was wrote under eighteen or nineteen years of Age, (as many have done) and make 'em believe that I was wise enough to leave Parnassus at those Days; no, I scorn such Proceedings, for if the Things are not good, it's no matter at what age they were wrote.

As to what I here publish, I have very little to say for 'em, only that they were wrote at leisure Hours for a mere Amusement, and having a pretty many Pieces by me, I thought the Publick might as well make use of 'em, as the Rats and Mice: as they are, the Reader is welcome to 'em, tho' they are not so good as I could wish 'em.

I must here beg Pardon for a few loose Thoughts, which perhaps may be found in those, which run most upon Love, as it is a Subject, which may naturally de-
 oy a young Author into a too warm way of expressing himself; though (if I'm not mistaken) there is Something like a Proverb, which perhaps may make a little for me, and contribute towards an Ex-

P R E F A C E.

cause for this Free-speaking, viz. Apollo friget sine Venere. But for fear the Ladies and pretty Fellows should be at a Loss for the meaning of this Piece of Latin, (for, I suppose they'll be very Inquisitive to know what it is, when they hear me making an Apology for my loose Thoughts, especially upon that darling Subject Love) I'll e'en tell 'em in plain English, All Poets are Amorous.

Indeed, I don't pretend to vindicate the Defects of my own Performances, which I am very well satisfi'd are many; but they are owing to my want of Judgment and more Skill in that excellent Art; for, I'll give you my Word, I never did nor ever will set up for a Master of it and (as Mr Prior said of himself) am only a Poet by Accident. However, I heartily wish they may divert the Reader in his leisure Hours; and if they have the good Fortune to be approv'd of, I shall hug my self in their Success, and think that the little time, I have spent about 'em, is spent to no ill Purpose.

I must once more beg Pardon, for here inserting the Character of a Young Lady, who (if I had had the Happiness of seeing

P R E F A C E.

seeing her before the Thing was printed off) ought to have been taken particular Notice of among the Oxford Beauties. I hope the Lady won't take it ill, that she is here mention'd in the Preface, or indeed that I took the Liberty of mentioning her at all in my worthless Poetry: but as the Love of Praise seems to be a Passion, naturally implanted in the Female Sex, I may almost assure my self, that I have been guilty of no great Crime, in endeavouring at those Commendations, which a Young Lady of her Virtues really deserves.

What Words can fair *Hortilia's* Charms express?
 Happy! could fair *Hortilia* charm us less!
 How can I praise those dear, resistless Charms!
 Those gently-heaving Breasts! those swelling Arms!
 Those flowing Ringlets, that conspire to deck
 The breathing Marble of her Iv'ry Neck!
 Those pretty, pouting Lips! that killing Air!
 That Mien, peculiar to the matchless Fair!
 Those dimply Checks, where kindling Blushes rise!
 And the soft Languish of her lovesick Eyes!

Nor

P R E F A C E.

Nor is her Face more perfect than her Mind ;
Sure Nature ne'er in One such Beauty joyn'd !
Happy the Nymph ! whose winning Virtues grace
The transient Glories of so fair a Face.

P S.

I need not make any Apology for a small Piece, which I have inserted towards the End of my Book; it being the Performance of a Young Gentleman, since dead, who was a Westminster Scholar, Son to the Reverend Dr Clarke of Long-Ditton in Surrey: The Thing is judg'd by others, who have read it, besides my self, to be a very pretty Performance, and Something uncommon for fifteen Years of Age.



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P O E M S
O N
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

On *Lucan* Lib. IX. Verse
Jupiter est, quodcunque vides.

An Ode.

Written as an Exercise at Lincoln Coll.
in OXFORD.

S OLE, uncreated, Self-Existent Cause!
Being unconfi'd! uncircumscrib'd by Laws!
Nature's Parent! Motion's Spring!
Inhabitant of vast Eternity!
Imagination's Boundary!
Teach me by thy Pow'r to sing,

How to sing, and sing of Thee ;

Flame Cœlestial ! lead along,

Fix the Barrier of my Song ;

Whence must I raise

The lofty Numbers, equal to thy Praise ?

II.

In vain with all the Batteries of Wit

Thy Presence we explore,

In vain with Reason's Ballast do we try

The Ocean of Eternity,

Unfathom'd, without Shore ;

Loft and bewilder'd in the Maze,

We sail the dark, immeasurable Way,

Our Lamp denies a steady Blaze,

And only casts a feeble Ray ;

So all our Knowledge terminates in This,

Thou art from all Eternity Alone,

Immensity unknown.

III.

All Learning does but strive in vain,
Learning ! that mazy Cobweb of the Brain,
That renders all the Avenues
Of Truth, that in itself is plain,
Impervious and abstruse,
Perplex'd and intricate,
By that false Engine of our Mind, Debate.

IV.

Man ! fond, mistaken Man !
Tho' his capacious Head, the sacred Ark !
Where a whole World of Science does imbark,
Has steer'd and labour'd all it can,
As Reason fill'd the Sail,
Yet what does all this fruitless search avail ?
Learn'd Wretch ! he fondly would pretend,
His Port is gain'd, his Race is run,
And all his tiresome Voy'ge is done ;

Is done! how far? but just enough to shew,
That all his Knowledge is but empty Show,

A Pageant Dream! a Point! an End!

No wiser thro' the tedious Course he ran

Fond! mistaken Man!

Than when he first began.

V.

Whate'er we see, whate'er we feel,

Does all the God reveal,

Confirms the Grand Mistake

Of Those, whose Eagle-Thoughts would make

His Seat so wondrous high,

Beyond the Limits of the Sky,

Out beyond the World's wide Sphear,

And fix his Habitation there.

VI.

Think not He's God, because his Place

By Man's mistaken Race

Is fix'd on high;

The whole Creation speaks his Presence nigh;

Who on the Universal Frame,

Sole Principle ! himself has spread,

On Earth, and in the Ocean's Bed,

Still varying, and still the Same.

VII.

In each new-rising Thought we feel

The Energy Divine;

And hence our Being prove,

From Him, who first stretch'd out the Line

Of Entity on Motion's Wheel;

And by his Power gave it Play,

To run it's destin'd Way,

Unbounded and Eternal Love!

VIII.

Whate'er we in this World pursue

Still points an Omnipresence out to View;

Our

Our Passions and our Will declare
(In that we never act in vain,)
Whose is the grand and Sov'reign Care,
Who 'tis, that holds the Rein,
Our Life and Actions all proclaim,
With all this Universal Frame,
Who guides the Whole, and whence it came.

IX.

Say, Man! mistaken Man!
Now tell me, if you can;
Canst Thou behold this whole Creation,
The Godhead's Emanation!
Canst Thou behold it, and not raise
Thy staggering Reason up to him, whose ways
Are trac'd thro' all
This Universal Ball!
Whose Presence fills Immensity
In Beauteous Variety.

Whether in the River's Flow,
 Or where, the Plants and Herbage grow,
 'Tis He, that guides and actuates the Whole,
 Of all the World both Eye and Soul.

X.

Whether we send our Reason's piercing Rays
 Beneath the Great, unbounded Deep,
 Where Storms and Tempests sleep,
 Whether unrein'd Imagination strays
 Thro' the black, Howling Desert's pathless Ways,
 The Deep and Howling Wilderness declare
 The Omnipresent Godhead there :
 The Calms and Tempests both proclaim
 By wondrous Contrariety
 The Presence of the Deity,
 Tho' various the Effects, the Godhead still the same.

XI.

Whether amid the Gloom we stray,
 And send our Intellectual Ray

Up to the pure, cærulean Plains on high,
There all the Glories of the Sky,
As round the liquid Space
They run their bright, ætherial Race,
Declare the God, who guides their Dance,
And makes 'em to the self-same Place,
Where they begun
Their Course to run,
At certain Periods advance.

XII.

Each vocal Planet, fill'd with Light,
As o'er the Bosom of the Night
It wheels it's Course
Declares the Omnipresent Source,
From whence it's Splendour came,
And glories to proclaim
Thro' all the wide, ætherial Way,
The Fountain of Eternal Day,

Who lives in All, tho' still the same,
The Great, Invisible, Prolifick Flame.

XIII.

Now fond, mistaken Man!
Thy baffled Knowledge bow,
And Know, with Rev'rence Know,
That all you see, and all you feel,
The Presence of the Godhead does reveal:
Nor think to hide
Thy boasted Pride,
But down with all thy Learned Store,
And with thy humbled Heart adore
Him, whose Immediate Presence rules
This Univerfall Globe, of All
Sole Principle and Life.

T O A

Young GENTLEMAN

W I T H

Mr. *Addison's*

Miscellaneous Works.

TO form the Age by ev'ry nicer Art,
 By Virtue's Standard to improve the Heart;
 To teach Mankind the Dictates of his Pen,
 To live like Christians, and to think like Men:
 To lash the follies of a vicious Age,
 To mend our Actions, and reform the Stage;
 To rise conspicuous in his God's Defence,
 And laugh unthinking Atheists into Sense;

For

For This Great *Addison* was known to Fame,
 For This true *Britons* glory in the Name.

'Twas not enough, by Verse to warm the Heart,
 He joyn'd the Critick to the Poet's Art :
 Impartial Candour all his Works attend,
 Backward to blame, but willing to commend.
 In Verse or Prose we equally are warm'd,
 Nor more by Musick than by Reason charm'd.
 In Him we see, how sober *Virgil* wrote,
 How *Euclid* reason'd, and how *Plato* thought.

If ever *Addison* deserv'd that Praise,
 Which few can claim in these degenerate Days ;
 If e'er True Merit could thy Youth controul,
 And wake the dawning Greatness in thy Soul ;
 If ever all that's Generous, Great, Divine
 Could touch the Passions of a Mind like Thine ;
 Accept this humble Off'ring, and excuse
 This long Encomium from no venal Muse ;

Whose steady Temper by no Party sway'd,
Has gain'd no Honours, or a Friend betray'd;
Was never servile to the Great-Man's Call,
Equally careless or to rise or fall;
Now boldly rising in the Poet's Praise,
Strives by his Worth to animate her Lays.

That all that's Good you wisely may embrace,
And your bright Annals by no Crime deface;
That all your Actions may be Great, Divine,
And add new Honours to your ancient Line;
That you may rise like *Addison* in Name,
And trace his footsteps thro' the Paths of Fame;
Read, and attend: imbibe each Heav'nly Part,
And graft his bright Perfections on your Heart.

Hence may you learn by several ways to please,
"To think with Judgment, and to write with Ease,"
To blame with Candour, but to give your Praise,
Where Merit ballances, and Reason sways:

To rise with boldness in your Country's Cause,
 Instruct the Senate, and confirm the Laws :
 To be at once the Poet, Statesman, Friend,
 To teach Mankind, and seek the Christian's End :
 To be that Man, who may in Justice claim
 His Country's Homage, and his King's Esteem.



TO



T O A,

P A I N T E R

Upon seeing a

Certain A P O T H E C A R Y ' s

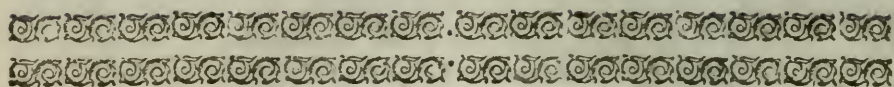
P I C T U R E .

OUT from the Canvass these faint strokes erase,
The Picture's faulty, you've mistook the Face :
Dost think we know him, as you've drawn him thus ?
There's Difference, Man ! between these Folks and Us.
Come, Come, Vermilion ! try your skill once more,
See ! if we can't draw better than before ;
Here, take your Pencil ; set *Don Querpo*—There,
Now clap beneath his Breech an Earthen Jar :

Draw

Draw him a-working Med'cines for the P--x,
Close to his Elbow set an empty Box.
A Row of Gallypots upon the Shelf,
With Roots as old, and musty as himself :
High o'er the Quack let Poppy-Heads be strung,
And formidable Alligators hung :
Here set green Jars, with Bottles all in Rows,
With Pills, and Powders, nauseous to the Nose,
There Bladders, Drugs, and Teeth the Medley-
Scene compose.

Now Sir we've done : and I'll engage, 'twill do ;
But as you draw'd—it was a Man, 'tis true ;
But if this i'n't more like Him than before,
Then good Sir Paint ! take my Advice no more.



A N

Evening Slumber.

FA S T by those Meads, where gentle *Isis* glides,
Fatt'ning the Flocks, that graze her herbag'd
fides ;

Where the pale Ivy round old * *Godstow* creeps,
Whose mould'ring Tow'r hangs nodding o'er the
Deeps :

As in the Covert of a neighbouring Shade,
My weary Limbs to pleasing Rest I lay'd ;
Calm, and serene the Stream in Murmurs flows,
Soft thro' the Trees the Evening Zephyr blows ;
Streams, Zephyrs all conspire to soften my Repose. }

* A Place near Oxford, where *Rosalind's* Tomb is to be seen.

As in a Dream my roving Fancy stray'd,
 And airy Phantoms in my Bosom play'd;
 Slow from the Tomb fair *Rosamonda* came,
 Her Shape, her Looks, as when alive, the same:
 Down from her Head her Night-veil flow'd behind,
 Decent, and graceful, sporting with the Wind.
 Pensive and slow she wander'd o'er the Grove,
 And (if I rightly heard) she talk'd of Love.

But now the midnight Clocks began to toll,
 The Breeze diffus'd the Sound from Pole to Pole:
 The Hour was come, when Ghosts are said to walk,
 And to the Groves in horrid Accents talk:
 Sudden was heard to charm the lovely Maid,
 A warlike Musick thro' the lonely Shade;
 Now Regal Trumpets blow a Shriller Strain,
 Now softer Flutes in melting Notes complain;
 When lo! I saw great *Henry's* Form appear,
 Still clad in Arms, and in his Hand a Spear:

Thrice bowing he address'd the blooming Fair,
And thrice the Mufick floated on the Air.
Then hand in hand along the Grove they walk'd,
And of their past Enjoyments fondly talk'd;
Oft, I perceiv'd, they cast their longing Eyes,
To'ard the dear Bow'r, where *Woodstock's* Scenes
arise;
As o'er the gloomy Wood, and lonely shade
They gaz'd, thus spake the visionary Maid.

Oh! tell me, lovely, dearest *Henry*, tell,
(For sure it is no Crime to love too well)
Canst Thou forget that ever-happy Day,
When in Love's Arms we first together lay?
When ev'ry Hour was spent in soft Delight,
Each Day return'd as welcome as the night;
Whene'er my *Henry*, sheath'd in azure Arms,
O'er Heaps of slain, pursu'd the War's Alarms.
Oft thro' the Gloom I'd steal a tender Sigh,
But then methought I heard thy Soul reply:

When-

Whene'er the Trumpets fill'd the passing Gale,
 And call'd my *Henry* from the bow'ry Vale,
 Did not my Bosom with an equal Flame
 Leap at the Trumpet's Voice, and burn for Fame?
 Say, when my *Henry* drop'd a silent Tear,
 Could Sympathetick *Rosamond* forbear?
 Ah! no, she could not; all thy Thoughts were Mine,
 And all my eager Soul flew out with Thine.
 Oft in yon Bow'r, oft in yon lonely Shade,
 Oft by the Murmurs of yon soft Cascade,
 Have we together liv'd the happy Day,
 Melted in Joys, in Transports died away.

Sweet are the whispers of the midnight Breeze,
 That gently pants upon the trembling Trees;
 Sweet are the Notes of tender Nightingales;
 That sing their Sorrows to the listning Vales;
 Sweet, all along the melancholy Shore,
 The moaning Halcyons their Fate deplore;

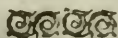
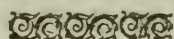
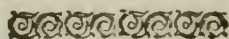
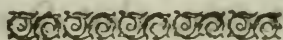
Pleasing's the Falling of the drowfy Floods,
Pleasing's the Verdure of the dusky Woods :
But now no more these once-lov'd Scenes arise,
Melt on my Ear, or brighten in my Eyes.
Vain are the whispers of the midnight Breeze,
In vain it pants upon the trembling Trees ;
Vain are the Notes of tender Nightingales,
In vain they sing their Sorrows to the Vales,
In vain, along the melancholy Shore,
The moaning Halcyons their Fate deplore ;
No more delights the Falling of the Floods,
No more the Verdure of the dusky Woods :
Deep in low Vaults I keep Eternal Night,
Shut up from Day, and ev'ry dear Delight ;
Where pale-ey'd Virgins sit beneath the Ground,
And pensive watch the dying Lamps around :
Whence hollow Sounds are heard, and Shapes are
 seen
Gliding athwart the melancholy Green.

Me oft by Night the wand'ring Peasant sees,
 In penfive Mood between the Moonlight Trees;
 Backward he starts, struck dead with pale Affright,
 And flies me, as a Phantom of the Night.
 Oft when the Night flow mounts her Ebon-Throne,
 Thro' these lone Shades I wander all alone:
 Oft o'er the Meads I roam to *Woodstock's* Bow'r,
 Once the dear Scene of ev'ry softer Hour!
 Pleas'd to behold our once-lov'd, happy Seats,
 Our silver Streams, and bow'ry, cool Retreats;
 These I've resign'd to One more fair than Me,
 And proud I am to own, that *Spencer's* she.

O! could my *Henry* take me to his Arms,
 As once he did, and revel in my Charms!
 But what can we? stern Destiny denies,
 Thwarts all our Hopes, is deaf to all our Sighs;
 No more this Breast must feel the am'rous Fire,
 No more must *Henry* glow with soft Desire:

Time was when we were happy in our Love,
 When each bright Charm could ev'ry Sense improve.
 Tho' vanish'd Joys by Fancy we restore,
 Melt in false Love, and act past Pleasures o'er,
 Yet how do we our real Passion prove?
 Where's the Embrace, the real Soul of Love?
 I can no more — for Lo! the Morning Ray
 Peeps o'er yon Eastern Hill; I must away.

She said; and, like some Phantom of the Night,
 Or Air impassive, vanish'd from the Sight.



THE



T H E

English PINDARICK.

Dear *Thomas*! hast thou never stood
Within th' Enclosure of a Wood?

There, *Thomas*, didst thou never mind

Th' Employment of some lab'ring Hind?

With how much Care, and Art Profound,

He piles his Sticks upon the Ground:

First lays beneath some of the longest,

Perhaps, because he thinks 'em strongest;

Then heaps some short Ones these upon,

So long and short, 'till All is done,

Which, when a With has bound up all,

The Country-Folk a Faggot call.

So fares it with those Publick-Biters,
Which we miscall Pindarick-Writers;
With Pen and Ink, and wondrous Pains,
They bind together various Strains,
First Lines as long, as any Arm,
With Rumbling Stuff the Vulgar charm:
Earth, Heav'n, and Hell must all conspire
To sett the noisy Bard on Fire.
Next comes a Line not half a span,
Like Dwarf behind a Giant-Man,
Trembling and slow, it scarce can speak,
But must in softer Accents squeak;
Then comes the Long-Tail'd Thing again,
Thund'ring on in frantick strain,
Wide it swells, and foames with Rage,
And leaps beyond the scanty Page.
Thus on they run in long-breath'd Chace,
Each other striving for the Race,

'Till having many Pages spent
 In proud Bombast, and noisy Rant,
 The long Verse drags his Length along
 To full Extent; so ends the Song.
 This Monstrous Thing, unknown to Fame,
 Our modern Bards PINDARICK name.



D

TO



TO A

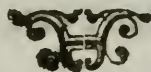
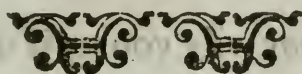
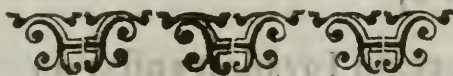
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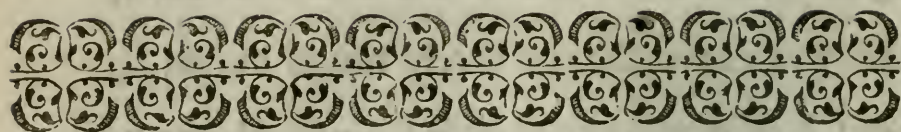
Sitting at her G L A S S.

TO touch the Canvass with the nicest Art,
 To make it glow with Life in ev'ry Part ;
 To bid the blended Colours fall, and rise,
 To melt the Soul with ev'ry soft Surprise ;
 For This great *Kneller* rose up into Fame,
 Such was his Talent, such may be his Claim :
 'Tis Yours, bright Nymph, in ev'ry Art to please,
 With Grace untaught, and a becoming Ease :
 To move the ready Passions, as you will,
 To melt with Softness, or with Frowns to kill.

Kneller's nice Art could fill the Soul with Love,
 But you can make the lovely Image move;
 See! how it waits your high Commands the while,
 Frowns, when you frown, and gives you Smile for
 Smile;

Whene'er you bid it share an equal Part,
 Act o'er each Thought, and talk the flowing Heart,
 The Lips in Sympathetick Language move,
 Sigh all your Sighs, and speak the tender'st Love.
 Unnumber'd Victims at your Toilet Die,
 Struck by the keen Reflection of your Eye.





T H E

English S L A V E.

WH Y boast we our Freedom, and good an-
tient Cause,

Our Rights, and our Titles, and true English Laws;
When we're taken amidst all our Triumphs and Arms,
By *Albion's* fair Daughters all-conquering Charms?

Sure the Gods are resolv'd, (since we can't be out-
brav'd,

Nor by any foreign Invasion enslav'd)

They'll try what our wily young Women can do,

If they by their Arts can't our Courage subdue;

They have try'd, and 'tis over; the Victory's won,

Silks rustle, Fans flutter, and lo! we're undone.



A

SIMILE.

HAft not thou feen, fay honeft *Natt* :
The Frolicks of the fimple Cat ?

How in a Chamber, young and gay,
Her Tail ſhe courſes round in Play;
How round and round ſhe'll ſtill purſue,
Still has the Play-Thing in her View;
Oft catches at it with a Spring,
Then miſſes it, and runs the ring;
Wishes to ſnap the Bauble in,
But whiſks it back, and fools agen.

So

So fares the half-complying Lafs,
When warmly courted on the Grafs;
With eager Looks ſhe eyes her Love,
And longs the ſoft Delight to prove:
Doubts labour in her anxious Breaſt,
She half-conſenting to be bleſ'd;
When her Will makes a cloſe Attack,
Fear and Suspicion pull it back;
What one likes, th' others diſapprove,
So run th' Eternal Round of Love.





A N

English PROVERB.

When I was but a Child, I remember, one
Day

My Brothers and Sisters, and I were at Play,
And (if I'm not mistaken) 'twas Husband and Wife,
So at it we went with great Fury and Strife :
Upon this, my old Nurse (who stood by all the
while)

God rest her dry bones! thus began with a Smile,
A smoky House, Sir, (says she) and a quarrelsome
Wife,

Are two the worst Plagues, that attend a Man's Life ;
I laugh'd at her Queerness, tho' then but a Youth,
Ne'er dreaming old Women could ever tell Truth :

But

But I' Faith! I have try'd 'em, and found to my
Cost,
That my Rest both by Day and by Night is all lost
Good Heaven! her dry, wither'd Carcase restore;
For I ne'er could believe your old Nurfes before.





THE

RAPTURE.

Bear me, ye Gods! to *Oxford's* learned Seats,
 Or cover me in **Cornwell's* dear Retreats;
Cornwell! whose Shades my ferious Thoughts engage,
Cornwell! the †*Tibur* of the Roman Age!
 Where the soft Muses string the warbling Lyre,
 And Heav'nly Scenes Poetick Thoughts inspire:
 Where tuneful Birds on ev'ry bloomy Spray,
 Sing to the rising, and the falling Day:
 Where Fountains gurgle, and the Grotts reply,
 Where Poets sing, and musing Lovers sigh.

* *Cornwell*, a Seat of the Reverend Mr. *Penyston's* in *Oxfordshire*.

† *Tibur*, *Horace's* Seat in *Italy*.

And now, methinks, I've gain'd the happy Shade,
 All carelefs on some mossy Bank I'm laid,
 And hear soft Musick die along the Glade:
 Hark! how the Brook in weeping murmurs flows,
 Hark! thro' the Trees the musky Zephyr blows,
 Ye Brooks! ye Zephyrs all continue my Repose.

But now ye Gods! once more exert your Pow'r,
 To bless my Days, and crown the smiling Hour;
 Let sweetly-smiling *Phæbe* too be there,
Phæbe! the darling Object of my Care!

My Pray'rs are heard; and now, methinks, we
 rove,
 Arm link'd in Arm, thro' all the bow'ry Grove,
 Whilst Sighs and speaking Looks declare how much
 we love.

As thro' the interwoven Shades we stray,
 The interwoven Shades our Loves display;

Like these we stand, clasp'd in one mutual Tie,
Together flourish, and together die.

Now, all ye Pow'rs! who fill the Thrones above,
Heav'n's all your own; nor do I wish to prove
The Joys, that you can give, since *Phæbe* crowns
my Love.





S O N G

T O

P H Æ B E.

Pretty *Phæbe*! if you love me,
 Do not let your Talking move me,
 Mention not a Rival's Name;
 Pretty *Phæbe*! don't perplex me,
 Let not these Reflections vex me,
 That you feel another's Flame.

If you knew how you undo me,
 Sure you would not talk thus to me,
 Sure you kindly would forbear
 Thus to rob my Soul of Rest,
 And torture my poor, drooping Breast:
 A Rival's Name I cannot hear.

Cease,

Cease, fair Nymph! this coy Behaviour,
And take the Pensive Thing in Favour;

Charming, pretty *Phæbe*! do;

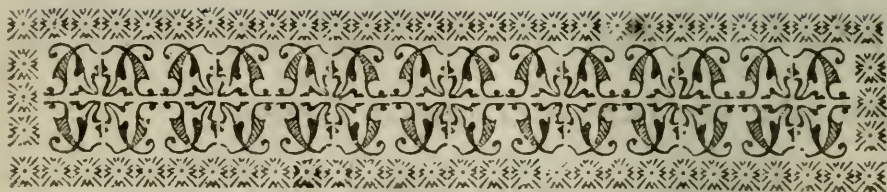
But if you will not value me,

Pray, why should I thus doat on Thee?

So, pretty Maid! Adieu! Adieu!



ON



O N

Seeing the

P—R's PICTURE,

I N A

N—ry H O U S E.

WAS the Truth of this known,
Now I'd venture a Crown,

That this Picture's hung here out of spite;

But be that as it will,

He fares better still,

Than if he was put more in Sight.

Was

Was he hung amongst All
In the Parlour or Hall,

He could but be seen, at the best;

Yet I'll venture to say,

(Tho' He's out of the Way)

He's gaz'd on, as oft as the rest:

And I may farther declare,

He's seen oftner, than they are,

(Tho' but One at a time he'll permit)

For it's Chance whether All

See the Parlour or Hall,

But undoubtedly all People f—t.





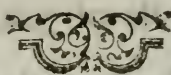
T H E
C A S E stated.

SURE there never was known
Such a Tribe about Town,
Of Poets and Beggars and Priests ;
They flock so about,
One can hardly stir out,
Without meeting a dozen at least.

Should a Stranger come near Us,
To be sure he would sneer Us,
To see such a Tribe up and down,
As worthy men All,
As Those of their Call,
Either Men of the Quill or the Gown.

But we need not long doubt,
 Why they strole so about,
 The Reason, I take to be This,
 The Cash of our Nation's
 So little in Fashion,
 That it can't but be so as it is.

Then, Good St. Directors!
 For God's sake protect Us;
 Let the Money but come into Fashion,
 Then the Poets and Priests,
 And those Beggarly Beasts,
 Shall never more trouble the Nation.



F

TO



T O

P H Æ B E,

On Her wishing to learn upon the

S P I N N E T.

SAY, *Phæbe*! say how could you wish to prove
 The sad Effects of soft-enchancing Love?
 How could you wish to see your Slave expire,
 Struck by the Sweetness of your magick Lyre?
 Are You too weak the Lover's War to wage,
 That doubly arm'd you must our Sex engage?
 Alas! we know too well your Beauty's Charms,
 Too well we know the Conquests of those Arms:

But

But these suffice not your aspiring Soul,
 New Schemes of Conquest in your Bosom roul;
 With lawless Pride you spread your subtle Snares,
 And boast, that Beauty's nothing, if she spares:
 Then, charming Creature! have your wish, and prove
 How sweetly you can kill the Thing, you cannot love.





T O

P H Æ B E,

Presenting H E R

W I T H A

R I N G.

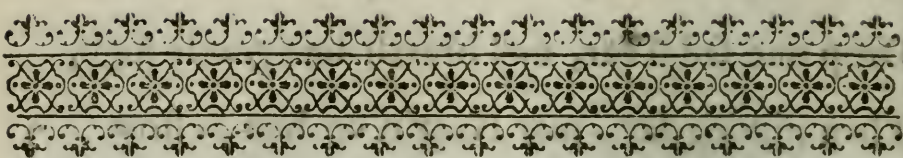
A Ccept, fair Maid! this Earnest of my Love,
 Be This the Type, let This my Passion prove:
 Thus may our Joys in endless Circles run,
 Fresh as the Light, and restless as the Sun:
 Thus may our Lives be one perpetual Round,
 Where Care nor Sorrow ever shall be found.

Thus

Thus may we live; but when you see me die,
 Drop one sad Tear, and breath one gentle Sigh,
 Then pitying say—may Heav'n on him bestow
 It's choicest Gifts, that he Above may know
 Joys still as Endless, as he prov'd Below,



French



French Policy.

E*Ngland!* awake! the Pow'rs of France increase ;
Too long we've slept in soft, luxurious Ease :
Thou, who rejoycest in the Clank of Arms,
To whom the Cries of charging Hosts are Charms :
Thou, who art foremost in the Chace of Fame,
Whom the Earth dreads, and trembles at thy Name ;
Shalt Thou thus stoop to little, modish Sports,
And learn to spend your time, by Forreign Courts ?
Shall the rough *Briton* ogle at a Play,
Or at *Quadrille* pass the dear Hours away ?
Shall He, whom Drums and Warlike Sounds rejoyce,
Sit sweetly-silent to *Cuzzoni's* Voice,
Sunk in soft Raptures shew the Charmer's Skill,
And Die or Live at pretty Madam's Will ?

Shall

Shall He with Kickshaws A-la-mode be fed,
 Train'd up in Sloth, and to the Toilet bred?
 Shall he be taught to act the Coxcomb's Part,
 To walk in Minuet, and run by Art?
 Shall he be taught to lisp a Forreign Tone,
 Talk in bad Language, and forget his Own?

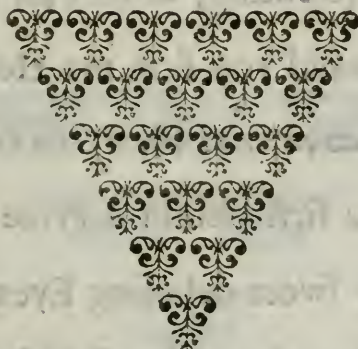
Awake! awake! O *England*! rise! advance!
 Check the proud Foe; 'tis Hell conspires, 'tis *France*:
 Dare to have Sense yourselves, assert your Right,
 'Tis theirs to trifle, but 'tis Ours to Fight.
Cressi has felt Our Arm, she knows us well,
 Unhappy *Agincourt* the same can tell:
 Since they can't conquer us by Dint of Arms,
 They strive to undermine us by their Charms;
 Perhaps too soon may teach us how to yield
 Without the Terroures of a Fighting Field:
 For this, we see the Trumpets laid aside,
 And these by forreign Musick are supply'd.

No more the Helmet shrow'ds the manly Face,
But the big, powder'd Wig has fill'd it's Place.
Thin, airy Dress supplies the Coat of Mail,
And dangling Stick-Frogs o'er Broad-Swords pre-
vail :

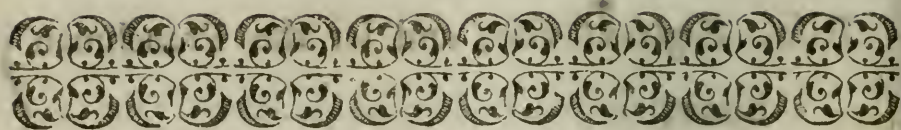
Arms and the Man are now quite out of use,
The One grows rusty, and the Other loose.
Now French Commodities are all the Fashion:
Poor *England's* Products are but counted Trash;
French Dishes, Dresses, French Employs, French
Courts,
French Fops, Diseases, Follies, and French Sports.
In short-- we're Frenchmen all, and prize that most,
Which comes the farthest, at the dearest Cost.
O! where is all our antient Virtue gone,
That thus by false Temptations we're undone!
Too late in vain shall we resist their Pow'r,
Too soon they'll trap us in some vacant Hour;
Then may we, thus made Captive and forlorn,
The Fate, we courted, at our Leisure mourn.

Rise,

Rise, *England!* rise; and let the Frenchman
 know,
 That the free Briton scorns to stoop so low,
 To empty Dancers, and a powder'd Beau.



G T O



TO

SACHARISSA.

Dear, unrelenting, cruel Fair!
How could you first my Heart insnare,
Then leave that Heart to break?

How could you first obtain a Prize
By those dear, sweet-deluding Eyes,
And then that Prize forsake?

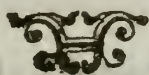
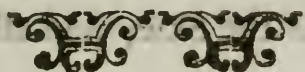
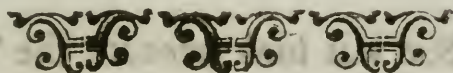
Like the close, Everlasting Flame,
My Heart is doom'd to burn the same,
Whilst you the Heat inspire:

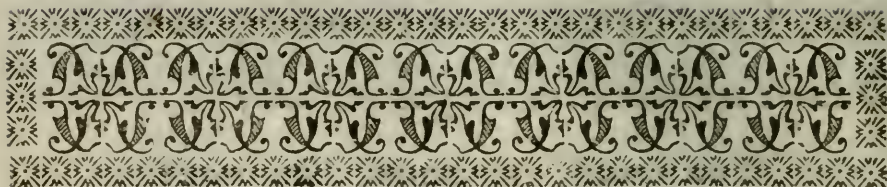
You, like the Vestal, void of Sleep,
Within, Eternal Vigils keep,
And feed the fainting Fire.

Dear

Dear, Cruel Nymph! your Flames suppress,
 O Love me more, or Plague me less;
 Too much, you know, I've bore:

Either throw off that haughty Air,
 And shew the soft-complying Fair,
 Or let me Love no more.





A

PASTORAL.

THE Sun was sunk beneath the Western Hill,
Clear was the Skie, and all the Groves were
still :

No Noise was heard within the silent Wood,
Save the low Murmurs of a rowling Flood,
Or what the passing Beetle breaths around,
A drowsy, humming, melancholy Sound :

'Twas at this time, a Shepherd's Boy was laid
Beside the Fallings of a soft Cascade ;
The soft Cascade but slowly rowl'd along,
Hung in it's Fall, and listen'd to his Song :

The

The flying Gales and ev'ry passing Breeze,
 With gentle Sighs fill'd all the trembling Trees;
 The trembling Trees a dumb Compassion shew,
 Droop'd their tall Heads, and press'd the Greens
 below :

The weeping Brooks ran mournful down the Plains,
 And tun'd their Murmurs to his rising Strains :
 But Gales, nor Trees, nor Brooks enough deplore,
Phæbe is dead ! and *Colin* joys no more.

Unhappy Swain ! (the mournful Shepherd cry'd,
 The flatt'ring Vales and lofty Hills reply'd
 Unhappy Swain !) Ah ! luckless Day to me !
 Would I had never liv'd that Day to see !
 When 'long the Margin of this silver Flood,
 Beneath this pendant Shade, and bow'ring Wood,
 The beauteous Corse in fun'ral Pomp was led,
 Whilst the sad Stream remurmur'd, *Phæbe's* dead :
 The silver Swans, that on her Waters glide,
 And oft' were seen to graze her herbag'd Side,

Now.

Now, seeming conscious of the lovely Maid,
Lament their Loss beneath the Poplar Shade ;
(For oft at Morn, or in the Evening fair,
Phæbe would feed 'em, as her darling Care.)
With doleful Notes they fill the founding Shore,
And cry with me, poor *Phæbe* is no more.

When *Phæbe's* Presence gladden'd all the Plains,
Fresh were the Greens and sweet the Sylvan Strains :
The feather'd Syrens warbled thro' the Shade,
And, as we pass'd, their tuneful Homage pay'd :
The Flocks and Herds in seeming Pleasure stood,
And Bleats and Lowings fill'd the lofty Wood :
But now she's gone, no more delight the Plains,
Nor fresh the Greens, nor sweet the sylvan Strains,
No more the Birds sit warbling on the Spray,
Nor, as I pass, their tuneful Homage pay ;
The Flocks and Herds, unmindful of their Food,
And wild with Grief, run frantick thro' the Wood :

My Pipe, that wont before to play so sweet,
 Now lies neglected at it's Master's feet;
 And Tray, poor Cur! unknowing where to go,
 Whines at my Side, as sensible of Woe:
 The Birds and Cattle all with me deplore,
Phæbe is dead! and *Colin* joys no more.

For Her the Shades their filken Slumbers yield,
 For Her the Flow'rs perfum'd the painted Field.
 For Her the musky Zephyrs tun'd the Shade,
 And whisp'ring Boughs in soft'ning Musick play'd;
 For Her 'soft-purling Rills from Summits flow,
 Whose tinkling Drops resound in Grotts below;
 For Her the Lawns and opening Glades were seen
 Cloth'd in their Pride, and all their summer-Green:
 But now she's gone, tho' still these Scenes appear,
 Tho' still these Shades and Lawns and Rills are here,
 Methinks, nor these my Sight, nor those delight
 my Ear.

No more the Shades their filken Slumbers yield,
Nor can I think, the Flow'rs perfume the field;
No more the musky Zephyrs tune their Lay,
Nor whisp'ring Boughs in soft'ning Musick play;
No more soft-purling Rills from Summits flow,
Nor tinkling Drops resound in Grotts below;
No more the Lawns and opening Glades are seen
Cloth'd in their Pride, and all their Summer-Green:
The Shades, the Rills, the Lawns with me deplore,
Phæbe is dead! and *Colin* joys no more.

Come, all ye Nymphs! and all ye rural Swains!
Once the dear Partners of my oaten Strains!
(For oft' ye've heard me sing, and heard me play,
Whilst *Phæbe* tript it to the sprightly Lay.)
Come, and behold how low in Earth she's laid,
Come, and with me lament the lovely Maid;
Phæbe! the dear, sad Object of my Care!
Phæbe is dead! the fairest of the Fair!

Then

Then what is Life? what Joys can Being give,
 Since she is gone, for whom alone, I live?
 But here my Sighs shall stop, my Life shall End,
 Then welcome, Death! thou only art my Friend;
 Thro' this clear Stream to *Phæbe's* Ghost I'll go,
 There tell my Tale of Sorrow down below.

Then, with a Spring, he leap'd from off the Steep,
 And plung'd his Soul beneath the azure Deep:
 Poor, faithfull Tray, who never left his side,
 Leap'd from the Bank, and with his Master dy'd.
 The Nymphs and Swains beheld the Shepherd's Fate,
 To the sad Stream they came, but came too late;
 Struck at the Sight, they raise a doleful Cry,
 The Hills, the Dales, and lonely Woods reply:
 The Nymphs and Swains their fatal Loss deplore;
 The vocal Stream resounds and hollow Shore,
Phæbe is dead! and *Colin* is no more.



SOLILOQUY

On Seeing

P H Æ B E a-sleep.

YE Powers above ! who guard the sleeping Fair,
Be darling *Phæbe* your peculiar Care !

Let heav'nly Visions to her Bosom flee,

Sweet be her Dreams, and all her Dreams of Me.

While thus I breath the Language of my Heart,

Within her Breast, perhaps, I share a Part :

Perhaps, ev'n now, she softens at my Woes,

Love takes her Heart, and in her Slumbers glows.

Perhaps, her Fancy now reflects with Pain,

On noble Tenders and a cold Disdain,

Describes my Gesture, hears my soft-breath'd Sighs,
And paints the speaking Languish of my Eyes :

But ah ! — too much these fond Reflections seem,
Alas ! I soon shall find it all a Dream ;

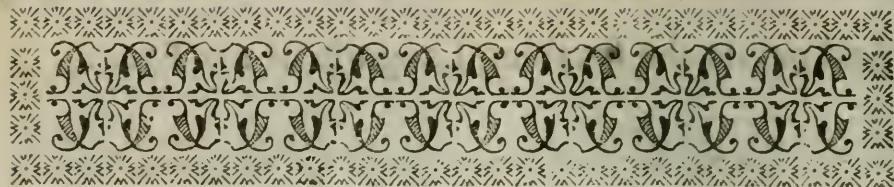
Too soon alas ! she'll rouse my former Pain,
Spurn at my noble Passion with Disdain,
And act the pretty Tyrant o'er again. }

Yet — let me here stand silent, and admire
The lovely Object of my soft Desire ;

'Till at last waken'd by my heaving Sighs,
(Which, as I gaze, within my Bosom rise) }

She warns me hence by her Destructive Eyes.





A

LETTER

From a LADY

To Her HUSBAND

IN

S P A I N,

In her last Sickness.

See Spectat. No. 204.

Dear, lovely Man! these mournful Lines receive,

From where you left your other self to grieve;

E're

E'er this, the last from thy endearing Wife,
 This, the last Efforts of an ebbing Life!
 E're This to Thee, can reach the destin'd Shore,
 Thy Wife, thy tender Wife will be—no more;
 And all compriz'd in that dear Name must end,
 The Kindest Husband, and the truest Friend.

When Honour call'd, and by your King's Com-
 mand,
 For foreign Realms you left your native Land;
 Too well you knew, what Pains my Soul oppress'd,
 Too well you knew the Tortures of my Breast;
 You knew, when Coughs my heaving Vessels tore,
 How all my Lungs distill'd a putrid Gore:
 And soon these Pains, that in my Bosom rave,
 Will bring me down untimely to my Grave,
 For so Physicians tell me by their Skill.
 (And sure, Physicians would not wish me Ill.)
 Now even now, my vital Spirit fails,
 Life now is going out, and Death prevails;

Scarce can my fainting Heart these Lines indite,
Scarce can my trembling Hand sustain to write,
But that fond Passion, which for You I bear,
Just lends me Strength, just gives me to declare,
That of the Pains, which Death sets out to view,
The greatest is, that I must part with You.

But let not This thy manly Thoughts controul,
And brood in Anguish o'er thy stedfast Soul;
Rather rejoyce, that my untainted Mind
Has known no Guile, in Innocence refin'd,
That no Repentance forms a late Delay,
Or stops my Journey to eternal Day;
But that I spend my latest Hours, intent
On those dear Pleasures of a Life well-spent,
On those dear Pleasures, which with Thee I've found,
Pleasures, which few can taste in Wedlock bound;
And ever and anon Reflect with Pain,
That All so soon must end, and ne'er return again.

Far from believing these Reflections weak,
 That they the Frailty of our Sex bespeak,
 I rather think, a due Respect they shew
 To what has been ordain'd for Man below,
 In shewing such Unwillingness to leave
 A State, which some the Curse of Heav'n believe,
 A State, which, rightly held, the greatest Joys
 can give.

Since we can tell no more of what's to come,
 Than that we all shall once receive our Doom,
 That Pious Souls in endless Bliss shall reign,
 And find, they have not strove with Vice in vain;
 That all the Bad shall view Hell's dark Abode,
 And own too late the Vengeance of a God:
 Since we can tell no more; why mayn't we please
 The poor, departing Soul with Thoughts, like these;
 That, tho' we're dead, and lock'd within the Tomb,
 Yet the fond Spirit hovers round it's Home,

Still has a Sense of all that's done below,
Still conversant in all our Scenes of Woe;
And may, perhaps, have this for it's Employ—
To guide the Actions, and the Wants supply
Of those, it walk'd with in the Paths of Life,
A loving Husband, or a tender Wife.
I may, perhaps, my usual Task pursue,
And, tho' unknown, be present still with You,
Sooth the loud Tumults of your troubled Breast,
And in soft Whispers lull your Soul to Rest.
Believe me then, thou dearest, best of Friends!
On whom my Thoughts, my Will, my All depends;
Nothing can so much Happiness create,
As this Employment in a Future State;
Thro' the rough Tempests of a boist'rous Life,
Still to attend Thee, still thy constant Wife;
When fierce Distempers rack thy groaning Soul,
And ghastly Visions all thy Thoughts controul,
To close thy Eye-lids in the Bands of Sleep,
And, tho' unseen, sit down perhaps, and weep!

To ride before thee, thy presiding Star,
 And shield thy Bosom from the Storms of War;
 To bear Thee safe thro' all th' embattl'd Plain,
 My self unhurt, incapable of Pain:
 For oft' I've long'd in Battle to appear,
 Fight by thy Side, and shake the glitt'ring Spear,
 Unmindful of our Sex, it's Weakness, and it's
 Fear.

With these fond Thoughts my languid Heart I
 warm,

These for a-while the fierce Distemper charm:
 But Oh! too strong my Agonies prevail,
 My Soul dies in me, and my Spirits fail,
 When I reflect on all that weight of Woe,
 Which thy poor, trembling Soul must undergo
 When this sad News shall strike thy tortur'd Ear,
 And drown'd in Grief tumultuous You shall hear

These killing Words pronounc'd — thy Wife is
Dead,

And all the Pleasures of thy Life are fled:

But here I'll stop——

Too well I know the Anguish of your Heart,

Too well I know, I touch the tender'st Part;

The more I strive to offer you Relief

By fond Reflections, and assuage your Grief;

The more the heaving Tides of Sorrow rise,

Unman your Soul, and melt your yielding Eyes.

But know, thou fondest, know, thou dearest
Friend!

Know, that e're this poor Life shall feel it's End,

To Thee dear Man! my latest Breath shall flee,

And the last struggling Sigh be breath'd for Thee;

For never, never must I see you more,

Soon at one Gasps this Being will be o'er:

Then

Then take this last Adieu! Farewell for Life,
But still believe me

Your obedient Wife.





T O T H E

NIGHTINGALE

Sweet Songster of the Woods and Grove!

Cease your melancholy Strain;

Alas too well I know, I Love,

Too sure I feel the pleasing Pain.

Sweet Songster of the Woods and Grove!

Cease your Strains, I know, I Love.

Go, tell the Nymph, for whom I burn,

Tell my *Phæbe* what I feel,

Tell her, 'tis for her I mourn,

All the love-sick Tale reveal.

Sweet Songster of the Woods and Grove!

Go, tell my *Phæbe*, how I Love.

Thou

Thou, that art the Bird of Love,
 The Secret of my Soul impart;
 For sure you cannot fail to move,
 With thy warbled Airs, her Heart.
 Sweet Songster of the Woods and Grove!
 Tell this, and Oh! — She can't but Love.





TO A
L A D Y

O N H E R

P A R R O T.

SEE! lovely *Cælia*, with what cunning Art
The little Wanton plays the Lover's Part;
Fain by his Prating would he shew his Love,
And all his Passion by his gesture prove:
Cælia take Care; be not too bold, fair Maid,
Who knows, but *Jove* lies hid in Masquerade?
Gods have their Tricks, as well as mortal Man,
And *POLL*'s as great a Beau, as *Leda*'s Swan.



O N

P H Æ B E.

AT *Phæbe's* Birth, with ev'ry graceful Air
 Confederate Heav'n adorn'd the lovely
 Fair;

Indulgent *Pallas* silver'd o'er her Tongue,
 To speak with Eloquence, and die in Song,
 Majestick *Juno* gave the awfull Mien,
 Softness came melting from the *Cyprian* Queen:
 Is there no God, who can exert his Art,
 To make her Kind, and mollifie her Heart?

Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs ! once more employ your Care,
Make her but kind, and render her less fair.

But hold — the Gods denie this last Request,
Lest *Venus* should be vanquish'd in the Test.



Upon



Upon seeing the

O B E L I S K

I N

B L E N H E I M Park.

Then could not all Those Monuments of Fame
 Procure the Heroe an Immortal Name?
 What? could not *Blenheim's* ever-famous Plain,
 And Conquer'd *Tallard* with his Thousands slain
 Make Him Immortal? must his Fame be ow'd
 To what the forming Chisel has bestow'd?
 Better had *Malbro'* met the fatal Dart,
 Than been beholden to the Carver's Art.

K

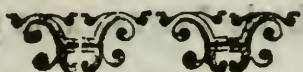
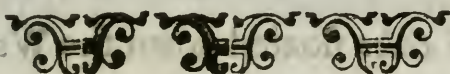
Upon



Upon seeing a very
 Beautiful L A D Y
 M A S K' D.

AND what fond Man could ever hope to find
 Such matchless Goodness in the Women-kind.
 All made to torture, and afflict with Pain,
 All made relentless in Tyrannick Reign.
 But *Sacharissa* knows she's killing Fair,
 Knows, that there's Glory got, sometimes to spare
 She hates to drag a Heart about in Chains,
 And make her Slave endure a Thousand Pains,
 Modestly fair she veils th' unequal Blaze,
 And shines serenely bright with half her Rays.

As the Sun hides his Face from mortal Sight,
 And pours thro' Clouds but half his radiant Light,
 Left the dry'd Flow'rs, unable to withstand
 His Beams, should fade, and Earth be turn'd to Sand:
 So *Sacharissa*, ever-charming Fair!
 Makes this her dayly, her peculiar Care,
 To veil her Face, and spare the heedless Boy,
 Who by a fatal Look might all his Life destroy.



O N A

Young L A D Y,

Who accidentally fell into the

R I V E R.

AS *Chloe* floated down the Water,
The little Loves came paddling a'ter ;

They peep'd, and they laugh'd ; for they thought it
had been

Their own Mother *Venus*, the beautiful Queen :

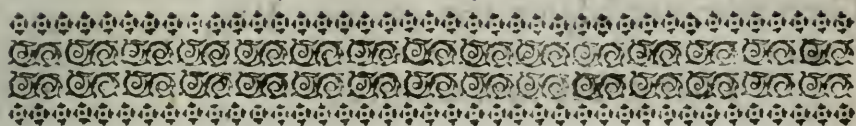
But when they found the sad mistake,

They help'd her out for *Venus'* sake ;

They wip'd her, and dry'd her ; by her Dimples they
swore,

That they ne'er were deceiv'd in their Mother before.

SONG



S O N G.

BEhold those radiant Worlds of Light,
 That rowl their Orbs on high ;
 The Beauties of a Starry Night,
 That strike the dazzl'd Eye !

So many Charms young *Phæbe* has,
 So many to Us rise ;
 Ten thousand deck her lovely Face,
 As many more her Eyes.

Where-e'er she is, her Air, her Mien
 Invites the little Loves,
 She walks a Goddess, looks a Queen.
 The Pride of all the Groves !

Then who can blame the am'rous Boy,

That gazes and admires?

Her very Looks create new Joy,

And fan the rising Fires.

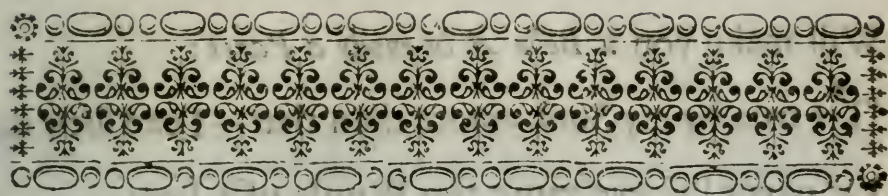
Young *Cupid* moaps from Grove to Grove,

Disarm'd of all his Darts ;

Whilst *Phæbe* reigns the Queen of Love,

And triumphs o'er our Hearts.





TWO or THREE

OR A

RECEIPT

To make a

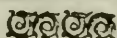
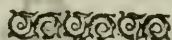
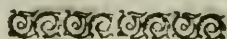
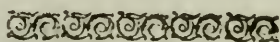
French BEAUTY.

TWO or three Languishes, two or three Smiles,
With two or three Scraps of forc'd Wit be-
tween whiles:

Two or three Patches, to hide a few Spots,
Got by tipling Cold-Tea off by two or three Pots:
Two or three Stones to adorn a bare Breast;
With two or three Teeth, not so brown as the rest.

These

These tofs'd up in One, that's about—fifty three,
 Will make you a *Belle A-la-mode a Paris*:
 'Tis true by my Soul—more than that— I can shew it,
 Or never believe more the Words of a Poet.



THE

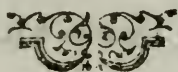


T H E

English B E A U T Y.

TH E True-English Virgin (no slave to the Fashion)

Looks as charming, as *Eve* at her Day of creation:
 As soft is her Accent, her Sense as refin'd,
 And her Dress is as simple, and plain, as her Mind.
 As Gracious, as Heav'n, as her Climate serene,
 Like *F*—ng, her Air, and like *B*—d, her Mien.





THE

Slighted SWAIN SONG.

FAst by a soft prattling Stream,
 Where Willows and Osiers do grow,
Pastora's false Vows were the Theme,
 Whilst Colinet pour'd out his Woe:
 The Breeze, that blew whisp'ring along,
 To the Shepherd's Complaining reply'd,
 When thus the deplorable Song
 Ran murmuring down with the Tide.

Was ever fond Shepherd so blest'd?

Was ever a Swain so forlorn?

As first to be fondly caress'd,

And then to be treated with Scorn:

The Turtle, that bills in the Grove,

And then is forsook by his Mate,

Was never so happy in Love,

Was never so wretched in Fate.

Look down then, false Nymph! on your Swain,

And pity a Comfortless Heart;

Look down then, but without Disdain,

And heal up a true Lover's Smart:

'Tis for You, that I rove up and down;

'Tis for You, that I mourn all the Day;

'Tis for You, that I leave the gay Town;

And in Woods rather choose for to stray.

Sweet Nightingale ! witness my Love,
Sweet Nightingale ! hear me complain ;
For you are forfok in the Grove,
And treated, like me, with Disdain :
I'll tell out my Grief to the Trees,
I'll tell it to e'ery clear Stream ;
That the Rocks may found forth, and the Breeze
To *Pastora* may waft off the Theme.

She forgets, how I've spent the long Night
Dissolving to Rest in her Arms ;
She forgets all the Lover's Delight ;
She forgets, that she ever had Charms :
Ye Winds ! let her know, how I love,
Let her know, what for her I can bear ;
Let her know, how I live in the Grove,
And at Night how I sigh in the Air.

And

And can You, false Nymph! be so hard,
As not to be mov'd at my Grief?
And can Woman have no Regard
To a Swain, who implores for Relief?
Since You won't of my Anguish approve,
But slight me with Frowns, I'll give o'er;
Thro' the Woods and wild Defarts I'll rove,
And think of my Charmer no more.





L A

P E N S I F.

Come Thou, fair Nymph, that dost dwell
In the humble, rural Cell,
Come, and with thee bring along
The Goddess of Poetick Song :
Lay me down in pleasing Dreams,
By the gently-rowling Streams ;
Bring me to the rosy Bowers
Where the filken, op'ning Flowers
Waft their Odours thro' the Grove,
The soft *Elysian* Joys to prove :
Now what Pleasures have I found !
See ! what Prospects rise around !

Tow'rs and Battlements appear,
 Glitt'ring Spires, and Domes from far ;
 Now my Eye the Structure fees
 Deep within the tufted Trees ;
 Now it views the wand'ring Rills
 Shining bright betwixt the Hills :
 O! the charming, pleasing Sight,
 Ev'ry thing brings sweet Delight.

Of't I lay my weary Head
 On a Hillock's mossy Bed,
 All the while the forrest rings,
 Whilst the mellow Black-Bird sings,
 Or the speckle-breasted Thrush
 Warbling from the neighbouring Bush,
 Whilst the plaintive Turtle coos,
 From the lofty Elm, his Woes.
 Or the Nightingales complain
 In a sadly-pleasing Strain.

Fast by, the gentle-purling Springs.
With their fliding murmurings,
As along the Meads they creep,
Bring the downy-feather'd Sleep.
Then the whisp'ring Woods are still,
And Meditation takes her fill.

Sweet's the Evening's pure Delight,
Sweet's the Mountain's tow'ring Height ;
Ruins glitter from the steep
Nodding o'er the wavy Deep :
Delightful seems the ancient Tower,
Airy Steeple, distant Bower ;
Tufted Trees high-rai'd in Air
Please the trav'ling Eye from far.
Hark ! the musky Zephyrs sing,
Throwing odours from their Wing :
Hark ! the pretty Turtles cooing,
As far within they sit a-wooing ;

Soft Complaints, and murm'ring Love
 Resound thro' all the vocal Grove.
 See! the Vallies smooth, and low,
 Rivers winding to and fro;
 Lefs'ning Rocks, and Country-Farms
 Embrac'd within the Wood's green Arms:
 Prospects ever-new arise,
 And bring fresh Pleasure to the Eyes.
 Ev'ry Breeze my Senses greets,
 With wafted Odours, balmy Sweets.
 See! the fragrant, damask'd Rose,
 How on yonder Bush it glows!
 What a pure, delicious Scent
 Breaths from ev'ry Sylvan Plant!
 All things please, of various Hue,
 The yellow Dill, and V'ilet blew,
 See! yon Bower, how it wanders
 Round and round in green Mæanders;
 Shades on Shades for ever bending,
 Pleasant Mazes never ending.

When the Queen of Night appears
Lacquey'd by a thousand Stars ;
Let me to the mossy Cells,
Where heav'nly Contemplation dwells,
With Eyes up-lifted to the Sky,
Aiming to'ards Divinity,
There I'll drink with open Ears
The Musick of the rowling Spheres;
Observe pale *Cynthia's* silver Light,
And ev'ry Star, that gilds the Night,
Heaven looks with all her Eyes,
As the Deluge floats the Skies.
Now the Light's at distance seen
Thro' the verdant, checquer'd Scene;
Here a Ray darts thro' the Wood,
There it trembles on the Flood.
Lo! the radiant, glimm'ring Throng
Majestically swim along.

But when the Sun drives on his Road,
 Flaming from his bright Abode,
 How they wink with fainting Fire!
 How unwilling to retire!
 Emblem of the dying Man!
 Glad to stretch his narrow Span,
 Struggling with his latest Breath,
 'Till down at once he sinks to Death.

Of! may I at early Dawn
 Walk the russet-mantled Lawn,
 Or the painted Mead, bedight
 With Daies, pleasing to the Sight;
 Where the Flocks and Herds do stray,
 Bleating, nibbling all the Day.
 When the Lark has just begun
 With Carols to salute the Sun,
 Whilst the Sylvan Syrens sing,
 Making all the Valleys ring,

From the Hawthorn's bloomy Sprays, and more
 Warbling out their Maker's Praise,
 Whilst the nimble, active Fawn
 Skips and jumps adown the Lawn.
 How delightful all Things look!
 The dripping Rock, and shallow Brook,
 Daisies pide, and Vilets blew,
 The King-Cup, brim'd with pearly Dew.
 Hard by the Plough-man's simple Song
 Cheers the tinkling Team along;
 Whilst *Cicely* with her cleanly Pail
 Trips it o'er the flow'ry Dale,
 To milk her Kine, who ready stand,
 And wait her gently-stroking Hand.
 Lo! the happy Shepherd laid his girdle down
 All beneath the Hedge's Shade, and there he lay
 Or fideling on the Mountain's steep,
 Pipeing to his harmless Sheep,
 Whilst his jolly, Country-Strains
 Chear the Woods, and fill the Plains.

Horses neighing to their Brothers;
 Lambs a-bleating for their Mothers,
 Lowing Herds, devoid of Sorrow,
 Calling each to each good-morrow,
 Streams, that o'er the pebbles rowl,
 All conspire to tune the Soul,
 With a vernal, rural Blessing,
 With a Joy, beyond expressing.

When the Sun is mounted high
 In middle Tower of the Skie,
 And begins to dart his Beams
 On the burning Plains, and Streams;
 May some Wood-Nymph me convey
 From the sultry Heat of Day;
 Thro' the Lawns, and tho' the Meads,
 Wheresoe'er her Fancy leads.

To the high-embow'ring Shades,
 Twilight Groves, and cooling Glades,

Where Human Step was never seen
Tracing o'er the smooth-fac'd Green.
Or on some Romantick Mountain,
By the side of some clear Fountain,
Whose gelid Grotts, and prattling Streams
May blefs me with extatick Dreams,
As they foftly-trickling flow
From the Hoary Mountain's Brow.
Rapt in Thought I'd lay along,
And liften to the fylvan Song,
Whilst bufy Man rowls up and down
In the Beams of fcorching Noon;
So fares it with thofe Virtuous Few,
Who calm and pure, their Minds fubdue,
And live their Days in Paradife,
Whilst all the World's inflam'd with Vice.

Oh! would but Heaven let me have
The only, little Boon, I crame——

A still Retirement by the Woods
 Where fast by run the murm'ring Floods,
 A Friend, an hour or so to pass
 In merry Chat, and sober Glafs;
 Nor may I want my sole Delight,
 To spend the solemn Noon of Night,
 A Study furnish'd well, to pore
 The Books of ancient Sages o'er,
 Unruly Passions to controul,
 And form from Them a Virtuous Soul.
 Here Quiet, heav'nly Goddes! dwells,
 Deep within these humble Cells;
 Far from busy Mortal's Sight,
 The Meadows are her sole Delight,
 O'er the Grass she gently treads,
 O'er the Fields, and painted Meads:
 Here retir'd from Noise and Strife,
 I'd strive to live the heav'nly Life;
 Here I'd think on all the Great,
 Plac'd on the Pinnacles of State,

Inhabiting the House of Care,
And think to find true Quiet there;
In vain they search, they'll never find,
She never loves the hurry'd Mind,
But far retir'd from vulgar Eyes,
Holds high Converse with the Skies.

Come, Ye Wife! and dwell with Me,
We'll enjoy true Liberty:
Thro' these Woods we'll careless stray,
Whilst the Blackbird tunes his Lay;
Or the lonely Nightingale
Warbles down in yonder Vale.
Here we'll live, and range at Will,
'Till Contemplation has her Fill:
And when my Thread of Life is spun,
Be This inscrib'd upon my Stone.

He liv'd, as knowing he must die,
Had no mean Thoughts, nor yet too high;

A faithful Friend; of no great reading,
But just enough to know good Breeding;
Not servile to the Great Man's Nod,
Obey'd his King, and Fear'd his God.



N SONG



S O N G.

WHat makes my tender *Phæbe* weep?
O! tell me, *Phæbe*, why:

Why those bright Orbs in Sorrow steep?

O! wipe the flowing Eye.

Quench not that Star, that is my Guide,

O! spare the precious Tear:

Let not those Drops increase the Tide,

And drown your Beauty there.

To dry those Eyes in Pity choose,

And banish gloomy Night;

Your Lustre by this Grief you loose,

But all the World — it's Light.



A D V I C E

T O A

F R I E N D

I N

L O V E.

PRithee! my Boy! for once take my Advice,
I'll set your Matters easy in a Trice:

You seem to me unpractis'd in the Arts

Of making Love, and gaining Ladies Hearts;

As you set out, you e'en may suffer for't,

Your Ship must sink, nor can you make the Port.

Women are Something rarely understood,
A *Jen' scai quoi* of Human Flesh and Blood!
Their Hearts and Words, inconstant as the Weather,
Like two Well-Buckets, never go together.
Their inward Thoughts by Drefs of Words they
 skreen,
For what they say, you're sure they never mean:
Therefore to know the meaning of their Heart,
You must be deeply skill'd in Love's whole Art.
I don't know much, and so ha'n't much to lend,
But what I have, you're welcome to, my Friend!

Then to proceed—would you obtain this Lafs?
Don't whine and pine, and look so like an Afs:
Blood! do you think that Women are such Tools,
As to be gain'd by such damn'd, sniv'ling Fools!
No, no, my Friend! believe me, you're mistaken,
Their Sex know better how to save their Bacon:

You must have Courage, when weak Doubts invade

You,

Faint Heart, my Lad! you know, ne'er won fair

Lady.

'Tis true, would you proceed by Dint of Might,

To force the Damfel to the warm Delight,

She'd make some faint Resistance, Squeeze and

Threat,

And foreign to her Heart a thousand Vows repeat ;

But This, I'd have you understand, my Boy !

Shews her Consent to th' ensuing Joy ;

But if, affraid, you leave her at this Hour,

Trust me, you could not disoblige her more :

For I have heard Experienc'd Authors say—

“They Hate us, when we're easily said nay.”

Then prithee ! mark an am'rous Poet's Lays,

For Poets best *know* Women now a-days :

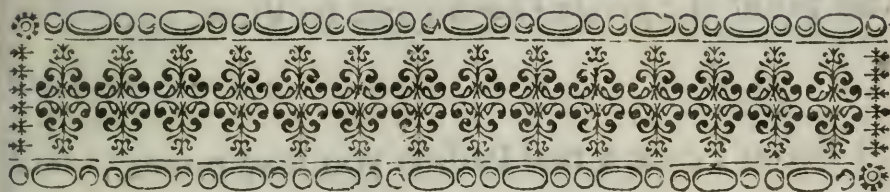
Whate'er we do, dear Woman is the End,

We sing to Beauty, and to Beauty bend.

If then you find the *pretty Thing* alone,
Throw off your pining Looks, and whining Tone,
Make a bold Push, and, trust me ! All's your Own.



THE



THE
QUESTION
TO
P H Æ B E.

SAY, *Phæbe*! say, did e'er thy Bosom prove
The soft Delights, and pleasing Pangs of Love?
Say, did thy tender Breast e'er feel a Pain,
Beyond whate'er thy cunning Sex can feign?
Does any Youth, of blooming Charms possess'd,
Thy yielding Thoughts engage, and break thy Rest?

Then

Then tell me, *Phæbe*! prithee! tell me true,
And point the *pretty Charmer* out to View.

† From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For if you don't *Confess*, you do not Love.

When absent from your Sight one long long Day,
Does not your heaving Bosom chide his Stay?
Do not you wish to go where-e'er he goes,
And fondly share a Part in all he does?
Is not your Soul with Jealous Doubts oppress'd,
Lest some more happy Fair should gain his Breast?
Do not you long to clasp the lovely Boy,
Would Modesty dispense with *such* a Joy?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For if you are not *Fond*, you do not Love.

† These 2 Lines are taken from Mr. *Amburst's* Test of Love.

When your fond Eyes his sev'ral Beauties scan,
 Do not you think him (more than Others can) }
 The most enchanting, dear-bewitching Man— }
 The gracefulst Youth, you ever yet have seen,
 Like *Jove* his Grandeur and like *Mars* his Mien?
 Do not you think some secret Charm attends
 Whate'er he does, and all his Actions mends?
 When in the Dance the comely Youth appears,
 Does Musick *then* so sweetly sooth your Ears?
 Does not his Prefence set your Soul on Fire?
 Do not your Eyes his ev'ry Grace admire?
 The Step, the nimble Trip, genteel Advance,
 And all the Measures of the well-tim'd Dance?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
 For if you don't *Admire*, you do not Love.

When unawares the Charmer steals a Kiss,
 Do not you chide him for the ravish'd Bliss, }
 Call him *Rude Thing*, yet—think it not amiss? }

Whene'er he toying calls you *Pretty Lass*,
And throws you wantonly upon the Grass,
Do not you *vow* you'll see his Face no more,
Yet softly say—"he knows my Meaning sure?
For Threats, when in the Female-Sex display'd,
Are certain Tokens of a Willing Maid.

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For if you ben't *in Jest*, you do not Love.

Do not you make it your Peculiar Care,
To mend your Charms, and make you still more fair
To raise your Beauty to a sweet Surprise,
Still to appear more Charming in his Eyes?

Do not you oft' correct each alter'd Grace,
And think, this Patch becomes just such a Place,
Then vow—it can't be better stuck in all the Face?

Do not you try your Gestures at your Glass,
Trip nimbly back, come forward, pass, repass,
Then *solemnly protest*—you are a handsome Lass?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For if you are not *Proud*, you do not Love.

When Night's dark Shades the drowfy World in-
vest,

Don't pleasing Visions fill your yielding Breast?
Don't the Dear Youth present himself in Dreams,
Whilst All, like Life, a real Action seems?

Don't you then give a Loose to all those Joys,
Which, when awake, your Modesty destroys?

Do not you think you clasp his heav'nly Charms,
Whilst glowing Beauty all your Bosom warms,
Then, waking, find alas! the Pillow in your Arms?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
If you don't *dream of Him*, you do not Love.

Whene'er to other Nymphs he deals a Kiss,
But passes you, don't you take *that* amiss?

(For oft' our Sex, unwilling to declare
Their Love in *publick*, baulk their Bosom-Fair.)
Whene'er he plays another Ladies Fan,
Tips an arch Wink, or trifles with her Hand,
Does not strong Jealousy exert it's Force,
And don't you wish, he mayn't do *Somewhat Worse*?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For if you're Jealous, 'tis a Sign you Love.

When drooping Griefs his pensive Soul opprefs,
Do drooping Griefs torment your Bosom less?
When, wrapt in Thought, he seems cast down with
Care,

Don't your sad Thoughts an equal Burden share?
But when gay Pleasure fills his sprightly Mind,
Does not your Heart the self-same Pleasure find?
Does not your Breast observe a Kindred-Part,
And act in Concert with the Charmer's Heart?

From

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For if you *Sympathize*, you truly Love.

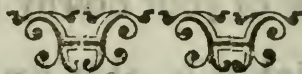
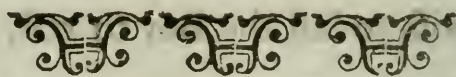
When on the Bed of Sickness he is laid,
Do not you wish to lend a friendly Aid?
Do not you Pity, when his Soul complains,
And sigh, and long to bear his raging Pains?
Do not you wish to lull the Boy to rest,
On the soft Pillow of your downy Breast?
But—hard you think it is, that you must bend
To Custom and your Sex, nor be his Friend,
But must denie that Aid, which *Nature* bids you
lend.

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For *Pity* ever was the Child of Love.

Say, *Phæbe*! say, are these fond Queries true?
Are all these Symptoms to be found in You?

Sincere

Sincere now tell me, has thy tender Breast
 These glowing Signs of artless Love confess'd?
 If then 'tis so, e'en name the happy Boy,
 Nor let vain Doubts the genial Hour destroy:
 For if your *Thoughts* a real Passion prove,
 Believe me, *Phæbe*! 'tis no Crime to Love.





A

Hunting-SONG.

HArk! hark! the shrill Horn
Rouses up the dull Morn,

And merrily calls us away,

No more let us steep

Our Senses in Sleep.

But to Hunting devote the new Day.

Tan-Twivee.

Whilst

Whilst the Greenwood resounds
With the Cries of the Hounds,
And the Hallooing of Sportsmen so clear,
A Fig for your Court !
There's Nothing of Sport
With Hunting the Fox can compare.

Tan-Twivee.

Let Dotards and Fools.

And such heavy Tools,

Keep the Pillow close under their Head,

Whilst the Morn from her Height

Looks with Shame on the Sight,

And blushes to see 'em a-bed.

Tan-Twivee.

'Tis

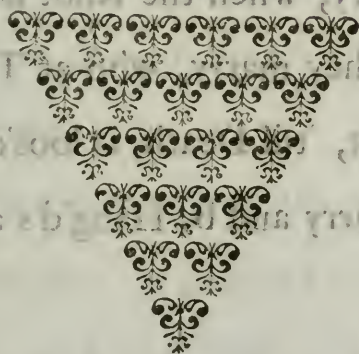
'Tis Hunting inspires,
 Fresh Health and fresh Fires,

For sweet is the Breath of the Morn:

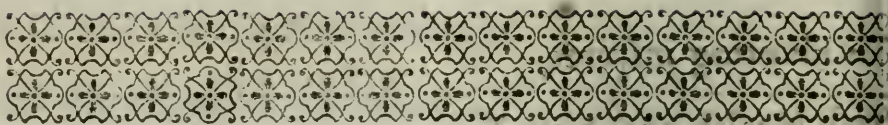
When a Fig for dull Cares,
 And all State-Affairs,

We'll follow the Hounds and the Horn.

Tan-Twivee.



PLATE



E P I G R A M

O N

M A R R I A G E.

IF 'tis to Marry, when the Knot is ty'd,
 Why then they marry, who at Tyburn ride;
 And if that Knot, 'till Death, is loos'd by None,
 Why then to Marry and be Hang'd's all One.

A N O T H E R.

HAD I been *Adam* I'd have had no Wife,
 Believe me, 'tis the wretchedst State in Life
 I'd sooner twenty broken *Ribs* abide,
 Than e'er have *One* transform'd into a Bride.



T H E

D E C I S I O N.

IT has long been a Thing of Dispute about Town,
Whether *O—d* or *C—ge* was first in Re-
nown;

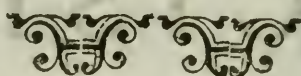
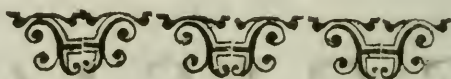
The latter thus argue the Case, and thus prove it—
(Nor can we *O—ns* pretend to remove it)

That Thing must be Oldest, 'tis granted by all,
Which is nearest *Decay*, and most likely to *fall*;

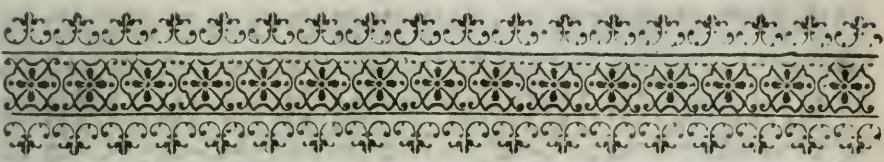
Now it plainly appears, that was *C—ge* the
Youngest,

Like *O—d* 'twould flourish, and still be the
Strongest,

But alas ! 'tis not so—and the old Proverbs say—
 Each Thing has it's Turn. E'ery Dog has his Day
 Therefore *O—d*, averse to Disputes of this Nature,
 Submit to *Right Reason*, and give up the Matter.



SONG



S O N G.

TH^O *Phæbe*, 'tis true, is a good pretty Lafs,
 Yet I'll never stand whining, and look like
 an Afs;

Tho' *She* does not love me, I'll never run mad,
 There are more pretty Girls in the World to be had:
 For why should I thus be a slave to her Mind,
 When by all my Subjection She'll never be kind?
 In short—I'm resolv'd, if she's peevish and cross,
 I'll e'en be so too, whatfoe'er be the Loss;
 But if She's Good-natur'd, and Civil withal,
 Why I should be cross, there's no Reason at all:
 So I'll e'en be as Civil, and give her a Kifs,
 Then pray, tell me, Ladies! can this be amifs?



E P I G R A M

O N

W O M A N.

Long have Philosophers strove all in vain,
Perpetual Motion by their Art t'obtain,
 Why sure Philosophers have all been blind,
 'Tis always to be found in Woman-kind.



TO



TO THE

GRASSHOPPER.

Imitated From

R E N. R A P I N.

HAppy Insect! that doſt lay
 Couch'd beneath the verdant Blade,
 Idly ſinging all the Day,
 'Thro' the cooling, ſilent Shade.

Whether, perch'd on Flow'rs, you ſip
 Pearly Drops of dewy Rain,
 Or delight'ſt to hop and ſkip
 O'er the waving, graſſy Plain.

Whe-

Whether finging you rejoyce
The gentle-whistling Reeds among,
Or excell the Shepherd's Voice,
Whom you challenge by your Song.

Whether by the Brooks, you chear,
With your pretty, chirping Lay,
The tired Swain, or lab'ring Steer,
In the fultry Heat of Day.

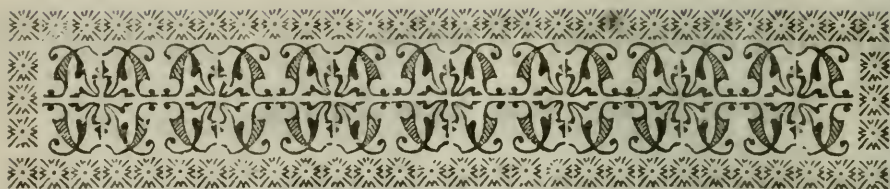
Whether Heaven min'string Sheds
Dewy Food in nectar Showers,
Or adorns your verdant Bed
With pearly Gems and fragrant Flowers.

Little Tenant of the Field !
Be propitious to my Theme,
Who, in Love to you, will build
A Temple of Immortal Fame.

A lasting Monument I'll make,
 Not of Stone, that soon decays,
 The soft-complaining Lyre I'll take,
 And warble out in Verse your Praise ;
 Of you I first learnt how to sing,
 And make the Woodland Ecchoes ring.



Q A



A
FRAGMENT
OF
PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Address'd to

P H Æ B E.

Gods ! what a Lustre sparkles from thy Eyes,
Bright, as their Kindred Orbs, that gild the
Skies !

Thy Neck breaths Roses ; nor does Gold appear
Half so refulgent as thy burnish'd Hair :

Thy

Thy honied Mouth, like pure Vermilion glows,
 Sweet as the Hive, and purple as the Rose ;
 With a faint Blush thy swelling Breasts are spread,
 Nicely dispos'd between a White and Red :
 Thy Sexes Charms are all compriz'd in One,
Venus may blush to see herself out-done :
 Thy slender Fingers and well-polish'd Arms,
 Fix'd at the Work, display their graceful Charms ;
 As thro' the Loom they draw the running Clue,
 And quick, with Art the filken Task pursue.
 Soft are thy Feet, too delicately made,
 On rugged Paths and stony Ways to tread ;
 Gently ah ! gently walk the treach'rous Ground,
 Least the harsh Stone thy tender Feet should wound :

As o'er your Kindred-Lillies, soft you tread,
 Your Kindred-Lillies lift their Virgin-Head ;
 Nor do your Footsteps, as you lightly pass,
 Beat down th' unbending Herb, or flatt the rising
 Grass.

Let other Nymphs, to slavish Fashion born,
With pendant Gems their sparkling Necks adorn ;
With precious Stones let Others grace their Hair,
And deck with Pride, what Nature made less fair :
Tho' strip'd and spoil'd of all your gaudy Drefs,
You please the Same, nor can you please us less :
Beauty in Trappings lessens at the Test ;
A naked Beauty is esteem'd the Best.

Sure none was ever form'd to warm the Heart,
With nice exactness in each lovely Part,
But Thee, in Thee alone with vast Surprise
All Charms united meet the dazzled Eyes ;
(Might we behold what we are forc'd to Shun,
For oh ! by one dear Look we are undone.

When *Phæbe* sings, methinks, the *Siren* Throng
Hush their own Notes, and bless th' enchanting Song ;
Charm'd into Sense, the list'ning *Nine* admire,
And own her Voice excells the breathing Lyre :

In Rapture lost, I hearken'd to the Sound,
 But little thought, those tender Notes could wound,
 But ah! too soon I feel the dear Deceit,
 Too soon alas! I taste the Bitter Sweet :
 Each melting Air my yielding Soul disarms,
 And Lo! I fall a Conquest to her Charms.



Hor.



Hor. Ode 26. Book 3.

I M I T A T E D.

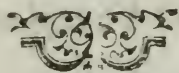
T O

V E N U S.

I Who was once the Ladies darling Care,
Could freely toy and trifle with the Fair ;
Who fondly lov'd, and liv'd the am'rous Day,
In wanton Pleasures driving Care away ;
Low sunk in Years, and grown infirm with Age,
Must now retire, and quit the youthful Stage :
No more to Love I tune my warbling Lyre,
No more my Bosom feels it's wonted Fire.

High on the Walls of *Venus* sacred Shrine,
 I'll hang my Lyre, and all my Arms resign;
 My useless Scaling-Ropes I'll use no more,
 Nor sturdy Clubs to burst the fasten'd Door.

But oh! may You, Auspicious Queen of Love!
 Guardian of *Memphis*! and the *Cyprian* Grove!
 May You but once exert your Sov'reign Sway,
 Make *Chloe* once your Ruling-Rod obey,
Chloe! that flights the Courteous Lover's Pain,
 And haughtily looks down with cold Disdain;
 Oh! pierce her tender Soul with fond Desire,
 And make her Bosom glow with equal Fire.



Hor.



Hor. Ode 15. Book 3.

T O

CHLORIS.

PRithee! *Chloris*! leave these Toys,
 This Hank'ring after Youthful Joys;
 Why fure you can't much longer hold,
 For *Sev'nty Two* is pretty old.
 And here you joyn the Young and Gay,
 At ev'ry Op'ra, Ball and Play,
 Your grey Hairs trim'd with *Bruffells* Lace,
 And purchas'd Beauty for your Face.
 Believe me, it does not look well
 In *You*, tho' 'twould become *Miss Bell*,

Miss Bell has Charms, but you have None,
 Not one, that you can call your Own ;
 She has a License to be dress'd,
 To be Gallanted and Carefs'd :
 Her nat'ral Beauty gains more Hearts,
 Than all your Cheats and purchas'd Arts.
 Come, take your Distaff and retire,
 And leave to *Miss* the warbling Lyre :
 You must not think the Night to pass
 With am'rous Talk, and flowing Glafs ;
 And then a Spark to lead you Home,
 No, *Chloris* ! go and mind your Loom.



R O N



ON THE
DEATH
OF A
MONKEY.

Poor *Pug* is dead! the briskest Thing on Earth,
Harmless and kind, but wanton from his Birth:
Grave was his Look, and Politick his Mien,
Easy and Gay, a Stranger to the Spleen!
No State-Affairs disturb'd his downy Rest,
Nor Party-Zeal rais'd Tumults in his Breast:
Perhaps, he griev'd Himself to Death to see
So many *Brother-Apes* preferr'd, and He
Left here behind, in such a low Degree.



On Seeing the
P I C T U R E
O F

D U N S S C O T U S

In the PRINTING-HOUSE at

O X F O R D,

Very Fresh and Good.

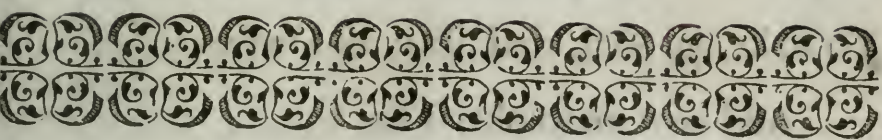
WOrn out with Study, and deform'd by Years,
Scotus the Same, as when alive, appears :
His serious Brow still holds it's antient Grace,
Nor is one † Maggot added to his Face.

† It's reported, he studied so hard that the Maggots wore holes in his Face.

Egregious Artist! well didst thou contrive
To make inanimated Canvass live;
The very Moths fly back with pale Affright,
And Grubs, sworn Foes to Pictures! shun the Sight:
No more th'intruding Swarm disturb his Dream,
Molest his Studies, or perplex his Schemes,
Shock'd at the *poring Sage*, they quit the Frame,
And leave the Great *Duns Scotus* still the Same.



THE



T H E

Lover's WISH.

YE righteous Pow'rs! who fill the Thrones above,
 Since cruel *Phæbe* scorns my proffer'd Love;
 Be *this* my Fate, be *this* my happy End,
 That *Phæbe* once may know, she lost a Loving
 Friend.)

Soft on her panting *Beauties* let me lay,
 And sweetly look and languish Life away;
 When fix'd for Death, I'll act the *Roman's* Part,
 And plunge the friendly Dagger to my Heart:
 And as the Crimson Life flows trickling down,
 May tuneful Artists my last Moments crown;

May all their Harps in softest Musick joyn,
To wake my Soul, and lift it all Divine.

And now methinks, I lie

On *Phæbe's* panting Breast,
My Soul begins to die,

And soon will be at Rest:

Hark! the speaking Strings complain
In a dying, dying Strain.

Lo! I strike the truest Heart;

Now, *Phæbe!* You and I must Part,

Never to meet,

Never to meet,

(Those Words my tender Bosom tore)

Phæbe! we must meet no more;

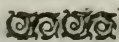
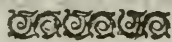
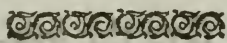
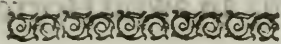
Then hugg me closer to your Breast,

For now and only now I'm blest'd.

Now let the softest Musick play,

For Oh! I feel my Life decay:

Hark! the sweetly-warbled Airs
 Sooth my Pains and lull my Cares;
 Then, *Phæbe*! take this last Adieu!
 For now I must—will Part with You.
 Oh! come some Angel down,
 And guide me to my Home;
 For now the Streams of Life decay,
 Death admits of no Delay:
 All trembling on the Brink I stand,
 My Soul beholds her Native Land,
Phæbe! adieu! it will not stay,
 It flits, it starts, 'tis gone away.



O C C A S I O N ' D

By Hearing the

N I G H T I N G A L E

A T

M I D N I G H T.

TIS Midnight all; now sacred Silence reigns,
 And breaths an awful Horrour o'er the Plains;
 No Noise is heard, save the low-murm'ring Breeze,
 Whilst *Zephyr* faintly sighs amongst the Trees;
 The Charmers of the Grove, with Sleep oppress'd,
 Their little Loves forgot, are all remov'd to Rest:
 And now the prudent Nightingale essays
 In trilling Notes to chaunt her *Maker's* Praise,

All unmolested by the feather'd Throng,
 He sits and sings alone, whilst Heav'n approves the
 Song :

Her soft-breath'd Musick, and enchanting Strains
 Call out the list'ning Stars, and fill the lonely Plains.

Now, O my Soul! break forth in Songs of Praise,
 And list thy Anthems equal to her Lays :

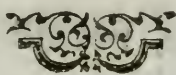
Whilst Others, lost to Life, their Senses steep,

Dull and unthinking, in the Dews of Sleep,

Do thou, like her, thy grateful Tribute bring,

In midnight Carols chaunt the heav'nly King,

And sing th' *Eternal's* Praise, who gave thee first
 to sing.





C O N T E N T

Content's a Crown, that seldom Kings enjoy.

Shak. Hen.

HAppy the Man! who all *Himself* enjoys,
 Whom his own Mind regales, but never cloy
 Who lives his Life, accountable to none,
 To none indebted, but to God alone;
 Whose easy Soul no Worldly Lust enslaves,
 And Nothing wants, because he Nothing craves.
 But whence must this full Stream of Pleasure flow
 Does it's Spring rise from Equipage and Show?
 Mistaken All! who climb the Tow'rs of State,
 And to be wretched, covet to be Great:

The Halcyon, *Peace*, in Courts ne'er builds her Nest,
 State's but a *Golden Sorrow* at the Best;
 Where stern Ambition and Gigantick Pride,
 Make Church-men quarrel and sworn Friends divide.

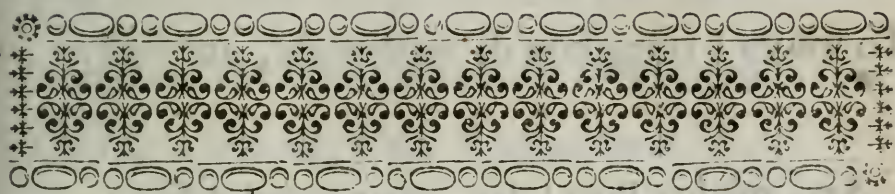
Where then can this Seraphick Goddefs dwell?
 Methinks, I see her in the midnight Cell;
 Methinks, I hear her whisper from the Woods,
 And Lo! she beckons from the silver Floods:
 Fir'd at the gentle Signal, I'll retreat
 Far from the Follies of the *Wretched Great*,
 Where no rude Passions shall my Bosom move,
 Save those dear, best of Passions, *Poetry* and *Love*.

Hail! happy Grove! hail! venerable Wood!
 Thou, that canst teach us to be Wise and Good!
 Ye Sceptred Slaves! and gilded Cares! Farewel!
 Here, ye Good Gods! for ever let me dwell.
 Where I may view, as from some Mountain's Brow,
 The Golden Mis'ries of the World below:

Where from on high I may behold secure
The loud Sea-Wave, that strikes the rocky Shore,
And hear, unmov'd, the far-off Tempest roar.



THE



T H E

D R E A M.

THE Sun was set ; and now th' expected Breeze
 Sigh'd in low murmurs thro' the waving Trees:
 Deep in the silent Grove I chanc'd to stray,
 And in delightful Mazes lost my Way ;
 Sweet through the Copse the *Sylvan Syrens* sung,
 And all the list'ning Vales with Ecchoes rung ;
 The Turtle sat, embosom'd in the Grove,
 And sorrowfully coo'd his absent *Love*.
 Fatigu'd with rambling down my self I laid,
 And stretch'd my weary Limbs beneath the Shade ;
 Fast by, the Murmurs of a rowling Stream
 My Eyelids clos'd, and gave this pleasing Dream :

When

When Lo ! great *Milton's Shade* stood at my Head,
To whom I rising bow'd, methought, and said :

Say, mighty Poet ! say, what grand Affair ?
What Cause has brought Thee to this upper Air ?
Say, didst thou come to string my humble Lyre,
And fill my Soul with all thy sacred Fire ?
To make her boldly rise, and soar away
Far to the Realms of everlasting Day,
To paint new Wars, to sing of new Alarms,
And set once more th' *Omnipotent in Arms* ?
Or didst thou come, before it was too late,
To warn my Soul of some impending Fate ?
I ended here ; when from the Heav'nly Man
These Accents fell, and thus the *Shade* began :

Adventrous Youth ! and will you still persist
To scribe on in the *Poetick List* ?
And what can no Misfortunes cool your Fire ?
Not empty Pockets still your restless Lyre ?

Can no Example make you e're give o'er?

You don't confider that you're always poor:

Do but reflect upon the *Græcian Bard*?

See! how he liv'd and di'd without Regard;

He darkling fung, and trudg'd about in vain,

No *Silver Bounty* to reward his Pain.

Be then advis'd by me, leave off in Time

This paltry Way of Life, this scribbling *Rhime*;

Or else, go sing the Product of your Head,

And e'en be forc'd to beg your Daily Bread.

Poets are always lavish of their Store,

To day they spend, to morrow write for more;

Nor can you bring one single Line to shew it,

Where *Rich* is made an Epithet for *Poet*.

† *Plutus* did ever *Phæbus* Thoughts employ,

But *Plutus*, like his *Daphne*, still was coy.

We read, "the Muses all are *Virgins* yet,

And may be so, 'till they can Portions get."

† He was God of Riches.

Poets by *Verse* must *raise up* House and Wall,
 Or *now a-days* must have no House at all.
 Was I to breath the upper Air agen,
 I'd never handle the Poetick Pen ;
 I'd sooner follow Dust-Carts in the Street,
 Or live, unknown, in some obscure Retreat,
 Than thus be forc'd to prostitute my Head
 To *Great-Men's* Humours and a Piece of Bread ;
 For still the *Poet lives*, altho' the *Man is Dead*.

But tho' your Heart is fix'd upon the Trade,
 Charm'd with a *Grott*, or *soft-inspiring Shade* ;
 Yet don't rely upon your toiling Brains,
 And think to live by your Poetick Gains :
 It can't be done ; you better would adjoyn
 Some *Benefice*, to ease the lab'ring *Nine* ;
 Or have some *Birchen Scepter* at command,
 Greater, if possible, than *G—ge* or *F—d*.
 'Tis hard, when Want must all your Muse controul,
 And *press* the daily Labours from your Soul,

When

When for Subſtance you are forc'd to write,
 Riſe with the Morning Sun, and drudge 'till Night.
 Come then, fond Youth ! lay all your Arms aſide,
 Throw off Ambition, and this early Pride :
 'Tis not for you, to ſoar up into Fame,
 And get your Works an everlaſting Name.

With that, methought, he lifted me on high,
 And bore me upwards thro' the azure Skie ;
 Waſted by Winds I heard, or ſeem'd to hear,
 Aerial Muſick die upon my Ear :
 Nearer and nearer yet the Heav'nly Sound
 Gain'd on my Senſe, and fill'd the Region round.
 I look'd, and ſaw rais'd high amid the Air,
 A mighty Structure, beautiful and fair ;
 High on the Hill, with ev'ry Virtue bleſs'd,
 Longreave was plac'd, who ſeem'd to call the Reſt :
 A Scepter, graceful, in his Hand he ſway'd,
 And radiant Sun-beams round his Temples play'd.

Beneath the Hill, a spacious Plain was seen,
With Groves and shady Bowers ever-green:
High on the Battlements I took my stand,
My friendly Guide still held me by my Hand.
Look down, says he, upon yon crowded Plain,
Observe those Bards, a poor, unhappy Train!

Now all at once strove up the steep Ascent,
Then down again with fruitless Labour spent:
But some there were in native Vigour strong,
Who gain'd the Hill, and boldly press'd along;
I look'd, and straight I saw, supreme of these,
Pope roving pensive, deep among the Trees;
'Till *Homer*, in full Majesty array'd,
Beckon'd the Bard, and bid him leave the Shade:
Then from the Dome a Trumpet founded loud,
The Poet heard, and left the struggling Croud,
Swift up the Steep with nimble Speed he flew;
Thrice he address'd the *Shade*, and thrice the Tru
pets blew.

But who is He? what blooming Youth is there?

'Tis *Pattison*, the Muses darling Care!

I saw him rush adventurous from the Throng,

Rise on the Hill, and bravely push along;

When ah!—unhappy Youth! in mid Career

He drop'd down breathless, drop'd without a Peer.

As he lay struggling in the Pangs of Death,

Fame bid the Trumpets raise their strongest Breath.

Wide o'er the World the length'ning Blasts resound,

The Heaven's vaulted Roofs re-ecchoe all around;

Slow and more slow the distant Notes decay,

'Till all at once they trembling die away.

Low, wondrous low, I saw a num'rous Train.

Part on the Hill, part musing o'er the Plain;

Some, pleas'd with *Shades*, and *ever-murmuring Streams*,

Were *gently-warbling* out their softest Themes;

Thinking, perhaps, of rising into Fame,

And *sometime* gaining an Immortal Name.

High-seated in the Temple, I beheld
All, who in Arts and Sciences excell'd.
First *Socrates*, the wise, *Athenian* Sage!
And *Plato*, Glory of the wondring Age!
Timoleon Brave, and *Aristides* Just,
With Godlike *Cato*, steddily to his Trust!
Newton sat pensive with uplifted Eye,
Still fix'd on Heav'n, still measuring the Skie.
Tully and *Lock* shon forth with equal Rays,
Immortal Worthies! born in better Days!
I look'd agen, and saw the Laurel'd Train
Of Bards Triumphant, of a brighter Vein:
High in the Dome the *Roman Bard* I spy'd,
With awful *Dryden* seated by his Side.
Spencer and *Cowley* next advanc'd to Sight,
With *Chaucer*, breaking thro' the Shades of Night.
Next I beheld great *Addison* and *Prior*,
And *Waller*, leaning on his sacred *Lyre*:

Phillips came on, but made a sudden Stand,
 (Long Scrolls of Paper waving in his Hand)
 When first he spy'd *his Milton* thro' the Croud,
 He stop'd with Reverence, and lowly bow'd.

My Guide was leading me, to see the Name
 Of ev'ry future Purchaser of Fame;
 But now the Birds proclaim'd the Morning Ray,
 And rising *Phæbus* chas'd the Shades away:
 Starting from Sleep, I look'd with vast Surprise,
 And hardly could believe my waking Eyes;
 I gaz'd around, and view'd the running Stream,
 And Curs'd the fleeting Pleasures of a Dream.

Might I but have these Visions e'ery Night,
 I'd never wish to see returning Light.





U P O N A N

Ugly F E L L O W,

Who thought Himself

H A N D S O M E,

Because the G I R L S gaz'd

U P O N H I M

So much.

Poor *Jack's* of late grown

The Talk of the Town,

The merest *Self-Dotard* in Fashion;

From a *Sloven* turns *Smart*,

And thinks from his Heart,

He's the Handsomest Man in the Nation.

If a Girl does but place
Her Eyes on his Face,

In order her Laughter to move,
The Fool seems in Anguish,
Looks aside with a Languish,
And concludes the poor Girl is *in Love*.

Come, *Jack*! then attend,
I speak as a Friend,

Prithee! never look out with that View :
Don't think to prevail,
Where a Thousand may fail,
Perhaps, ten Times as *Pretty* as You.

Should You think e'ery *Miss*
In Love with that *Phyz*,

Who looks at You, as I may do now ;
E'en think you're a Bait,
And enjoy your Conceit,
By my Soul! you'll have *Lovers* enough.



S O N G.

T O

P H Æ B E.

HOW can you, *Phæbe*! hear me Sigh,
And thus denie me Rest?

Oh! kindly think you see me die,

And hugg me to your Breast.

Believe me, you mistake the End,

Love was not made for This;

Oh! then some friendly Pity send,

And bid my Anguish cease:

Those

Those dimply Cheeks were made to smile,

Those melting Eyes to move,

Those balmy Lips to talk the while,

To talk of what—but Love?

Those lovely Brows for Clemency,

Where Beauty fits confess'd;

That slender Waste was made to be—

Oh! let me guess the Rest.

Thus ev'ry Thing was exquisite,

And for good Use design'd;

The Sun and Moon to give their Light,

And *Woman* to be *Kind*.



U

A



A

SERIOUS MEDITATION

Upon a Pair of broken

B E L L O W S.

Heu! deficit Alter. Virg. Æneid. 6.

—————It must be so ;

And all things in their turn must go :

We daily see great Structures fall,

For *Time*, that *Monster* ! ruins all.

What tho' my Bellows are decay'd ?

It is but having Others made ;

This World it self must melt away,

And go to *Pot* as well as they ;

But

But then we are to have Another,
Then why this dev'lish Rout and Pother?

But yet—I grieve when I'm alone,
To think what Service they have done ;
How often with their lab'ring Breath,
When all my Limbs were cold as Death,
Have they inspir'd the vital Heat,
And taught my lagging Pulse to beat !
How often rais'd the drooping Wing,
Aud bid the *Muses*, when to sing !
But when they come to grow in Years,
(As by their *Wheezing* oft' appears)
When all their Breath was almost spent,
By Art I stop'd the narrow Vent :
How oft' the bursten Wind-pipe round,
Has honest Hankerchief been bound !
(For when a Thing is almost ended,
I set my Wits to work to mend it)

But still my Art and daily Pain,
I found at last, was all in vain :
I blow'd and cobbled, well, what then ?
Why then I blow'd and cobbled agen :
Old *Time* work'd on as fast as me,
Both striving for Priority ;
But fast as I could bind and mend 'em,
His sharp, devouring Teeth would rend 'em :
At last th' important Day was come,
Big with my poor Bellows Doom.

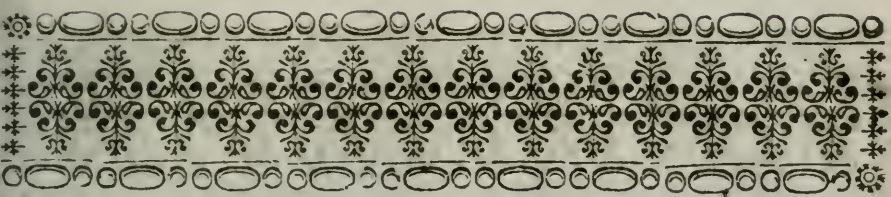
'Twas on one bleak and windy Day,
When *Sol* gave not one single Ray,
As in my Garret high I sat,
Musing upon I know not what :
My Cat began to raise her Voice,
And make a damn'd, confounded Noise ;
With that, I threw my Bellows at her,
But little thought what was the Matter,

It was in time of Need she squawl'd,
 A Time ! her Master oft' has call'd,
 But call'd in vain—and so did She,
 Why mayn't She want as well as Me ?
 However, now the Time was come,
 Design'd by Fate's unalter'd Doom ;
 It was in this unlucky Fall,
 They *breath'd* their Last, my Cat and all :
 And now my Cat and Bellows gone,
 Ye Gods ! I'm utterly undone.

Alas ! alas ! what must I do ?
 My Bellows broke ! and no *Pecu.*
 And if I had —
 'T would be so small, I could not spare
 Enough, to buy another Pair.
 Had I my Bellows but again,
 Or could I my lost Cash regain !
 'Tis hard, that both should go together,
 And I am destitute of Either :

But why do I my Loss deplore ?
Who knows ? in Time I may have more ;
Who knows, what *Providence* may send ?
The *Righteous Man's* unshaken Friend !
Then hey ! for jolly, rousing Fires,
And bottled *Ale*, that *Wit* inspires,
With strong Perfumes from *Indian Weed* :
But faith ! 'tis *now* a Time of Need.





EPIGRAM

ON A

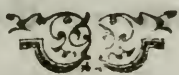
MISER.

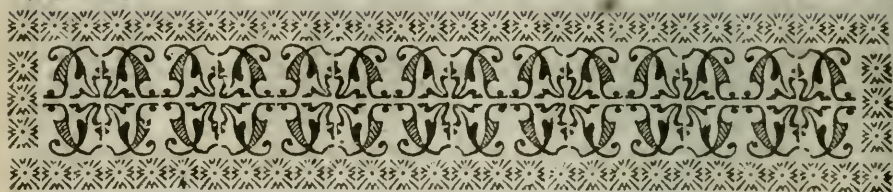
OLD *Gripus*, who knows not his Wealth to
employ,

Locks it up very safe in his Chest:

So Eunuchs, not able the Fair to Enjoy,

Are known to *protect* 'em the Best.





E P I G R A M

O N A

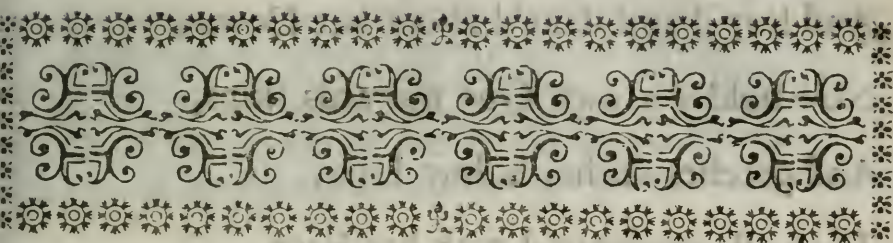
POSITIVE DISPUTANT,

Who was always in the Wrong.

TOM *Hold-fast* and *Sampson* are equal in Fame,
 Alike are their Conquests, their Weapons
 the same :

For *Both* (we may say) can their *Thousands* surpass,
 By those powerful Arms — the *Jaw-bone of an Ass*.

A.



A

T A L E.

TH E wanton *Loves* one Holyday,
 Contriv'd to get a little Play;
Mamma was visiting in Heaven,
 And now it wa'n't much more than *Seven*:
 To *Cælia's* Lodgings down they come,
 And found the tender Nymph at Home:
 In flew the Urchins, quick as Light,
 And took their Fill of gay Delight;
 The Nymph they minded all the while,
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

They laugh'd and flutter'd up and down,
And leap'd and danc'd about her Gown;
Now bolder grown One upwards skips,
And perches on her balmy Lips;
Then all, enamour'd with her Face,
Crouded hard to get a Place.

Another with the *Debonair*

Flew up, and swung upon her Hair :
All perch'd about the matchless Dame,
And titt'ring play'd their wanton Game;
But One, endeavoring with the Rest,
To gain the Chin, into her Breast
Fell down ; the other little Croud,
That sat above, laugh'd out aloud ;
The *Fallen Cupid* minded none,
But now recover'd, bolder grown,
Cry'd—sure you're on the merry Pin,
But, pray, let Others laugh, that win ;
I fancy, there's None of you All,
But would be glad of such a *Fall*.



SONNET

Imitated From

S P E N C E R.

C*Hloe's as cold as Ice, all Day,*
And I still *burn* like Fire;

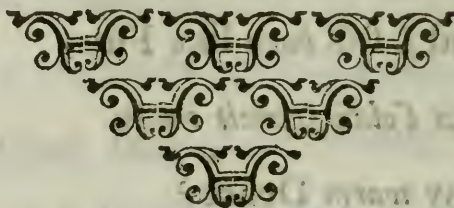
Why don't her *Coldness* melt away
Before my *warm* Desire?

Or why is not my fervent *Blaze*
Check'd by her *chilling* Ice;

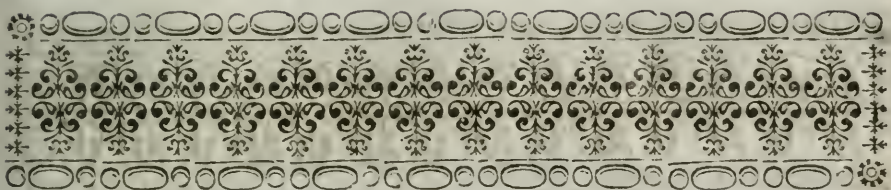
But I grow *hotter*, as I gaze,
The *Flames* much stronger rise.

Strange! that by Fire, which *softens* all,
More *Hardness* Ice should take,
And Ice, where-e'er it chance to fall,
A sudden *Flame* should make.

But such is *Love's* prevailing Force,
In ev'ry gentle Mind;
It alters all whole *Nature's* Course,
And rules in ev'ry Kind.



EPI.



EPIGRAM

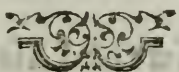
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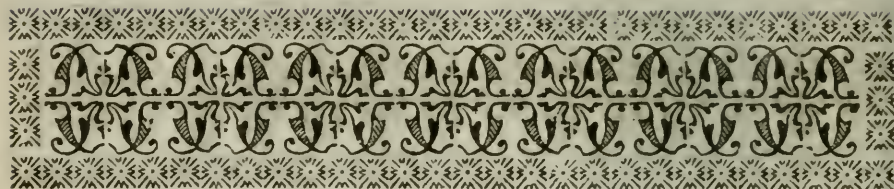
BLIND MAN

In Love with a

FINE LADY.

SR. *Foplin's* blind, yet feels the Lover's Smart,
 'Tis hard indeed to loose both *Eyes* and *Heart*:
 But does he think to keep so rich a Prize,
 When *Argus* fail'd, who had a hundred Eyes?
 Come, come, Sr. *Foplin*! either loose your Chain,
 Or else go, get a Brace of Eyes again.





T H E

Simple MAID.

B *Louzelinda* one Day, as she lay on the Plain,
Was surpris'd in her Breast with a tickling Pain,
She had often heard talk of a *Season*

Of Pressing,

Caressing,

Of Hugging and Sighing,

Of Melting and Dying,

But never knew what was the *Reason*.

As *Bumkinet* chanc'd to be stroling that Way,

He tumbl'd and towzl'd the Lads as she lay,

And

And told her that this was the *Season*

Of Pressing,

Caressing,

Of Hugging and Sighing,

Of Melting and Dying;

She lik'd it, as something of *Reason*.

When the Towzling was over, up *Bumkinet* rose,

The Damfel began for to smooth down her Cloaths,

Extremely well pleas'd with his *Reason*,

For Pressing,

Caressing,

For Hugging and Sighing,

For Melting and Dying,

And wish'd it was always in *Season*.





A

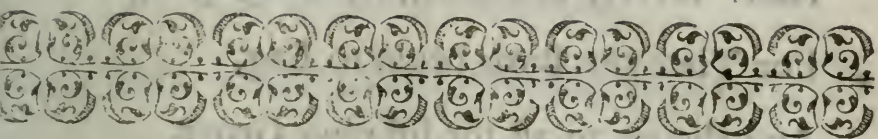
W I S H.

Would but the Gods this Wish allow,
How smooth the Stream of Life would flow!

I'd have a Wife, that's of some Use,
Indifferent handsome, not Profuse;
Sweet-temper'd, modest, good and Wise,
No other Brilliants, but her Eyes.



ODE



O D E TO THE S P R I N G.

LO! the furly Winter's past,
With ev'ry Ruffian Blast,
That how'd upon the Mountain's Brow,
And shook the founding Woods below.

Thee! lovely *Spring*! with Joy we view,
To Thee our choicest Songs are due:

For Thee the sprouting Births appear,
Thou genial Morning of the year!

By Thee the kindling Blushes rise,
And brighter Charms in *Phæbe's* Eyes;

Thy softning Gales her Bosom move,
Whilst all her yielding Soul is Love.

Hail! lovely, charming, blushing *Spring*!
For Thee the Birds begin to sing,
And chaunt to all the list'ning Grove,
Their gentle *Roundelays* of Love:
For Thee the soft'ring Breezes blow,
And Streams in fuller Currents flow:
Inspir'd by Thee gross Atoms Life receive,
And animated *Earth* begins to live.

Since now you fill young *Phæbe's* Mind
With Love, Oh! teach her to be kind:
Tell her in Whispers, 'tis no Crime
To pluck the Roses in their Prime,
That *Beauty's* Blossom quickly flies,
And, if not timely gather'd, dies.

Lovely Season of Desire!

Set her tender Breast on Fire;

Happiest Season of the Year!

Make her kind, as she is Fair:

To Thee my choicest Stores I'll bring,
Lovely, charming, blushing Spring!

To Thee an Altar I will raise,
 Soft, Virgin-Choirs shall sing thy Praise,
 Whilst Musick breaths the sprightly Lays ;
 For bounteous are thy Gifts, and pleasant all thy Days.



TO



T O

P H Æ B E.

When She was

A N G R Y.

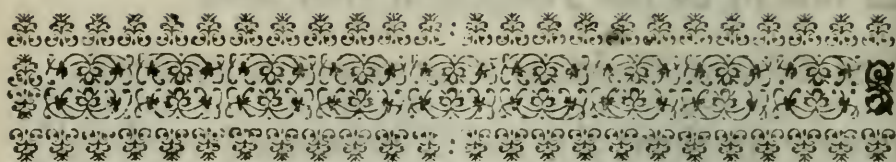
Pardon, fair Maid! if ought the Muse betrays
 Too supercilious in her humble Lays;
 Nor proudly think, she arrogates Command;
 Advice is good, tho' from the meanest Hand:
 Then hear for once what your *Florelia* says,
 Tho' you forget the Lover, mark the Poet's Lays,

In vain you think sure Arguments to find
 In high-blown Passions, and a stormy Mind;

In vain by all the Tempest of your Soul,
 You strive to frighten, what you can't controul:
 Believe me then, fair Maid! believe a Friend,
 Your Youth, your Beauty soon will have an End;
Then what will all this Violence avail?
Phæbe alas! *then Phæbe* sure must fail:

Be then advis'd, be not to Reason blind,
 But let *Good-Humour* sway your gentle Mind;
 By *This* Old-Age looks smiling thro' its Flaws,
This, the strong Basis to the weakest Cause!
 When Youth is fled, and Beauty drops her Darts,
 This finds the surest Passage to our Hearts:
 Let *This* your headstrong Passions once controul,
 Let but *This Charmer* once possess your Soul;
 Then, when your Youth, your Beauty suffers Ill;
 Yet *charming Phæbe* shall be *Phæbe* still.





DESCRIPTION

Of an Old

W O M A N.

A Wither'd Crone I spi'd within a Wood,
Full fourscore Years had chill'd her frozen
Blood :

Her Eyes (if Eyes she had) could scarce appear,
The flowing Rheum just mark'd out where they were:
Her Nose projecting from her wrinkled Face,
Stoop'd to the *rising* Chin with *fond* Embrace ;
Like a broad *Save-All* to the dropping Snout,
Her Under-Lip in *Bas*s *Reliefe* stuck out.
Like *Joseph* she appear'd to outward View,
A *patch'd* and *pie-ball'd* Wretch, of various Hue !

Her

Her tatter'd Garment, flutt'ring in the Wind,
 Flew off in Scraps, and scented all behind :
 Trembling with Age, she mumbled as she went,
 Hoarse rattling Coughs still lab'ring for a Vent,
 All on dry Sticks, and shrivel'd Leaves intent.



L A

Belle Romanesque.

Whilst Others doat on Ornaments of State,
 And strive to live impertinently *Great* ;
 Romantick *Sylvia* from the Town retreats
 To pleasant Walks, and distant Country-Seats ;
 Where aged Elms, with arching Tops entwin'd,
 Wave their full Boughs, and murmur to the Wind :
 The cawing Rooks, that on their Branches rest,
 A pleasing, studious Pensiveness suggest.
 Here tender *Sylvia* from the World retires,
 To shun lew'd Vanities, and high Desires.

All her Ambition is confin'd to Books,
 To shady Woods and Groves, and purling Brooks ;

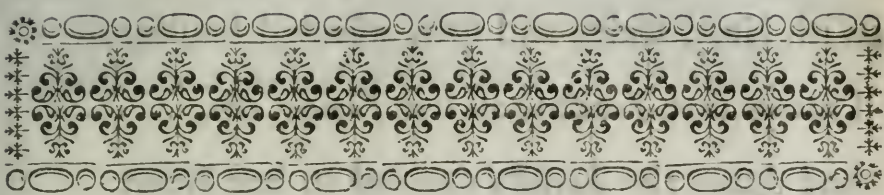
Gilt Coaches, Equipages, Publick Shows,
Plays, Op'ras, Balls, Toupeès and powder'd Beaux,
 No more these Scenes within her Bosom rise,
 Melt on her Ear, or brighten in her Eyes :
 No *Scene's* more pleasant than the Vernal Woods,
 No *Musick* sweeter than the falling Floods.
 Soon as the *Whisper* of the *Evening Breeze*
 Curls on the Lake, or pants upon the Trees,
 Far in the Copse she wanders all alone,
 And softly listens to the Turtle's Moan :
 At ev'ry Note, that murmurs down the Grove,
 She fondly Sighs, and all her Soul is Love.

But when the deep'ning Shades proclaim the
 Night,

And rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver Light ;
 Home from the Woods the musing Nymph repairs,
 There sits and chats 'till Sev'n, then up to Pray'rs :
 Sometimes with Stories she diverts the *Squire*,
 Or reads Romances by the Parlour-Fire.

Thus *Sylvia* lives, more *Innocent* than *Great*,
And looks with Scorn upon the Farce of State.





L A

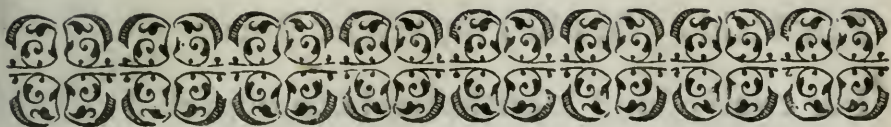
Belle Coquet.

FA R other Passions rule gay *Fulvia's* Mind;
 To *Masks* and *Op'ras* all her Soul's inclin'd;
Balls and *Assemblys* dance before her Sight.
 And all that's Modish gives a new Delight.
 That dear Thing! *Fashion* sways her gentle Soul,
 And all that's *airy* all her Thoughts controul:
 If *Churches* were design'd for nought but *Pray'r*,
 She'd as soon drop the *Fashion*, as go *there*.
 But—lucky Hitt! O *England!* happy spot!
 What kind Indulgence happens to thy Lot!
 Where *Churches* are erected, and are meant,
 As well for Folks to *Sin* in as *Repent*:

'Tis *here* she exercifes all her Wiles,
With Head afide, and foft, affected Smiles,
Throws into Praétife all her *Female Art*,
And draws the *Tinfel'd Coxcomb* to her Heart.



THE



T H E

Faithless MAID.

P*Hæbe*, a fair, dissembling Maid!

On fond *Florelia*'s Bosom laid,

Had vow'd how much she lov'd:

But *He*, who knew her Sexes Arts,

That oft' their Lips bely'd their Hearts,

Her *seeming Love* thus prov'd.

One Evening fair, to all unknown,

Disguis'd he left his Native Home,

In Princely Habit dress'd;

When meeting *Phæbe* in a Grove,

He thus (to try her artful Love)

The charming Nymph address'd:

Fair Maid ! (fays he) my tender Breast
For twelve long Months has been oppress'd

With that soft Passion, Love ;

'Tis You alone must ease the Smart,

'Tis You must stop my bleeding Heart,

Dear, pretty Turtle-Dove !

Of gay Gallants (I know) you've *One* ;

Yet Wealth nor Titles he has none,

Then set the Fool aside ;

Both Wealth and Titles I can give,

In Pomp and Splendour I can live,

And You shall be my Bride.

With Cordial Love and soft Delight,

Young *Phæbe* view'd the *charming Knight*,

She blush'd and thus began ;

Since *thus* you promise, Sr. (she said)

Since *thus* you court a harmless Maid,

I love no other Man.

To Those, who can't their Passion prove

But by bestowing Hearts *in Love*,

Our Eyes are ever blind ;

But to the *Rich* and *Wealthy Beau*,

To *Equipage* and *Pompous Show*,

We Women *must* be kind.

Florelia heard the faithless Maid,

With Pain he heard her, what she said,

Then sighing, thus return'd ;

If *thus* it is, we *Men* must love,

Florelia can't his Passion *prove*,

Thus *Phæbe* ! I am scorn'd.

Soon as she heard *Florelia's* Name,

She call'd to Mind his faultless Flame,

She call'd to Mind his Love :

With Guilt and Shame at once oppress'd,

She blushing smote her milk-white Breast,

And sought the thickest Grove.



ON THE
 DEATH of
 Mr. JOHN WHITESIDE,
Experimental Philosopher
 IN
 O X F O R D.

*Quis desiderio sit Pudor aut Modus
 Tam Chari Capitis?* Hor.

YE Sons of Science ! who with prying Eye
 The mazy Deeps of Nature can descry ;
 Ye, who have seen the *wondrous* Man display
 His noble *Art*, where Reason led the Way ;

Ye,

Ye, who have seen him with a nicer View
 By *Demonstration* prove his Doctrine true.
 Forgive the Muse, if weak the Numbers flow,
 Alas! they labour with a Weight of Woe.

Who now shall give Mysterious Nature Laws,
 And from Effects deduce the hidden Cause;
 Who now shall by *Experiment* declare
 To wondring Youth, the Nature of the Air?
 Who now shall teach why lighter Parts *ascend*,
 And grosser Bodies to the *Centre tend*?
 Why round the Sun still other Suns advance,
 Fix'd and unerring in their Mystick Dance?
 Since *He* is gone, who shew'd these settled Rules,
 The Lamp of Science, and the Pride of Schools!

Thee, *Whiteside*! Thee the Sons of *Oxford* mourn,
 And *Isis* Shores the sad Complaints return:
 The lonely *Dome* with Sorrow now they view,
 But now no more the noble *Task* pursue,
 Since now that noble *Task* is all extinct in *You*.

Thou, who couldst Nature's lowest Depths descry,
 And count the well-known Wonders of the Skie;
 Say, *Learned Whiteside* ! dear, lamented *Shade* !
 Since now thy *last Experiment* is made,
 Say, what is *Death* ? is *Death* a real Pain ?
 Or only what the Stings of Conscience feign ?
 Is it a Rest from all our Human Woes,
 Where Peace and Silence keep their soft Repose ?
 Or is it by our Fancy *Monstrous* made,
 And painted *Black*, to make us more affraid ?
 Say, is not *Death* a harmless, lambent Flame,
 What the *Bad* fly from, and the *Righteous* claim ?
 'Tis *Something* sure, but what we cannot know,
 'Tis *Something*, which we all must undergo.

Then here let all our nice Enquiries End,
 For *Death* and only *Death* can be our Friend :
 'Tis the sure *Haven* of a Soul distress'd,
 Where all the warring Passions are at Rest :

'Tis *here* the *Captive* lays his *Burthen* down,
 And dreads no more the awful Monarch's Frown:
 'Tis *here* the Monarch bends the Subject Knee,
 'Tis *here* he learns the Weakness of his Plea,
 And stands convinc'd there's *One*, that's *Greater*
 still than *He*.



THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME



THE
O X F O R D
B E A U T I E S.

YE gentle Nymphs! that haunt fair *Isis* Streams,
Aid me in Visions and repeated Dreams;
By Beauty warm'd I touch the trembling String,
What Muse for Beauty will refuse to sing?
Ye *Oxford Belles*! my ravish'd Soul inspire
With all the Poet's and the Lover's Fire:
Beam on my Mind, excite the soft Alarm,
And make me conscious of each heav'nly Charm.

Lo!

Lo! to my View a thousand Beauties rise,
 In silent Rapture stand my wondring Eyes:
 A modest Ardour dawns upon my Soul,
 And vast Ideas in my Bosom roul.
 Fain with their Mèrits would I grace my Lays,
 And make my Verse immortal, as their Praise:
 Oh! had I *Dorset's* sweet, prevailing Art,
 To speak the gentle Transports of my Heart!
 Could I, like Him, awake the warbling Lyre,
 And at each Motion kindle warm Desire.
 Could I, like Him, the ev'ry Sense improve,
 And make my Numbers equal to my Love!
 Each am'rous Line should melt in soft Alarms,
 And whisp'ring tell, from whom it stole it's Charms.

Sweet is *Sibilla*, fresh as Infant Day,
 Bright without Pride, and Innocently gay:
 Whene'er she wanders thro' the vèrnal Woods,
 Or seeks the Murmurs of the falling Floods;

The vernal Woods seem ravish'd at the Sight,
And softer Murmurs speak the Floods Delight:
The *Sylvan Syrens* tune their choicest Strains,
And native Musick fills the list'ning Plains.
A Thousand *Cupids* wait upon the Fair,
Sport on her Breast, or revel in her Hair.

Sbervina's Shape, her bright, unfully'd Charms,
Might set two warring Nations up in Arms:
See! with what Grace the soft Enchantress walks!
With what persuasive Eloquence She talks!
Such, or less fair, in antient Times was seen
On *Ida's* shady Mount, the *Cyprian Queen*.
Sure! bounteous Heav'n, mistaking theirs for *Thine*,
Cast Thee, *Sbervina!* in a Mould Divine.

Bright is *Dorella*, as the Morning Dawn,
Sweet as the Dews, that deck the open Lawn:
Soft as the Damask of the silken Rose,
Mild as when *Zephirus* on *Flora* blows.

When-

Whene'er she speaks, Gods! how her heav'nly
 Tongue
 Melts down the Passions of the list'ning Throng!
 Like *Sampson's Riddle*, she unfolds her Mind,
 Where *Strength* and *Sweetness* both in *One* are joyn'd.

Fair *Anna's* Charms allure the am'rous Youth
 To taste the Joys of Innocence and Truth:
 She's harmless as the Turtle of the Woods,
 Sweet as the V'lets by the silver Floods.
 No practis'd Smiles, or soft, affected Air
 Sets off with cheating Grace the lovely Fair;
 In native Beauty modestly she walks,
 And charms alike, whene'er she looks or talks.

Eliza's Charms the heedless Boy surprize,
 Whilst Youth and Beauty sparkle in her Eyes:
 Endow'd with all, that can adorn the Fair,
 A winning Accent, and a graceful Air.

When-

Whene'er her Lyre begins some warbled Air,
Sweet are the Notes, as Nature made her Fair :
With sudden Arts she traps the roving Heart,
And shoots her pleasing Pains thro' every Part.

Andira's Beauties, like keen Light'ning, wound,
Her Words and Looks both equally confound :
How gently-soft her lovely Ringlets flow,
Sport with the Gales, and fan the Neck below !
Her panting Breasts, like dying Turtles move,
Heave up and down, and wanton court to Love.
But when the sweet-deluding Syren sings,
Loves on her Lips rejoyce, and clap their filken
Wings.

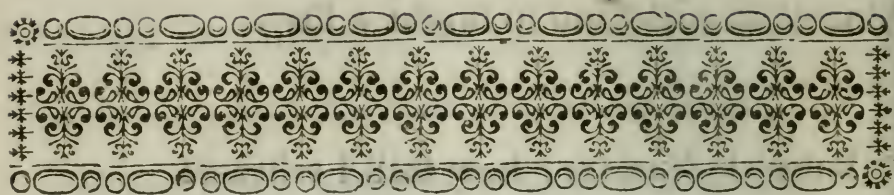
Soft *Margaretta* warms the panting Heart,
And shoots her Venom quick thro' ev'ry Part :
But when she smoothly swims the mazy Dance,
Now a Retreat, and then a bold Advance ;

Heav'ns !

Heav'ns! how the Soul in Transport melts away,
 Unable to withstand so bright a Day.

But oh! *Marinda*! how shall I rehearse
 Thy matchless Charms in my too humble Verse?
 Had not your Beauty Darts enough to wound,
 But must we fall too by Poetick Sound?
 Smooth flow your Numbers, as the gentle Stream,
 Whilst *Woods* and *Turtles* are your softest Theme:
 Your *modest Air* and *Manners* strong prevail,
 In *which* your *Sappho's* only said to fail;
 Tho' free, yet chaste; tho' handsome, yet not vain;
 Wife, without Pride; without Decieving, Plain.

Oh! let those Breasts be my Poetick Hill,
 Those balmy Lips my *Heliconian* Rill:
 Here let the Poet live the Heav'nly Day,
 For ever on that Bosom let me lay,
 And sing a whole Eternity away.



T O

P H Æ B E.

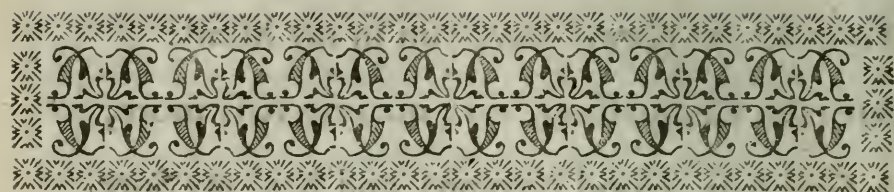
*Who bitt me by the L I P, as I was
Kissing H E R.*

THanks to the Gods! the cruel Storm is past,
I plainly see, that *Phæbe's* fix'd at last ;
She, who but t'other Day despis'd my Pain,
Gave Frowns for Smiles ; for Love, a cold Disdain ;
Resolv'd to make me love but *her* alone,
Has set her *Stamp*, and *mark'd* me for her Own.
O Cruel ! better hadst Thou spar'd this Kiss,
Mark'd some less useful Place, or any Place but *This*.

Sure!

Sure ! 'twas the best of Ways, you e'er could find,
 To make me always have you in my Mind :
 But take Compassion, give me one Kiss more,
 A *Civil* Kiss, Good Nymph ! and heal my Sore.
 Kiss off the *Mark*, and yet believe me True,
 For since you make me Love, I'll love, and none but
You.





PHÆBE
TO
FLORELIO
AN
EPISTLE.

Scribere jussit Amor. Ovid.

DEep in the Centre of this Noon-tide Shade
I spend the Hours in Sighs, a hapless Maid!
Far from these verdant Meads and rosy Bow'rs,
Far from the Fragrancy of op'ning Flow'rs
Florelia roves, and leaves me here alone,
To senseless Rocks, and Woods to make my Moan.

Ah! cruel Youth! and can't these pleasant Groves,
 Once the dear Scene of all our former Loves!
 Can't These then charm your ravish'd Senses more?
 Oh! may they charm you, as they charm'd before!
 Then have you quite forgot those soft Alarms,
 When you lay press'd in tender *Phæbe's* Arms;
 When tender *Phæbe* was your sole Delight,
 Your only Thoughts by Day, your Dreams by Night?
 Remember ah! (for sure you can't forget)
 The thousand tender Things you would repeat:
 But if you can't; my Breast the Truth can tell,
 For ah! a Love like mine remembers all too well.
 How could you fondly say, this Face was fair,
 Yet leave this Face a Prey to grim Despair?
 How could you say, these Eyes were bright as Stars,
 Yet leave these Eyes alas! dissolv'd in Tears?
 How could you say, these Lips like Coral glow,
 Yet leave these Lips to utter nought but Woe?

How

How could you say, these Breasts all Snowy rise,
Yet leave these Breasts to heave with Nought but
Sighs ?

For if such Charms I could in Conscience own,
Alas ! they all were Charms for you alone.

This Face alas ! which once you said was fair,
For Thee is made a Prey to grim Despair :
These Eyes, which once were bright as rising Stars,
For Thee alas ! are now dissolv'd in Tears :
These ruby Lips, which Coral-like could glow,
For Thee are taught to utter nought but Woe :
These Breasts, which once all Snowy-White could
rise,

For Thee must heave alas ! with Nought but Sighs :

Then do but call these tender Things to Mind,
Do but reflect, and sure you must be kind :
For ah ! you cannot, will not take it Ill,
If *Phæbe* tells you, she's your *Phæbe* still.

Dear,

Dear, faithless Youth! I here my Loss deplore,
 Whilst you, perhaps, can think on me no more;
 Charm'd with some Fair more beautiful and gay,
 With whom you fondly spend the livelong Day:
 Whilst I alas! must wander in Despair,
 Distracted beat my Breast, and tear my Hair.
 At Close of Day I roam the lonely Woods,
 And gently listen to the falling Floods;
 The lonely Woods wave murm'ring to my Woe,
 And falling Floods in seeming Anguish flow.
 Then I with Tears the mossy Bank survey,
 Where once we both together fondly lay;
 Prostrate I fall upon the printed Grass,
 And within my Tears bedew the sacred Place.
 In gloomy Shades and Grotts I vent my Grief,
 But gloomy Shades and Grotts deny Relief.

Tho' far from *Phæbe* false *Florelia* flies,
 Sleep sets the charming Youth before my Eyes;

Around

Around my Neck he throws his snowy Arms,
 And rushes on me in a Thousand Charms :
 But when the Morn my fleeting Hopes destroys,
 I wake, and chide the visionary Joys ;
 Far to the Woods and desert Wilds I go,
 There give the flying Gales my Tale of Woe.

In the dark Coyert of a neighb'ring Shade,
 By lofty Elms and dreery Cyprefs made,
 A melancholy Turtle fits alone,
 And coos, responsive to my wretched Moan,
 Widow'd, like me, forsaken by her Mate,
 She sighs in Murmurs her relentless Fate :
 Each Morn we meet, and both aloud complain,
 Each Morn aloud we both lament in vain.

No more the *Small-Birds* twittle out their Loves,
 Nor *Sylvan* Musick warbles down the Groves ;
 No more I listen to the Evening Breeze,
 No more it softly fans the waving Trees.

High o'er the darksome Grove, and lone Retreat,
 Once, my dear false *Florelia's* happy Seat!
 Black *Melancholy* fits, with Horrour Crown'd,
 And breaths a gloomy Silence all around:
 Night, and her Shades more horrible appear,
 But all would please, was but *Florelia* here:
 His lovely Presence lightens ev'ry Green,
 Dispels the Gloom, and gladdens all the Scene:
 Sweet are his Looks, bright as the risen Day,
 Chasing the melancholy *Dark* away:
 When he appears, my Soul exults with Joy,
 And starts into my Eyes to meet the Boy.

Oft' thro' the Grove I solitary walk,
 And with the vocal Ecchoes fondly talk,
 Sometimes I sudden stop, and think I hear
Florelia's Voice, sweet-thrilling thro' my Ear,
 Whilst Hopes and Fears, alternate in my Breast,
 Beat high, affording neither Joy nor Rest:

I run, stand still, then rush among the Trees,
And seem to hear him talk in ev'ry Breeze ;
At last I lay me down beneath the Shade,
And blame the Weakness of a love-sick Maid.

Oh ! had I never known those pow'rful Charms,
Never been clasp'd in those bewitching Arms !
Oh ! had I liv'd in some far-distant Place,
And never seen that Dear Enchanter's Face !
Oh ! better had I never seen the Light,
But slept for ever in the Womb of Night !
But oh ! — then I had never known the Boy,
Oh ! never felt the Soul-dissolving Joy !
Ne'er had I laid my weary head to Rest,
On the soft Pillow of *Florelia's* Breast,
Ne'er to his Bosom had he strain'd me fast,
As once he did—But that, I fear's the Last.

Yet may the friendly Gods propitious prove,
And bless *Florelia* in his future Love !

If greatly bold he seeks the War's Alarms,
 Slow fly the Dart, Success attend his Arms :
 If on the Waves he braves the Stormy Main,
 May *India's* wealthy Mines reward his Pain.
 Breath soft, ye Winds ! ye Billows ! gently rowl,
 Ye bear the mighty Treasure of my Soul :
 Be calm, ye Heavens ! no surging Waters rise,
 No lowry Storms disturb the angry Skies ;
 Safe send *Florelia* back, tho' tender *Phæbe* dies.





A
SESSION
OF THE
OXFORD POETS.

TO the fam'd Sons of *Isis* *Apollo* of late
 Came down from the Skies in Poetical State;
 His Harp and his Fiddle hung loose at his Back,
 Just so as a Pedlar would carry his Pack :
 And to shew that the God was to Women inclin'd,
 Nine pretty, tight Damsels came tripping behind.
 But what came he for ? (quoth a Friend that is near)
 Have Patience, Good Sr. ? and in Time you shall
 hear. You

You must know then, a vacant Preferment was
made,

And who was to have it, but one of the Trade?

Upon this, Sr. *Apollo* was call'd for in Haste,

To summon the Brethren and fill up the Place;

A Summons he call'd by a long-sided Dame,

Who (if I'm not mistaken) *Dan Virgil* calls *Fame*.

Whilst *Fame* was a-blowing her Trumpet so loud,
To the Court there came flocking a numerous
Croud,

Not half such a Tribe run to *Theatre-Speeches*,

Or croud at St. *Mary's* when *C — re* preaches.

Apollo began now to be in a Sweat,

And complain'd, that he almost was stiff'd with Heat;

Upon which (says a Bard, that had shoulder'd along,

As fierce as a Beef-Eater, quite thro' the Throng,)

One would think, Sr! that you could not well dis-
approve

Of the Heat, since you feel it so often above.

The God made no Answer, but turning to *Fame*,
Prithee! who is this Coxcomb! and what is his
Name?

His Name, Sr! is *V—ne*; and pray, what can he do?
For to Me he seems Something quite foreign and
new,

As to outward Appearance he's far from a Poet,
Or rather, I think, like a *Thing*, that has no Wit;
Why sure he don't think to come in for this Place,
I don't see one *Promising Sign* in his Face:

Oh! Sr! replies *Fame*, he's the best of the *Clan*
For finging or writing a *bonny Scots Sang*.

The Poetical *Loon*, who stood by all the while,
Presented his Lays to the God with a *Smile*:

The God soon return'd 'em, and told him, he
thought

They might pass pretty well *there*, from whence they
were brought, But

But he vow'd and protested, he couldn't in Con-
science

Make him a *Professour*, who wrote so much Non-
sense.

But harkee ! says he, prithee ! don't be dejected,
And think you're dealt hard by, because you're re-
jected ;

Here's a good *Laurel-Staff*, to make you amends,
And as you're a Stout Fellow, you know, (between
Friends)

Prithee ! step to yon Door, and keep out the Croud,
And you shall have for your Pains, something more
than's allow'd,

Little *H* — *e* came the next, with an arrogant
Face,

As thinking himself *Cock-sure* of the Place ;

Apollo soon knew him, and check'd his Career

By asking, how he could in Conscience appear,

In Hopes of Succeeding as Heir to the Bays,
Who by his *own Poems* had got so much Praise.

Upon this, up came *B — d*, and laid in his Claim,
Not dreaming, that e'er he should miss of his Aim;
But *Apollo* protested, he thought him too Gay
For such an Employment, and bid him away,
For he shew'd his Parts best at th'*Assembly* and *Play*.

P — tt observ'd with Concern the two others re-
jected,

And could not forbear being forely 'dejected.

The God was so took with his modest Behaviour,
That he talk'd to him much, and much in his Fa-
vour,

And told him, that such a Place he would not need,
For he fanci'd, that soon he would better succeed.

The next that appear'd, was a Bard of great Fame,
Who presented some Verses with *Fe — y's* Name;

Oho!

Oho ! says *Apollo*, This here, I'm affraid, is,
 The very same Person, that libell'd the *Ladies*;
 'Tis the *Same*, you are sure, says *Fame*, without
 Doubt,
 I remember the *Verses* when first they came out.
 What a Pother and Rout the Girls made at that
 Time,
 That their Beauty should fade so sudden in Rhime ?
 The *Lady* was angry, her *Beau* soon turn'd Pöet,
 And fir'd with Resentment, he scribbled to shew *it*.
 Well then, says *Apollo*, since thus the Case stands,
 I cannot, I dare not, Sr ! grant your Demands ;
 For, I must confess, I bear so much Regard
 To the Ladies, I would not prefer any Bard,
 Who had injur'd the *Sex* (whatsoe'er be the Cause)
 And besides, 'tis against the Poetical Laws.

When he was dismiss'd, *J—es*, a Bard of Re-
 nown,
 Esteem'd a bright Genius all over the Town !

His *Highness* accosted, and hop'd he wou'd give it
 To *Him*, who with Thanks should be glad to re-
 ceive it;
 To whom with a Smile his Godship repli'd,
 You'll excuse me, I hope, Sr. if once you're deni'd,
 For pray, let me tell you, I never bestow it
 On *One*, whom I know is my Equal as Poet.

As *H—ds* soon after was going to shew
 His Credentials, the God cry'd, I very well know,
 That you have neglected the Muses of late,
 For Employments more serious, the Church and the
 State,
 And He, that is too much Intent on *Divinity*,
 I am sure, to the *Muse* has but little Affinity.

As thus they were talking, *Apollo* espi'd
 A Fellow come sneaking up close to his side,
 Who is This? (says the God, upon turning to *Fame*)
 He's but of small Note, Sr! and *Woodward's* his
 Name: Well

Well Sr! says his Highness, what have you for to
say?

I suppose you are come too to *stand* here to day;

Yes Sr! (quoth the Bard with a Cringe) by your
Leave,

Very proud Sr!—I hope, your Highness will give—

When the God read his Lays, (which he lugg'd from
his Pocket)

What Stuff is all this? says he, go, for a Blockhead:

You *Professour*! you shall; your Pretensions resign,

Thou'rt no more of a *Poet*, than thou art a *Divine*.

The next that appear'd, was *One* of great Fame,

A Lady of Beauty, and *F—nes* was her Name;

With a modest Behaviour she offer'd her Lays,

And hop'd, that *Apollo*, would give her the Bays;

His Highness beheld her with Pain and Surprise,

And swore by her Dimples and sparkling, bright
Eyes,

That was it e'er granted to Females before,
There was none of 'em all, that e'er merited more;
But *Women-Professours* were out of Date grown,
And was now such a Thing, as never was known,
And since her Renown was Superiour to Others,
He hop'd, she'd resign *it* to One of her *Brothers*.

His Highness being tir'd and fatigu'd out at last
With the Tribes, that came flocking about him
so fast,
Call'd out to One *Sp——e*, who was gaping about,
Ne'er dreaming of this, in the midst of the Rout,
And told him, 'twas thought most convenient and
fitt,
That He should be made the *Professor* of Witt;
Not for stealing from Him † what was none of his
own,
But contriving it so, that it never was known.

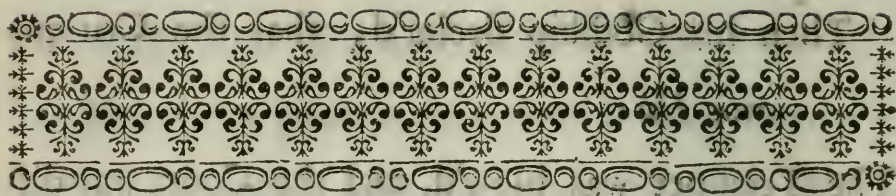
† His Critical Essay on *Pope's* *Odyssey*.

Then his Godship declar'd, that the Critique
was *His* :

The Trumpet was blow'd, and the Court was dis-
miss'd.



THE



T H E

P O E T.

Tell me, dear *Florio* ! didst thou never know
 The Poet by his Mien, and outward Show ?
 Say, didst thou ne'er observe the Head elate,
 Slow-measur'd step, and ever-sober Gate ;
 The serious Look, with fix'd, uplifted Eyes,
 In pensive Mood conversing with the Skies ?
 Hast not thou seen him musing thro' the Woods,
 Or lonely dreaming by the silver Floods,
 Where a slow River rowls it's easy Stream,
 Calm as his Thoughts, and gentle as his Theme ?

Oft'

And his own Dress, and his own

Off by his *Dress* you may the *Bard* descry,
 The *Sun-burnt Caxton*, staring all awry;
 The *brown*, unbuckled *Shoe*, the *Stockings* down,
 The *Crop-ear'd Hat*, and tatter'd *Morning-Gown*;
 The *Shirt* unbutton'd at his tuneful Throat,
 Whilst *Want* sits cringing on his *Thread-bare Coat*;
 Unknowing where, he *passes* thro' the Throng,
 And rumbles Verses, as he *moves* along.

And his own Dress, and his own

Have you not seen him in an upper Floor,
 Scratching for Rhime, *Poetically Poor*?
 The Books he has, one little Shelf contains,
 No *Ready Cash*, the Price of all his Pains!
 Whate'er the *Muses* bring with Morning Light,
Melts in mild-Ale the next succeeding Night.
 His Room's uncooth, disorder'd, as his Dress,
 The very Windows speak his fore Distress:
 No glitt'ring Candlesticks adorn his Board,
 Nor common Candles will his Purse afford;

A *black* Tobacco-Pipe must serve *instead*,
 And *Make-weight* Candle light the *Bard* to Bed.
 Broke by the Chimney stands an Elbow-Chair,
 The bursten Bellows *wheezing* for Repair :
 Extended Cob-webs hang the fable Room,
 And throw around a dim, Religious Gloom :
 Disjoynted Table, Chimney void of Grate,
 All speak their Master's *broken*, low Estate.

Say then, dear *Florio* ! didst thou never see
 The wretched Creature of this mean Degree ?
Macer's the Man (if e'er you heard his Name)
 And if we were to search the Books of *Fame*,
 I fancy, all *True Poets* are the *Same*.





THE
FORCE
OF
BEAUTY.

M*Yrtilla* with her Arts
So enslaves all our Hearts,
Her Prefence 'tis Death to abide ;
She faster can take 'em,
Than Heaven can make 'em,
Good Heav'n ! lay your Moulds all aside.

'Tis but Labour and Pain

To work so in vain,

That the Women may shew their *nice Arts*;

Can You but contrive

Without Work to live,

Never fear, we can live without Hearts.



SONG

SONG.

Softly breath, ye musky Gales !

Phæbe lies in yonder Shade ;

Little, warbling Nightingales

Lull to Rest the Sleeping Maid.

Cupids, hov'ring round her Head,

Their filken Wings Indulgent spread.

Gently flow, ye silver Streams !

Gently to your Parent-Deep,

Melt her Soul with tender Dreams,

As purling by the Nymph ye creep :

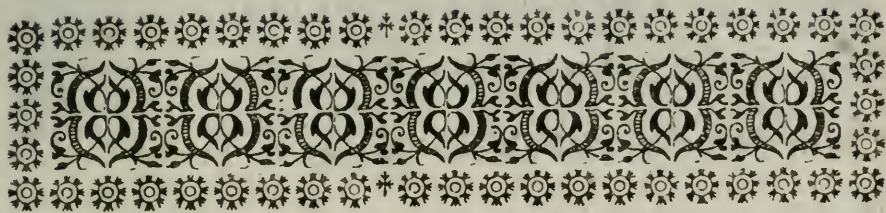
Ev'ry Stream and whisp'ring Wind,

All conspire to sooth her Mind.

Should the *tender Thing* but dream,
Should kind Visions to her flee,
Should *Florelia* be the Theme,
Should her Dreams be all of Me,
Long may *Phæbe* take her Rest!
Long, *Florelia*! be Thou blest'd!



Hor.



Hor. Ode 18.

Nymphs pursuing thro' my Farm,
Faunus ! do my Flocks no Harm !

If each Year a tender Kid,
 On thy Altar, *Faunus* ! bleed ;
 If the sprightly circling Bowls
 Cheer with wine our amorous Souls ;
 Let my Lambkins free from Harm,
 Frisk around my little Farm !

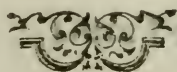
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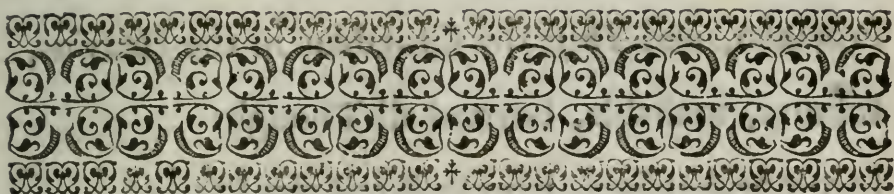
When the Year brings back thy Feast,
Beasts as well as Men shall rest :
All the Nymphs and all the Swains
Nimbly tripping o'er the Plains ;
Kids and Wolves shall free from Harm
Graze around my little Farm.

All the Village far and near
At thy Festival appear :
To Thee, of Woods and Groves a Friend,
Woods and Groves their Branches bend :
While Lads and Lasses free from Harm,
Dance around my little Farm.

James Clarke

Ætat. 15.





A
H Y M N
T O T H E
C R E A T O U R.

An Imitation of *Milton's* Style.

TO *Thee* I'll lift my Voice, to *Thee* I'll sing,
Father of Light and Life! Thou *Good Supreme!*
Eternal Majesty! whose awful Throne,
 Inviron'd by thick Waters, Clouds on Clouds
 Convolv'd, support; Darkness embow'ring throws
 Thy sacred *Presence*, to the feeble Eye
 Of Man invisible, yet *These* thy Works,
This lower World, and yon huge starry Vault

Bespeak thy Greatness ; *These* thy Hand Divine
Proclaim, and *Those* thy Grandeur in the Heav'ns,
Infinite, ineffable, beyond all Thought
Incomprehensive : who shall tell thy Praise ?
Who walk'st the Sun-pav'd Circuit of the Skies
From all Eternity, Thou Great *Three-One* !

E'er yet the *mighty Fiat* was sent out
Into rude *Chaos*, or Informing Light
Began to spring ; e'er yet th' *Ætherial Spirit*
Soft-breathing o'er the watry Surface *mov'd* ;
Before the deep Foundations of the Earth
Were stretch'd upon the Floods ; before the Air,
Contexture Fine ! was spun, or yon blew Fields
Of *Æther* were display'd ; e'er the bright Orbs,
Worlds countless ! were launch'd forth upon the
*Deep*s
Of *Space Interminate* ; before *Old Time*
Eldest of Things ! e'er was, *Thou art* for ever,
Being uncreated ! Self-Existent Cause !

But how shall I attempt this mighty *Theme* ?
 How shall I sing of him, (whose high Behests
 Were utter'd erst, on *Sinai's* radiant Mount,
 In Clouds and dreadful Thund'rings; all the while
 Was heard a shrilling Clangour wondrous loud,
 Sonorous Metal breathing from on high
 Tremendous Harmony, the Mountain smok'd,
 Thick, dusky Vapours rising, *Israel* quak'd,
 And trembled all below,) the groveling Muse
 Sinks far beneath, nor dares renew her flight
 Ætherial: O! ye flaming Pow'rs above!
 Ye, who behold him daily, and in Hymns,
 And sacred Songs, rejoicing laud his Name,
 His Greatness, Majesty, and wondrous Works,
 Lend me your Harps, Oh! guide my trembling Hand,
 Instruct my Heart, and teach me how to sing.

Begin the Song, ye Sons of Light! begin,
 And sing th' *Essential Presence*: Thou, O Sun!

Regent of Day! proclaim him in thy Course,
 Both when thou risest from the purpled East,
 Emblazoning the Skies, or at Mid-day,
 Or when thou bring'st grey Evening on, thy Beams
 Shot parallel to Earth. Nor let the Moon
 Not know by whom she shines, but as she rides
 High on the silver Cloud, with all the Stars,
 That lead the mystick Dance around the Heav'ns,
 And all the Vocal Planets, joyn in Praise
 Of God Eternal; let the waving Air
 It's Districts wide expand, and up convey
 The grateful Symphony : And ye, ye Winds!
 That blow the Cardinals, your Force collect
 In one continu'd Blast, and breath aloud
 Triumphant Songs of Glory : O ye Birds,
 In bolder Notes chaunt out his Praise : ye Springs!
 And liquid Fountains ! warble in your Flow
 Your Author's Goodness, who ordain'd your Course,
 And taught you how to run : ye lofty Pines !
 And waving Cedars ! bow, bow low your Heads,

And

And pay your Homage due : ye scaly Tribes !
 That see his Wonders in the mighty Deep,
 A Voice assume, and make the Coral Groves,
 And hollow Rocks your Maker's Praise resound.
 Ye Beasts of ev'ry Wood, Forrest, or Chase,
 Your Thanks express in hideous Savage Roar,
 Shaking the howling Wilderneys : Thou Bed
 Of Waters deep, old Ocean ! in whose Womb
 Capacious, lurk unseen a horrid Brood
 Of yelling Monsters, let thy hoary Sons
 Their inmost Caverns quit, and mingle Praise ;
 Let too that Tempest-loving, huge *Leviathan*,
 Whose Breath's a Storm, who shading half the Deep
 Rides on the loud Sea-wave, and from his Mouth
 Wide-snorting Spouts a Tide, let him attest
 The Bounty of that God, who gave him Life,
 And those wide, liquid Realms for his Possession,
 To take his Pastime there. Ye Storms and Tempests !
 Ye Clouds and Meteors ! Hail and gushing Rain !
 Wheel o'er the darken'd Air, and rend the Skies

With horrible Applause ; let the loud Voice
Of Solemn Thund'rings, length'ning Peal on Peal,
Loading the Winds, the mighty Concert joyn.

And Thou, God's noblest Work ! *Man*, Lord of
All !

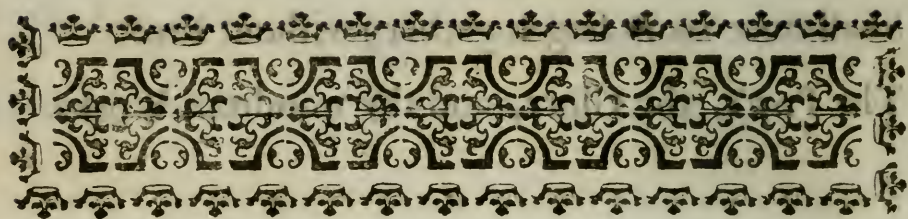
Created in his Image ! look around,
And view with Reason's Intellectual Eye
This vast, complex, amazing Scene of Things,
This Theatre of Nature ! then with all
Th' Harmonious Orbs on high, and all the Earth,
In Choral Symphony extoll that God,
Who is from all Eternity — O ! Pow'r Supreme !
If ought of Evil is within me lodg'd,
Hid or conceal'd, may thy all-piercing Ray
Purge me and cleanse me, that (when all must
end,

And *Time* shall be no more) with Angel-Choirs,
And all th' *Ætherial* Host, I may declare,
In Songs Cherubick, joy'n'd with Harps Seraphick,
And

And Heav'nly Voices, (when the Morning-Stars
 Shall once more sing together) without End
 Thy Pow'r, thy Glory, and thy wondrous Works.



FARE-



FAREWELL TO P O E T R Y.

Cæstus Artemque repono. Virg.

TO Love's soft Theme my Harp has long been
strung,

Long have the *Smiling Sex* engross'd my Song :

Oft' have I trifled by the Muses Streams,

And on their Hill indulg'd their raptur'd Dreams,

Whilst sportive *Fancy* roam'd their green Retreats,

Not undelighted with their shady Seats.

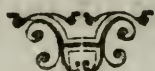
'Tis true ; but can we always hope to find

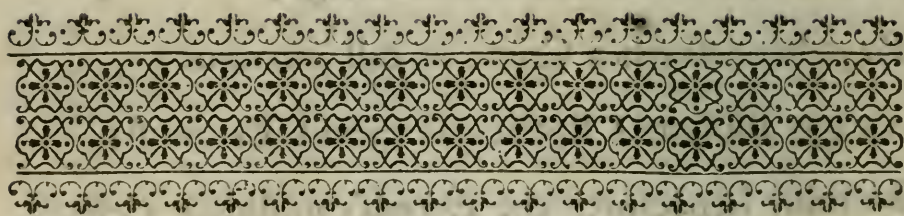
The self-same Passions in the self-same Mind ?

Ah !

Ah! no; these Inclinations I resign,
 Be it henceforth a Crime to call 'em mine!
 Ye gay Illusions! fleeting Dreams! Farewell!
 Be mine henceforth the *Hermit's* midnight Cell;
 To whose low Roof Philosophy descends,
 And o'er the Sage in prompting Visions bends:
 'Tis *She*, that makes our Passions bear Controul,
 And breaths warm Comfort o'er the soften'd Soul,
 Instructs our Goings in the destin'd Way,
 And smoothes our Passage to Eternal Day.
 There, there, ye Gods! for ever let me hide,
 Far from the Baits of Sense, and wordly Pride,
 Where *Party-Fewds* Men's sev'ral Actions blend,
 And All are Fools or Madmen in the End.

Fir'd at a nobler View, I'll give it o'er,
 And doat on Thee, dear *Poetry*! no more;
 Thy Charms *Divine Philosophy* shall blot,
 And ev'ry *Muse*—but *Phæbe*, be forgot.





RUSTICÆ NUNDINÆ

Anglicè

A COUNTRY-FAIR.

Festivos Ritus populi, & Solennia Ruris
 Annua, Delicias Pueri, innuptæque Puellæ!
 Jucundam visu Scenam! Tu carmine, Musa!
 Commemora, & totum spirent præcordia Numen.

Nondum læta Dies, & non inamabilis Hora
 Emicat, arrectus magnâ spe Rusticus ardet,
 Ludosque expectat varios, quos Nundina præbent:
 Dulcis Imago venit, quoties humentibus umbris
 Nox operit terras; pugnīs aut Fuste tremendo

Certat,

Certat, & in somnis agili pede dejicit Hostem ;
 Tantus Amor pugnæ, Famæque arrecta Cupido !
 Nec minùs in lecto gaudet Puer, ille volutat
 Irrequietus, ovans Scuticâque & Arundine longâ.

Jam rubet expectata Dies, operumque Labores
 Nunc interrupti cessant, requiescit aratri
 Vomer, & in medio sulco terit otia fixus.
 Rus agitat lætum Festos : *Amarillis* amantem
 In Ludos format, disponit in ordine Crines
 Tam chari Capitis, farrisque albedine spargit ;
 Compositum Strophium (sed habet pressa Oscula) ligat
 Agresti Collo, penitusque laborat in uno :
 Nec minus Illa fui tandem *Corydonis* ocellos
 Oblectare studet, multo cum pulvere crines
 Instruit, & circùm nitidum Ventrâle revincit.

Proles læta salit, foribusque exardet abire,
 Quam Mater purgat, festoque exornat amictu ;
 Jamque domum egressi coeunt, quæis ponè Molossus

It comes, & tacito gressu vestigia figit :
 Infante exonerat Matercula blanda Maritum,
 Ille bonus lallat verba Imperfecta, tenelli
 Mirè componens lachrymas, mulcetque canendo ;
 Se lateri adjungit Conjux, dum parvus *Amyntor*
 Festinat lentè, & sequitur non passibus æquis.

Agmine jam pleno Populus confusus ab omni
 Parte ruunt, qui tesqua colunt sub vallibus imis,
 Qui Montès habitant, & qui propè murmura Rivi :
 Æstuat omne Solum : Calami, nugæque canoræ
 Ore Puerili scrillant, Vagitibus auras
 Perturbat teneris Infansulus, undique circum
 Conglomerat mixtus clamor : novus undique Ludus
 Emicat ante oculos, hic pars certare parantur
 Aut Fuste aut Pedibus ; risu illïc Compita fervent,
 Collaudantque Jocos, quos ludicrus *Andrea* spargit
 Ille jocosâ tuens Naso crispante Cachinnos
 Ingeminat ; Vestis vario diversa colore,
 Errantes oculi, Gestusque, & comica Lingua

Sub specie Ingenii stringunt ignobile Vulgus.
 In nova fert animus, populum oblectare frementem,
 Non satis est placuisse Jocis, Gestuque, Habituque,
 Quin (mirum dictu!) distortis faucibus instat
 Horridus, & vivum Bufonem aut devorat Anguem.
 En! quantâ ~~Astutiâ~~ ^{Astutiâ} Vultûs, lepidofale mixtas
 Commendat pilulas, fummoque in pollice versat!
 Rusticus admirans inhiat, loculosque resignans
 Stultitiam fluxo ære parat, renovatque Priorem,
 Per Scenam incedit Medicus, laudatque tumentem
 Sermone egregias pilulas: modò promit Elixir
 Catharicum, quâ vi morbos expellit amaros;
 Arte Cacochemicos stricte Intestinarum
 Solvit, Hydrocephalum, & Macilagia Tartara purgat:
 Jam movet Antidoton Veneripton, corrigit omnes
 Garbunclos, Ragadasque, Gonorrhœas, Phymosinque
 Atque Paraphymosin, Priapismos, atque Tumores,
 Cum multis aliis, quæ Musa referre recusat:
 Multæ sunt Pilulæ, non pauca & Nomina, tantum
 Nomina nota sibi, sed Vis notissima latet.

Externis dictis inhians deludere Vulgus
 Hic labor, hoc opus est, lepidum Caput! Andrea ludit
 Scommata, Plebs probat, & ditescit ab Arte *Machaon*.

Atque ea diversâ penitus dum parte geruntur,
 Lætitiâ Domus hic resonat; *Twangdillo* tumultum
 Conglomerat fidibus, plebemque inspirat & Omnes
 En! choream miscent; quantâ arte tripudiat inter
 Dispositas turmas *Thirsis* cum *Thestle* junctim!
 Et nunc in medio coeunt, lasciva tuentes
 Pectora pectoribus jungunt, & in orbibus orbes
 Implicitis agitant manibus, tandemque recedunt
 Admoniti cantu vario, refluuntque fluuntque
 Curvum iter, in Gyris errantes; calce sonoro
 Tundit humum *Corydon*, mollique dat oscula Nymphæ,
 Quæ malè devitat, Collumque obnixa reclinat.
 Heus! *Twangdillo* fides tangit modulamine docto,
 Pressæ dulcè sonant Chordæ, commista Juventus
 Jam celerare pedes, choreâque effervere lætâ.
 Suscitât hic alacres modulos, Caput inclinatque

Dulcè sibi repetens ; Oculus micat Unicus, & Crus
Truncatum movet, & numeris Respondet amænis.

Detrahe quin oculos, aliâque in parte Tumultum
Diversum videas ; multo cum robore Fustem
Vibrat in Adversum *Mopsus*, pugnamque fatigat :
Stans procul in tumulum *Phyllis* prospectat Amantem
Lumine sollicito, sperat, desperat, & ardet
In vicibus, totum Pectus confurgit in Hostem :
Dulcè tuens *Mopsi* vires instaurat, agitque
Brachia, descendit graviore pondere Fustis ;
Emicat ingeminans Ictus, atque acrior instat :
Vix feriens labat Adversus ; latus & caput Ingens
Fuste cavum resonat, lassatus verberare crebro
Cedit, & immensus ferit aurea sydera clamor.
Nec frustra vicit *Mopsus*, Victoria duplex
Pectore subridet ; gaudet, partumque Galerum
Imponit capiti, Nymphæque ardentis ocellis
Gratior ingreditur, quæ jam se læta resignat
Victori, blandisque Virum complectitur Ulnis.

Sic quod non humiles Gestus potuere, nec Artes
Linguae mellifluæ, Effecisti Fustis! Amice
Certe Procis! atque Uxoris certissime Custos!

Undique diversis spectâclis compita fervent:
Cyclicus hic Cantor tripodem sublatus in altum
Auribus astringit Vulgus, dum nare canente
Formosæ recitat *Rosamondæ* lugubre Fatum,
Seu quondam in folis Infantum Funera sylvis.
Illic horreolo, surgit quâ condita Messis,
Turba inclusa fremit, dum turget Homuncio Scenam
Per modicam, & læto jactat convicia Vulgo.
Illic plena Domus sonat intus, amica Juventus
Indulget cyathos, Pueri innuptæque Puellæ
Participant Risus, lusus, atque Oscula blanda;
Jamque cyphis *Corydon* renovat promissa priora,
Propinans teneræ Nymphæ, exoptansque Salutem.

Vertitur intereà Cœlum; procedit *Olympo*
Vesper, & inducunt obscura crepuscula Noctem:

Surrexere omnes mensis cyathisque remotis,
Ad sua Quisque redit; festivis *Daphnen Amyntas*
Exonerat † Zeniis, dandoque astringit Amores.
Sæpe autem, dum tecta petunt, vestigia fallit
Materiâ pingui exoriens Erraticus Ignis;
(Quem densant Tenebræ, circumdant Frigora, donec
Sæpe agitando rapit spatiosam in fomite flammam.)
Ille per aërios fallaci lumine campos.
Cursitat, erroneeque vagos seducit in altum
Nocte silente Lacum, aut sparsas per Prata paludes.

Multa inter sese vario sermone revolvunt,
Nec desunt risus; repetitaque Basia fallunt
Dura Viæ, donec risu joculisque propinquant
Paulatim Vico, jam stantque in limine Tecti:
Dumque fatigati tornata sedilia complent,
Felix Conventus! juvat enumerare Forenses
Ludos; & jam jamque putant Spectacula videre,
Ut prius, ante oculos Mulier Funambula profert

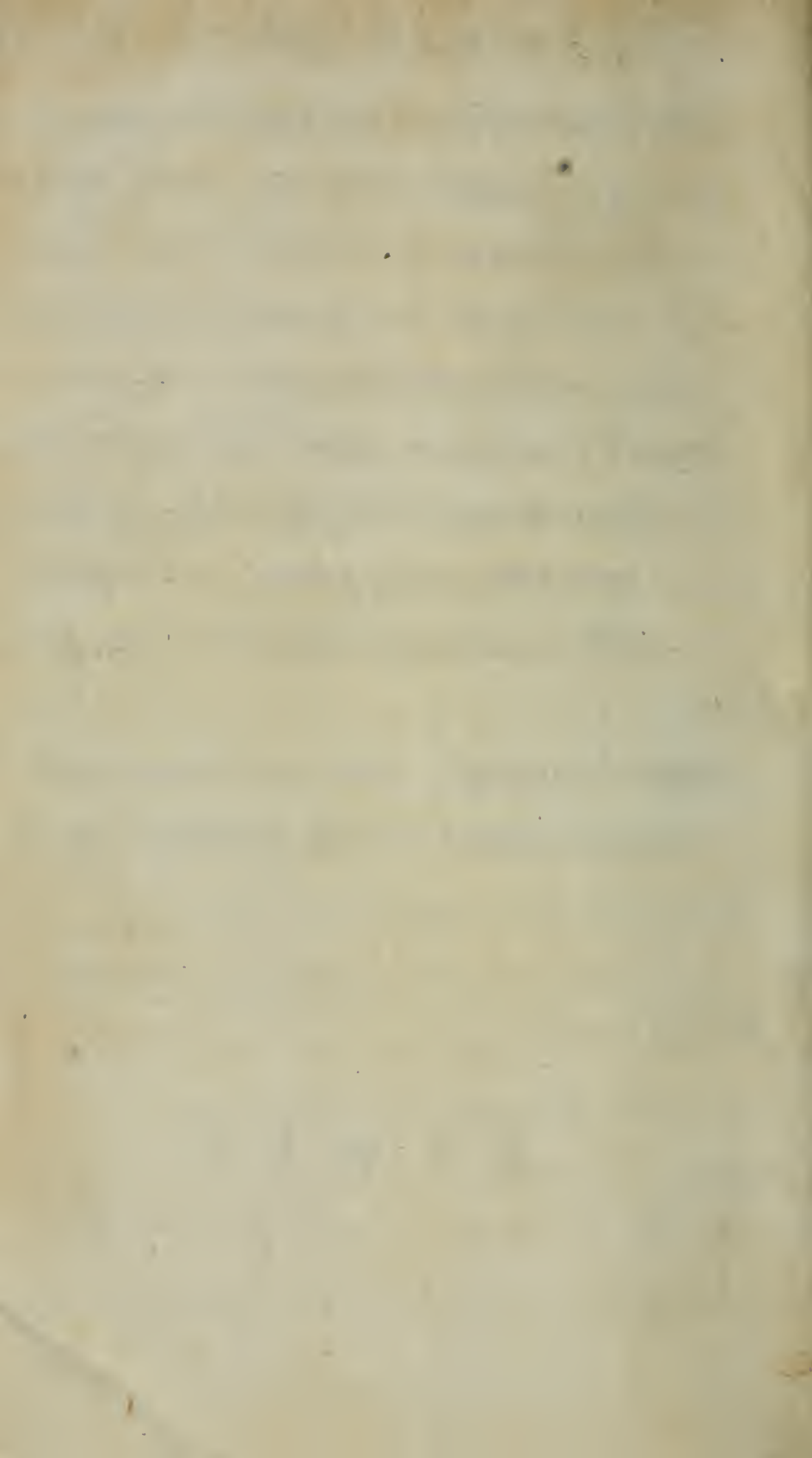
† Fairings.

Artem mirandam, jam jam Lapsura, cadentique
 Imminet assimilis, jam Saltu assurgit in altum,
 Et levis in Funem subsultat, stans pede in uno.
Thyrsis agit risus, quoties rudis Ille recenset
 Et pilulas, lepidosque Sales, quos *Andrea* lætus
 Sparserat in Vulgus: videt, exoptatque Tabernas
 Splendentes *Phillis*, quâ directo ordine Nugæ
 Foemineæ eliciunt oculos, quàm vellet adire
 Rursus, & in turbâ rursus commiscier arctâ!

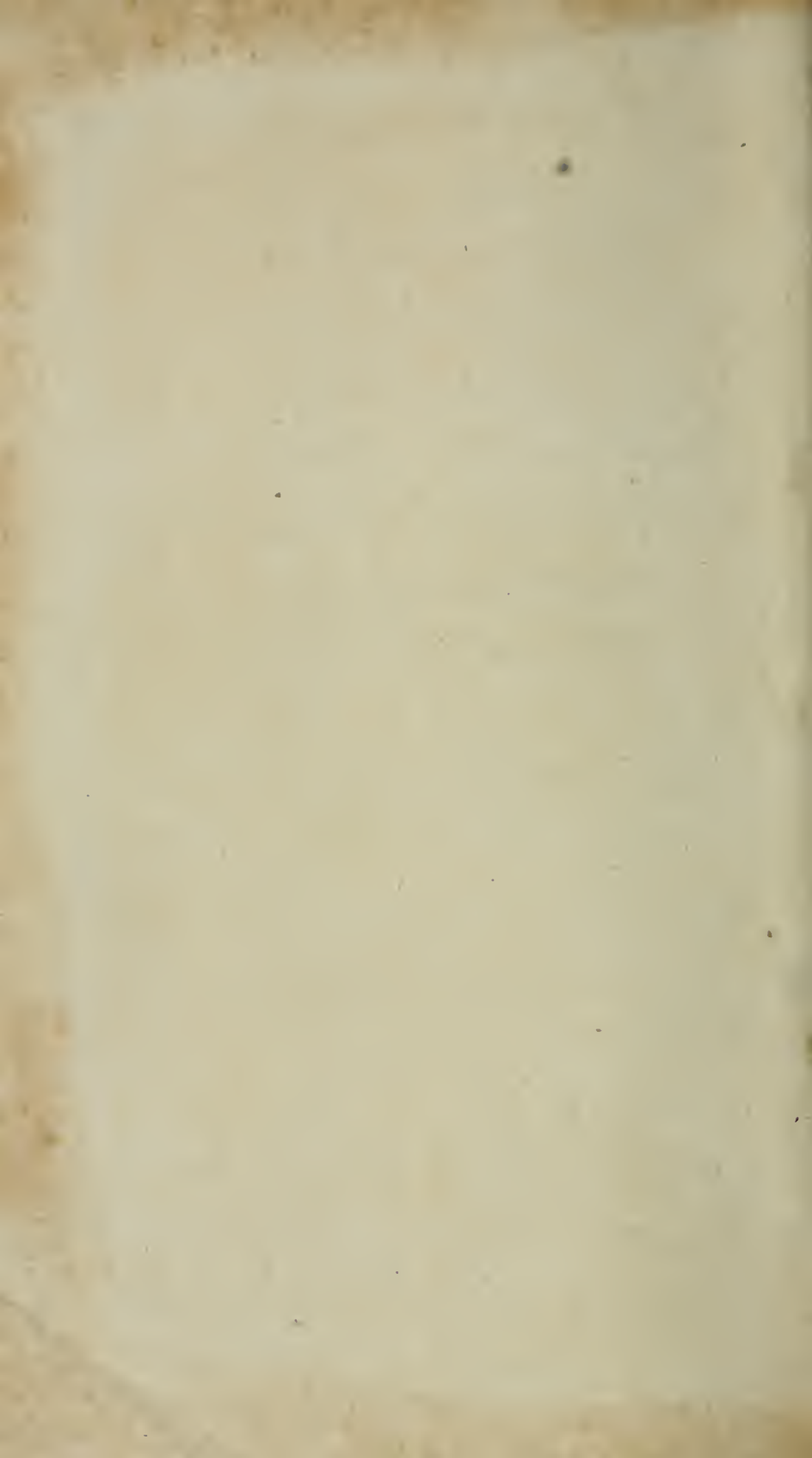
Talia commemorant, donec Sopor artubus altè
 Insinuat, suadentque cadentia Lumina Somnum.

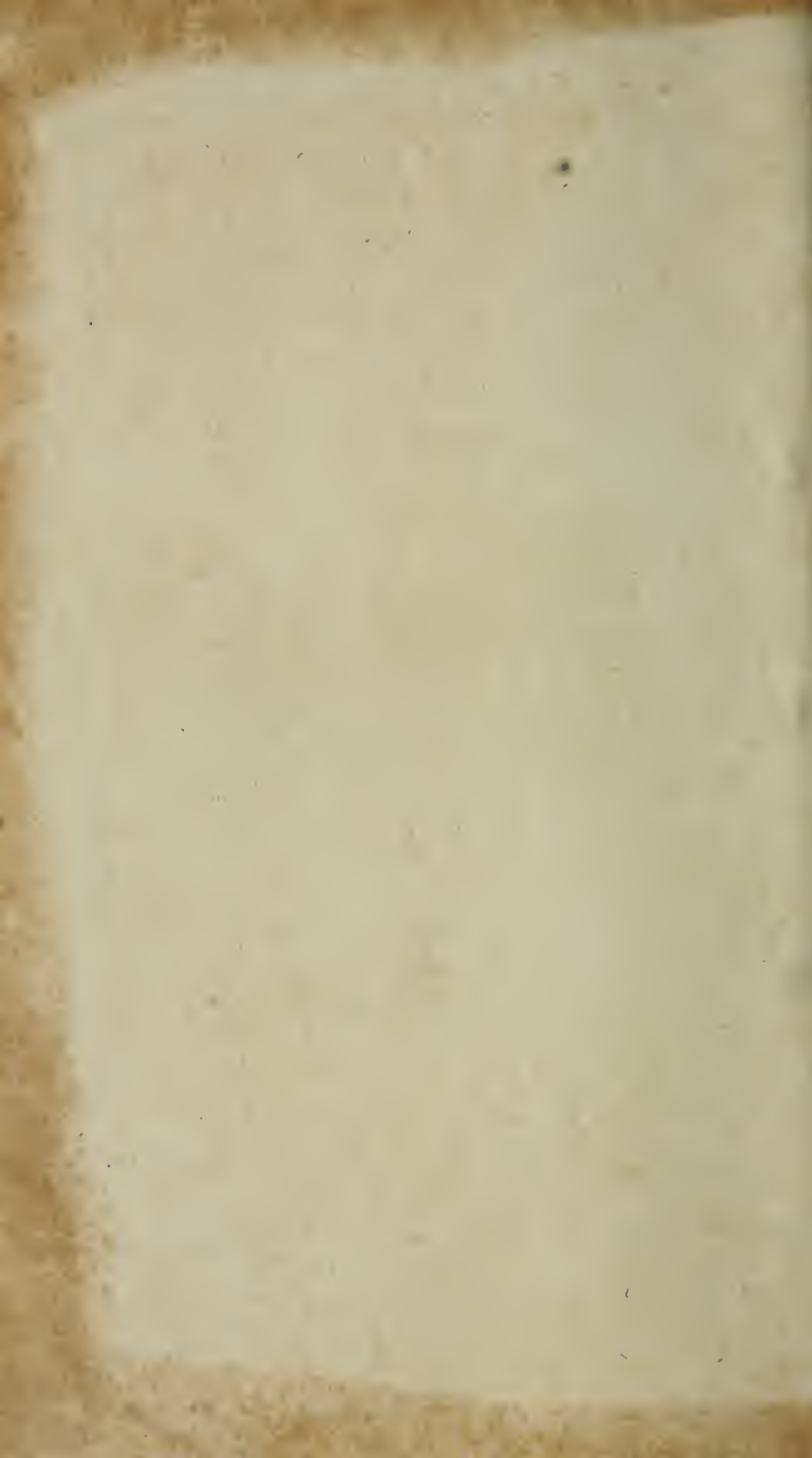
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